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WITHDRAWN

HELLADIAN VISTAS

Helladian Vistas

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To my many friends in Greece and in America I am grateful for much assistance kindly given.



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BALKANIA

"Not dead but sleeping."

There is in existence no one state or commonwealth occupying the entirety of that restless land which might have been called Balkania; but possibly there ought to have been such a commonwealth. There lies in the southeast corner of Europe a very wide tract of wonderful country richly adorned by nature and not entirely neglected by art, which for the nonce we are free to theoretically style "Balkania." "Balkania" is so much divided in nationality, religion, and government, that we are not accustomed to regard it as a unit in history, and are not used to designate it by any one common and general name. This "Balkania" includes all that portion of Europe which extends from Constantinople to Triest, and from the Danube to Cape Malea.

There exists no nation of united peoples that might be called the "Balkan-folk," but such a nation could have been historically created. It would be an amalgamated nation, as much mixed in its inhabitants as is any other civilized country. The Balkanmen would contain both Asiatic and European elements in their physical constitution. Turks and Greeks and Vlachs and Bulgarmen and Slavs and Albanians would be ingredient portions of that people. These are all very active and vital elements, which, united, might have been the essence of a powerful state. The area of this state would be about identical with that of the Balkan Pen-

insula. But there is no near probability of "Balkania" coming into a state's existence. These peoples are all hostile to each other, and fail to recognize or appreciate common interests.

Balkanland was once Romæan, and could again have become Romæan under a government either Hellenic or Moslem. But the propitious opportunities have been neglected by both Greeks and Turks. As a Romæan state it would have continued to be heir to the strength and eminence of Byzantion. Had the Turks undertaken to form such a state they might have succeeded if they only could have had the prudent foresight of separating statedom from Islamism.

After the empire of Rome had been divided into two portions, the western portion was destroyed, in 476 perhaps. But the eastern portion healed itself from its wounds of amputation, and rounded itself out into an independent empire which continued to exist until its great city, Constantinople, was subjugated by the Turks in 1453. The Byzantine empire was Romæan because it had been formed from the eastern half of the empire of Rome. It was the East-Roman state, and was molded out of Hellenic and Hellenistic elements under government originally centered in western Rome.

Most of this Balkanland has been dominated for four centuries by the Turks. These Moslem conquerors, however, have signally proved themselves unable to gain the respect and confidence of the peoples which they have externally subdued, and have been equally unable even outwardly to amalgamate all these inimical races into a compact and vigorous state or federation.

Accordingly, these disunited peoples have always been incessantly looking forward to the dawning of their day of manumission from Moslem servitude.

The Greeks were the first to succeed in acquiring freedom for a portion of their race, after a terrible struggle in the last century. But the liberated Greeks committed themselves exclusively to the narrower task of creating not a Romæan or Hellenistic nation, but a Hellenic one. In other words, the newly formed state of Greece set aside her potent Romæan traditions and retained only her Hellenic aspirations. This, if it was the nobler selection, was surely not the more remunerative one. The regenerated Greeks never set about creating a comprehensive and liberal Balkania. They were intent merely on forming a "Greater Greece."

This Hellenic ideal was not easy to be made acceptable to the other wilder races and tribes of the land. Greece therefore cannot be said so far to have been signally successful in the mission which she set herself to perform.

Since the partial liberation of the Greeks, other Balkanic races have imitated them and have become more or less independent, or even free. But none have put themselves to the generous task of bringing into existence a Romæan Balkania, to be formed of all the races on equal terms. Each race wishes the advancement of its own people only, and desires to dominate over the other races. There, therefore, has been never any whole-hearted, united action.

Of all the races that, after the Turks, had the duty of constructing a Balkania, the Greeks and the new Hellenic state should have had the clearest conception

and consciousness of this duty. But, except in the time of Alexander, the Greeks were never makers of extensive empires. They were the life and sustenance of several great states, but were hardly the creators of them. It was not therefore readily to be realized that they ever would rouse themselves to the onerous and tedious undertaking of creating a "Balkania;" although they might, by force of their superior natural endowments, become in such a federation the dominant and most vital race.

But perhaps the influence of the Greeks has been greater on subsequent humanity than has been the influence of any known state. It is infinitely nobler to be Hellenic than it is to be imperial. And although their future preponderance in this Balkanland is far from being an evident certainty, nevertheless their past beneficence and usefulness have been so great that we can never lose our admiration for them.

This present series of articles, selected from essays devoted to the Balkan Peninsula, occupies itself exclusively with the Hellenes. These essays present, in a loosely correlated way, all kinds of information connected with the long life of a portion of the Greek nation, chiefly of that portion which inhabited or still inhabits the cities and provinces that now constitute the commonwealth of Greece or Hellas.

“MOTHER OF ARTS”

*On the Ægean shore a city stands,
Built nobly, pure the air and light the soil;
Athens the eye of Greece.*

The men of ancient Athens have exercised an incalculable influence over humanity. They have fixed certain norms of culture which the world in its best periods has ever since been striving to admire and to apply. It may be true that we do not always know how great is our indebtedness to the thinkers and doers of Athens; we may even willingly ignore it. The fact nevertheless stands, that the debt exists, a fact which, when properly understood, honors both us and the old Athenians.

Athens possessed the good fortune of not owning some of the qualities that are often thought to be necessary for a great and influential city. Athens was not the leading city of an extensive state. It was not the center and mistress of a wide empire, as was Rome. Indeed, being purely a Hellenic city with Hellenic culture, it could not well have been the seat of an imperial government; for the ancient Hellenes were entirely incapable of appreciating the usefulness of vast empire. Therefore, although Athens was the greatest center and most influential city of the ancient Greeks, it was never the political seat of government over an extensive country; it did not bear to Greece the relations of a capital to a state.

Athens was not the head and directress of a state,

but was rather the whole state in its entirety. According to Aristotle, a state should not be much larger than the area included within the radius of a herald's voice, when, shouting from the citadel, he calls the citizens to assemble for consultation regarding common interests. This definition quite well suits the state of ancient Athens. It is true indeed that a crier's voice from the ramparts of the Akropolis cannot be heard over all the territory that was included within the commonwealth of the Athenians nor even over a fiftieth part of it. But still this territory was so small that a citizen who dwelt in the very remotest corner of the land, on Sounion's rocky steep, or beyond Marathon in Oropos or Rhamnous, could walk to Athens easily in the space between sunrise and sunset. Such was the extent of the peninsula of Attika, in which Athens was situated. Politically, Athens and Attika were identical. The Athenians did not cease to be citizens of Athens by dwelling not within the walls of the town but in the villages and villas that were in the midst of the surrounding fields and groves. No portion of Attika is so remote as to be invisible from the citadel of Athens, were it not that the near intervening mountains intercept the view.

The notions which prevailed among the Athenians regarding the value of each individual citizen and his inherent rights made it impossible for them to understand a larger extent of their republic. Only once did they somewhat successfully try to establish a kind of empire, by attempting to hold the islands of the Ægean subjugate and tribute-bound. But the attempt was soon a failure, although the empire appeared under

the form of a republican confederacy, and had as its purpose the laudable intention of keeping all Asiatic aggressors away from all Greek lands. According to the better Athenian conception, a state was imperfect in so far as any one citizen suffered. This was Solon's doctrine, perhaps, and Solon may be regarded as the law-making intellect of his contemporaries, the Athenians of the sixth century before Christ. It easily follows from this doctrine that the state and the citizen are two parties that meet each other on absolutely equal terms. By pressing these old doctrines to their full conclusions it would follow that the state is maimed if one member, one single individual, one citizen, is hurt. To try to have a perfect state wherein one citizen might legally suffer political wrong would be exactly the same, from a logical standpoint, as would be the attempt to metamorphose the number ninety-nine into one hundred. The old Athenians did not perhaps express these conclusions, but they felt them, and were influenced by them.

With these notions of what a state is, and what the relations of each citizen to the united body of citizens, which was the state, it was impossible that the state extend itself over a wide stretch of territory. No citizen could be subject to the state; he could be nothing less than an integral member of the state. He therefore had to reside near to where the head of the state showed itself, and where all legislation took place. It was impossible that any numerous set of officials intervene between him and the rest of the state, between him and the other citizens. The state was constituted of him plus the other citizens, and he could not be

separated from the others by any great separation, even of place.

Another reason why the Athenian commonwealth was always of narrow extent was the Greek's indifference as to the fate of those who were not in some special way associated with him or related to him. This fact is true for the modern Hellenes as well as for their classic forefathers. If a Greek saw his own people happy, he would not be much concerned about the possible fate or sufferings of the Persians or the Iberians. At least his interest in strangers often exhausts itself with theoretical views and is not put into act. This explains why the Greeks have never intentionally been persistent propagators of their doctrines in distant climes, but however are stern defenders of such doctrines at home, and resent all ideas of foreign propagandism. Their indifference as to the affairs of others, be it a virtue or be it a vice, contributed to make the Athenians unfit for the founding of an empire.

Athens, therefore, was not the capital of a great commonwealth. It was itself a commonwealth, although, if we were to admit that the size and importance of a commonwealth is measured by the extent of its lands, then we should have to admit also that this commonwealth of Athens was a very diminutive and insignificant one.

But Athens, without having the burdens which molest the capital of a wide country, nevertheless had much of the advantages of such a capital. Just as in past years, Paris has been the city that in many respects moved and enlivened and inspired all Europe, so was

Athens the city which was pre-eminent among all the cities of the Greeks. Nevertheless, the old Greeks were not subjects of the Athenian government any more than the Europeans of yesterday were necessarily subjects to the government which resided in Paris. There exists a higher kind of pre-eminence than that of government. This higher pre-eminence was the one which Athens enjoyed among the peoples of the Greek-lands.

Athens did not excel in everything. It had its specialties. Our notion of that city makes it to have been most highly pre-eminent in the arts and in the sciences, and in matters of culture generally. In so far as Athens can be noted for its political science and capability, the trend of its virtues is evident from what has above been stated; it was able to give to each and every unenslaved individual an amount of well-regulated freedom that no large state can easily furnish to its citizens. Many of the laws which were first formulated by its legislators passed over to Rome and from Rome they were propagated throughout the whole of Europe. Thus were created the legal codes that still regulate our public lives.

There were other varieties of highly developed civilization that flourished previously to the Hellenic, or contemporaneously with it. But these civilizations have all vanished from the face of the earth. With the exception of the Hebraic, they have had but little direct influence on us. The Greek civilization never died out. It merely underwent various modifications, adapting itself to the various nations of Europe which adopted it. We are therefore at this present day more or less all of us Hellenic. That we have wonderfully

developed certain ideas and principles, which in the flourishing days of old Athens were still almost embryonic, does not militate against this truth. It is not necessary to claim that the ancient Greeks or more especially the Athenians were in any way our superiors. We have merely asserted that they were our intellectual and scientific forefathers and teachers. As their spiritual children and pupils we may have gloriously surpassed them. At least we know that we have not kept all of their teaching just where they left it. Inability to develop and increase our inheritance would mean that we are unworthy to be either their children or their pupils. We seem in many lines of thought and action to have made great advances.

If we are all more or less Hellenic, then it is not stretching words too far to say that we are all more or less Athenian. For Athens was the center from which most generously and bounteously was given forth the Hellenic light which has enlightened us.

Being Athenians in some way or other, and being in some way Hellenic, it is always alluring to us to know something about our spiritual forefathers. It is also interesting to know something about this charmed city, this city of the soul, where once lived and moved these men who bequeathed to us our treasure of culture. But we cannot understand the attractions of these places nor undergo the purifying influence of these surroundings unless our soul is akin to higher ideas and higher actions. Those whose footsteps climb to the mossy rim of Hippokrene receive no monetary remuneration. If a man has been taught by degrading circumstances to think and believe proportionately to

the pay which he receives therefor he should never hope to dwell under Grecian skies. Hellenism is not a matter of wealth or authority. A wood-chopper from the western part of our great wide country who came to Athens for a consul's salary could see nothing in Athens of today nor feel the mysterious throbbings of her historic existence. To him Athens was the most deceitful and despicable land on the circle of the globe. If one has no affinity to Hellenism and to the spirit of old Athens, he had better never enter the blue waters around this land nor step on her time-worn shores.

Although Athens appears at the head of Hellenism in the ages that have influenced later civilization, this city was not always the first in the land. Hellenic culture was very widely diffused and very much variegated. Before the formation of the Roman empire, there were times at which Hellenism flourished in a large part of Asia Minor, in a portion of the Balkan Peninsula, in Egypt, in Sicily, in Southern Italy. The Ionic civilization of Asia Minor was not the same in detail as was the civilization of the Peloponnesos or that of the Ægean Isles or that of Attika. Athens therefore never had the monopoly of Hellenism, and there were epochs of Hellenism when other cities were more important than Athens.

Athens is a very old city. No records tell of its first founding. The only book in whose pages we can read the earliest history of this city is the succession of strata formed by the débris which grew higher and higher, as generations of inhabitants succeeded each other. Our knowledge of ancient myths may serve us well in reading and interpreting this book of the strata.

From these sources it is proven that Athens and its territory of Attika were inhabited, and possessed various arts and handicrafts away back in the Mykenæic ages, perhaps as remotely as the third millennium before Christ. But of its importance in those days little is positive; and the probability is that other cities like Mykenæ or Knosos or Ilion outranked it both in civilization and in wealth. The greatness of Athens, as we know it, began not long before the Medic wars.

It was these wars that suddenly elevated Athens to the eminence to which she had gradually been approaching. When these wars were over, or more exactly, after the three eventful victories of Marathon and Salamis and Plataea had been won, Athens found herself respected, vigorous, and ambitious. Iktinos, Kallikrates, and other such builders began to construct the wonders of Doric, Ionic, and Korinthiac architecture. Pheidias and his school and rivals put themselves to the task of chiseling out of Pentelic and Parian stone the most perfect works that ever have come from sculptors' hands. Victorious army-leaders were transformed into inspired orators and guided the turbulent wisdom of the public assemblies. Æschylos and Sophokles and Evripides produced their inimitable tragedies before audiences sitting in the open air on the slopes of the hill of the citadel. Sokrates took up the nascent science of philosophy and prepared the way for the two greatest theorists of the Hellenic world, Platon the poetic idealist and Aristotle the logician, sage, and scientist. Athenian fleets defended the Greek cities of the sea. Athenian armies compelled all rival Greek cities on the mainland to acknowledge

the dignity and eminence of the Attic commonwealth.

But it must ever be borne in mind that the Greeks were never united into one state. They never, in their best days, cared to form any kind of general confederation, not even for mutual defense against foreign enemies. It was with great difficulty and partly by accident that a powerful but exceedingly short-lived combination was made against the invading Persians in the early part of the fifth century. Love of local autonomy may perhaps sometimes have its faults. It usually prevented the Greeks from consolidating themselves against common dangers. But it led them still farther. They were constantly involved in petty wars against each other. The greatest of these wars was the one which began about four hundred and thirty years before Christ. The chief belligerents then were the Athenians and the Spartans. This war lasted, with intermissions, near on to twenty-seven years. When it closed Athens was defeated and irreparably humiliated. From that time her decline began.

Her days of decline, however, were by no means inglorious. Arts and sciences still flourished. Her patriots were as enthusiastic as ever, but they had become accustomed to exhibit their patriotism more by rhetoric and display than by self-sacrificing deeds. A new enemy arose. At least so thought many Athenians and other Greeks. This enemy was Philip of Makedon.

Philip of Makedon was not a foreigner. He was not a barbarian. Genuine Greek blood coursed in his hot veins. The repugnance felt by the Athenians and other Greeks against Philip was not based on the pre-

sumption that he was of a different nationality. They hated him because he was an imperialist, and what was worse an imperialist who wished to place the center of Hellenism outside the borders of the little country where Athens and Sparta and Thebes and Argos had so long been accustomed to hold their autonomous sway. Philip conceived the great idea of uniting all the Greeks under the government of one mighty state. That was what the purer Greeks could not understand. With them the highest idea of government was that which gave autonomy to each important city. In their most quarrelsome days the Athenians had never thought of reducing the Spartans and the Corinthians and the Argives and the Thebans to autocratic subjection. Nor had even the rude-minded Spartans ever seriously concocted such a plan against the other Greeks. Philip's ambition therefore brought into Hellenism an idea that hitherto had been almost unknown.

The most determined enemies of the Makedonians were the men of Athens. They, inspired by the eloquence of Demosthenes, worked hard not to lose their autonomous freedom. But the danger was greater than they had foreseen. On the fateful field of Chæro-neia, they were defeated along with their Theban allies; and the purer Greek principle of regarding each city as a state had seen its last day. It is true, indeed, that by the policy of Philip and of his son Alexander the local government of Athens as well as of every other populous Hellenic city was allowed to remain almost intact. But still from that time on, from the days of the Makedonic conquest, Athens was merely

a city in an empire. Her spirit was broken. She was no longer high master of herself and her fortunes.

But what is remarkable, the fall of Athens as an autonomous state marks the extension of her humanizing influence to a wider world. Alexander was not content with establishing himself emperor of such countries exclusively as were inhabited by the Greeks. He desired to become military master of the entire world. But most of all he desired as a Greek, to humble the traditional enemies of Hellenism, the Persians. He invaded their kingdom. He became lord of all the countries of Asia Minor and of Asia to far beyond the Euphrates. Syria and Egypt and North Africa also acknowledged him. After his death this limitless Makedonian conquest was divided into a number of kingdoms, under the sway of Makedonian princes. Greek civilization was everywhere disseminated. The world became Hellenic. That was the great beginning of the propagating of an undying culture among non-Hellenic nations. But the peculiar type of Hellenism which was diffused was that which had grown to ripeness at Athens. Athenian letters and arts and sciences and rhetoric were taught in every city from Babylon to Dyrrachion and from the regions around the Danube to the confines of Abyssinia. Athens, the city which no longer possessed her cherished independence, had conquered the minds and souls of the most important races of mankind.

Alexander bore a deep love toward Athens. It was a special delight of his to announce to the proud men of that city the successive tidings of his numerous victories. But after he had made his conquests and

began to plan the formation of a mighty state, he could not for a single moment seriously think of making Athens the capital of his empire. Nature has not given to Athens a site proper for a purpose so banal. This is a truth which the men who today direct the fate of regenerated Hellas have not thought of, or at least have not appreciated. So long as Athens continues to be the seat of government for the present kingdom of Greece, especially with the centralizing methods in vogue there, it will be impossible for the Greeks of today to realize their just hopes of seeing their country extend itself as, by tradition, it has a right to do. Peoples who live north of Olympos and the Ambrakiot Gulf might gladly desire to be "Greeks" and put themselves under Greek sway. But they cannot logically be drawn to enthusiastically desire to become subjects of a city situated at one of the extreme limits of the Balkan Peninsula. If the Greeks of today were more wise in the wisdom of this world, the capital of this kingdom would now be north of the Othrys Mountains, at least. But the modern Greeks, like their ancestors, are not an empire-making people.

As a result of Alexander's conquests, other centers of academic as well as political Hellenism were established. Athens was too far away from many of the most populous countries of the empire, and could not directly answer all the needs of education and culture. Accordingly, new musal foundations were established which rivaled the source from which they drew their inspiration. Alexandria and Pergamos became as learned as Athens. Later, when all the countries inhabited by Greeks had been conquered by the cosmo-

politan soldiers of Rome, then a new center was added—the imperial city on the banks of the Tiber. In one sense Rome never became so thoroughly Hellenic as did *Alexandreia* and *Pergamos*, but in another sense she even surpassed these earlier rivals. The Latinism of the Roman republic wedded itself to the Hellenism of the *Alexandreian* period, and thus was generated the Romanism of the imperial times, which prevailed from Augustus, and yet earlier, down to Constantine and his successors.

Athens, however, still continued to attract scholars. Not only from the countries of Asia Minor and Egypt but even from Italy itself numerous were the young men who went to the schools of the Athenians to finish their preparation for the turbulent and strenuous life of the Roman empire. The victorious Sulla, although he plundered and pillaged and murdered in other parts of Greece, ostentatiously spared the citizens of Athens after they had angered and worried him by stubbornly resisting his besieging army. He refrained from his usual cruelties "out of respect for the illustrious past" of that city. Cæsar and Octavius, as well as Horace and the poets and orators, looked to Greece and Athens for models and instructors.

But the fated days came, and Athens, save by her memories, ceased to attract the world. Under Roman sway she gradually dwindled in importance. She finally came to be nothing but a noted provincial city in a boundless empire. From the fourth century after Christ the Roman empire exhibited a tendency to cleave itself into two parts. Under Diocletian this division actually took place. The empire was to have two sec-

tions, and two emperors. But in the course of time only one of the sections survived. It was the eastern half that was destined to be the most tenacious of life, because it continued to be the more thoroughly Roman. This eastern half, after the destruction of the western section by Odovakar's barbarians, became an independent Roman empire. It was Greek, or at least Hellenistic, in everything save name and government. This was the famous kingdom of Byzantion. Under Byzantiac rule, the seat of government was in Constantine's city on the Bosporos. Athens continued to be merely a provincial town. It was rarely heard of, but yet it was not dead. Its schools still flourished. The chairs of philosophy and rhetoric were still occupied by eminent men. Plotinos and Proklos and a host of others added glory to the wonderful light of this setting sun. Saints of the church went thither to learn the wisdom that ever since Sokrates' days had not ceased to be heard in the agora, and in the groves of Akademe, and along the banks of the Ilisos. But its very vitality occasioned its final fall. Proklos was not able to give protection to the goddess of the Parthenon who sought an asylum in his hut. The haughty teachers in the city on the Bosporos could not brook the fact that so many scholars sought the quiet shores of Attika. The schools of Constantinople envied the hoary establishments of Athena's beloved abode. Finally there reigned an emperor who issued a decree that the philosophers' schools of Attika should cease to exist. The heart-broken professors of the traditional teachings of Platon and Aristotle wandered off and disappeared among the cities of Asia. Athens

had finished her ancient work. This was in the year 529.

After that time the city passed through many ordeals. It grew smaller. In the thirteenth century it became a Frankish stronghold, and was governed by the feudal laws of western Europe. Then came the Turks, and Mahomet added Athens to his dominions.

But when the Greeks after a frightful struggle regained their independence in the last century, they quickly resolved to place their new capital at Athens. This was an honor which, in all her long and varied history, had never before fallen to the lot of Athens, to be the capital of a state. From a political point of view this was a serious mistake. But yet it was an honor to the historic city, even though she never be destined to rule over a wide extent of territory.

The fame of Athens is independent of its future success as a capital. Her fame is in the fact that she has been a light and teacher to the world. Her doctrines in their influence on mankind are inferior only to those of the Christians. Athens will never cease to stand a beacon light for progress, a perpetual guide for us in the evolution and perfecting of that civilization which we have inherited from her.

THE AKROPOLIS OF ATHENS

Ages of adverse fortune have dealt mercilessly with the Akropolis of Athens, but have not dimmed the splendor of its fame. This venerable rock, which was the pride of the Greeks in the ancient days of Perikles, is yet a Mecca to those who worship art and civilization. One may indeed be so forgetful of history as to have no sympathy for the modern descendants of the classic Hellenes, but never can the sage or the civilizer cease to love the Akropolis.

The first light of history that illumines the origins of social life in Attika falls upon the Akropolis. Here it was that the mythic king Kekrops built a new seat of government, a new city, which was called "Kekropia." Whether he was a foreigner or a native of Attika is not to be learned. Ordinary history begins only after the invention of the art of keeping written records. And this invention came long after Kekrops. Story and myth, however, have kept enough about him to assure us that he belongs to the class of men who do much to ameliorate the condition of mankind. In fact, since he stands at the beginning of Athenian history, he may be regarded as one of the pioneers of our present type of civilization. His city, however, did not continue to be called after him. Myths narrate that the honor of being the tutelary deity of Athens was a matter of serious contention between the god of the sea, Poseidon, and the deity of wisdom and progress, Athena; and Athena, in order to predict that

she would be a useful patroness to the new city, caused an olive tree to sprout up miraculously on the top of the Akropolis. The umpires, who were the other Olympian gods, judging that the cultivation of the olive was commendable in Attika, awarded to Athena the tutelage of the new town. And thus it came to pass that, in honor of its guardian deity, the city was, in historical times, called not Kekropia, but Athens.

Of the town of Athens, the citadel or Akropolis, which was the original settlement, always remained the most important and most holy part. The exact site where the mythic contest was thought to have taken place between the two gods was, perhaps, one of the most sacred spots which the religion of the Athenians knew. The olive tree which Athena was credited with having so miraculously planted, was piously cared for throughout all the ages. It never, however, grew into the large gnarled and beautiful proportions of the magnificent trees that one sees in the groves north of Athens, near the locality of the mystic gardens of Platon. It was a stunted little shrub, as we are sorry to learn from Hesychios. But nevertheless it contained the miraculous innate vigor of a deity's handiwork. For not only were all the olive trees of Attika propagated from it, but, moreover, when it was burned in the conflagration which laid the Akropolis waste in 480 before Christ it again grew so fast that in the first night after the fire it had sprouted two ells high. The sacristans did not keep a record of its growth during the following nights; so we do not know how long this wonder continued in activity. The site near where the divine contest had occurred, and where the olive

tree grew, was from primitive historic times decorated with altars and other signs of the sacredness of the place. But in the middle of the fifth century before Christ these old landmarks gave way to a new magnificent temple, whose ruins still stand, and are known as the Erechtheion. Since several gods had been worshiped on this site, it was necessary to provide for all of them in the new building, and to make the temple a multiplex one, so that each of these gods might have a nook therein, and a shrine. Accordingly, the Erechtheion was constructed on an intricate plan, and has been always a puzzle to the archaeological investigator. He has not yet finally determined upon what deities were worshiped in the several apartments of this curious temple, and where each one had his shrine. As an artistic architectural composition, however, it is a masterpiece, not only in its simple Ionic beauty of design, but in the delicacy and accuracy with which the various details have been chiseled out. Ionic architecture has produced nothing finer than the north door of this temple. And a small portico on the south side is remarkable from the fact that the columns which support the architrave have been carved into the shape of comely but muscular maidens called "karyatids." They are well preserved, considering that they have been standing here in rain and sunshine for more than twenty-four hundred years. One of them was carried off to England in 1803 by the much-abused Lord Elgin, and now stands in the British Museum. Her original place is occupied among her sister karyatids by a facsimile in plaster.

This fire which burned Athena's olive tree and

destroyed so many monuments on the Akropolis has indirectly rendered a service to those who study the history of art. For after the Persian soldiers of Xerxes, who had taken possession of Athens and given the Akropolis to the flames, had fled in disorder back to Asia, the Athenians, who were thankful and proud for their two decisive victories at Salamis and Plataea, immediately set about rebuilding the burned and blackened shrines. To make a beginning, they collected all the statues that had been injured by the fire, or by the sacrilegious hands of the Asiatic soldiery, and threw them into the hollow places on the top of the citadel, and buried them with a deep covering of soil, in order thus to make the top of the hill more level. These numerous examples of "pre-Persian" statuary were exhumed, and fortunately discovered to be yet in a satisfactory state of preservation when in 1887 the entire top of the Akropolis was excavated. And as we know when these pieces of sculpture were buried, we have a datum which assists us in determining the art-epoch to which they belong; for the year 480 before Christ must be more recent than the statuary in question. These finds are now kept in a museum on the top of the Akropolis, built expressly for such treasures as have come to light within the walls of the citadel.

The Akropolis is an isolated mass of natural rock standing five hundred and twelve feet above the level of the sea, which is only about three miles distant, and separated from it by a level portion of the Attic plain. The top of the rock is a small plateau, oval in shape, about three hundred and thirty yards long and one hundred and fifty wide. It rises about two hundred

feet above the average level of the modern city of Athens, which lies round its base. The top of the hill has ever since prehistoric ages been surrounded by a wall, which, until the invention of gunpowder, made the Akropolis an important and almost impregnable stronghold. This wall has been repaired, or rebuilt, over and over again, in order to remove the damages done by sieges and by time. As it now stands, it contains portions built at least twenty-five hundred years ago, and other portions built as late as during the last century. Fragments of old pre-Hellenic or Pelasgic wall can be seen; sections of the hasty wall stealthily built by Themistokles in spite of the jealous protest of Sparta, shortly after the departure of the Persians in 479 before Christ; additions made by the Frankish dukes of Athens, in the thirteenth century of our era; later repairs by Greeks and Moslems and Europeans, all can be distinctly recognized.

The surface of the top of the citadel was in ancient times covered with votive offerings, and commemorative inscriptions, and altars to the numerous deities, and statues, and temples, in every available space. It was not only a precinct of holy shrines, but also a museum of art, and a place where the most precious archives of state and of religious and public life were kept, engraved on slabs of marble.

Near the entrance to the Akropolis, to the right of the steps that lead up to the Propylæa, is one of the most beautiful gems of Ionic architecture in existence. It is a small temple dedicated to Wingless Victory, or rather, to Athena designated as such. The temple is only about twenty feet high, and proportionately small

in length and breadth. But its diminutiveness seems really to add to its beauty. From the bastion that supports it the view over the surrounding land and sea is exceptionally glorious. It was from this point that Byron looked out over Saron's gulf toward Parnasos and the Peloponnesos when he was inspired to write the opening verses of the third canto of *The Corsair*.

In general the quantity of statuary and inscriptions and other monuments preserved to us from classic times is really remarkable. True it is that the portion preserved is only a small part of the original quantity; and, what is more deplorable, it is not always the great masterpieces that have escaped destruction. Here, on the Akropolis, one can see the bases of famous statues mentioned by the ancient writers, but the statues themselves are gone. Those that had been covered up in the earth or in débris have escaped. From the Propylæa eastward along the top of the citadel there are still traces of the route over which the sacrificial processions and all visitors passed on their way to the highest point and middle of the Akropolis, where stood the Parthenon. Either side of this road was lined with multitudes of statues and other votive offerings and commemorative monuments. Their places can yet be recognized by the chiseled surfaces in the natural rock, where they stood. Pausanias, who visited the Akropolis in the second century of our era, describes many of these statues. With the help of his book we can relocate them and mourn their loss. Many of the inscriptions have been found. Some of these refer to the building of the Erechtheion, the Parthenon, and the Propylæa, and give reliable information about the way in which

contracts were made for the carving of various portions of the ornaments of these structures, and the amounts of money paid to each man for his work.

Conformably to the nature of the old Greek religion, which was polytheistic, a large number of deities enjoyed the worship of the pious. Each locality, however, had certain local deities that were preferred, and received a more prominent worship. This variety of deities often originated in the fact that the inhabitants were a conglomeration of different tribes, and each tribe had contributed to the chorus of gods by introducing such deities as were peculiar to the tribe before it lost its identity in the amalgamation. On the Akropolis, in oldest times, the deities worshiped were chiefly Zevs and Earth and Athena. One can still read an inscription cut upon the rock of the Akropolis just north of the Parthenon, which reads "Sacred to Gæa the Giver of Fruits," and indicates the place where stood an altar to the goddess Earth. To these primitive deities were added imported ones later. Apollon and Poseidon were probably brought here by the immigrant Ionians. Of the three prominent original deities, Athena gradually became supreme on the Akropolis. To her were several shrines sacred. But her chief shrine, from the point of view of art, was the Parthenon, where she was venerated under the special appellation of "the virgin goddess." The temple is so perfect and so grand that it alone would have made the Akropolis famous. It is an immense structure, in the Doric style of architecture, built to serve both as a shrine sacred to Athena and as a treasure-house wherein could be kept valuable utensils and sacred

articles and money belonging to the goddess and to Athens.

From inscriptions which have been preserved on the Akropolis, and from other sources of information, we conclude that the Parthenon was begun 447 years before Christ, when Athens was in its highest glory and prosperity, and when Perikles autocratically governed the state and its affairs. In less than ten years it was completed sufficiently to receive the statue of gold and ivory which Pheidias had created for it. We learn that in 438 before Christ the Athenian people came for the first time in festal pomp to place the new veil upon this new masterwork. After Athens became a Christian city, the Parthenon was converted into a church. Additional doors were cut through the walls, and at the eastern end a large semicircular apse was built, so that the altar might be located therein. As a Christian church, the Parthenon, by a certain unpremeditated fitness, was consecrated first to "Divine Wisdom," and later to the Virgin Mother of God. Thus the noble virgin goddess of Hellenic idolatry became the forerunner of the great Virgin of the Christians. As a Christian church, it was selected to be the cathedral of the city, and the bishops of Athens took up their residence near it on the Akropolis, perhaps in the Propylæa. A valuable list of the names of these bishops has been preserved to us by the fact that it was customary in the tenth and eleventh centuries to record their death in graffiti inscriptions on the columns of the Parthenon. These records are still legible to the practiced eye of the epigraphist.

But the Akropolis in the Middle Ages was not

merely a residence for dignitaries of church and government, and the site of the holiest temples of the city. It also served as a stronghold and as barracks for the soldiers, for it had reverted to its ancient condition of fortress. This was unfortunate for the works of art. In the year 1687, the Turks, who then were masters of most of Greece, occupied Athens, and had a garrison on the Akropolis. An invading army of Venetians, under the celebrated Francesco Morosini, marched into Attika, and laid siege to the citadel. From a deserter, the Venetian engineers learned that the Turks had stored their powder in the Parthenon. Accordingly an attempt was made to throw a shell into it in order thus to destroy the enemy's supply of ammunition. Unfortunately the German artilleryman, who undertook to execute these orders, succeeded finally, and a shell, which entered through the roof, blew up the store of powder, and converted the Parthenon, the pride of Athens, into the magnificent ruin it now is. After the deed was done, the noble old Venetian, Morosini, wept over the devastation which he had felt forced to create. It is more sad to recall this destruction of the Parthenon from the fact that the mischief was all in vain, since Morosini did not succeed in liberating the Athenians except for a few months. In the following year his army had to evacuate the Akropolis and Athens, and the inhabitants again fell under Turkish control.

Long before this untoward event, the Parthenon had undergone two transformations, in addition to the one already mentioned, of its conversion into a Christian church. For in the year 1204, Athens became a

portion of the provinces of the crusaders who had taken possession of the Byzantine empire, and these crusaders established the Latin rite in Athens, and converted the Parthenon into a Catholic cathedral, with a Latin archbishop and Latin canons. While under this western control, the government of Athens often changed hands, and many were the standards that successively floated from the turrets of the Akropolis, French and Spanish and Italians taking their turn in the ownership of the city. But in the year 1456, the Florentine duke of Athens surrendered the city to Mahomet II, and soon afterward the Parthenon was converted into a Moslem mosque.

In the war for independence which began in 1821, in which the Greeks succeeded in throwing off the yoke of Turkish dominion, the Akropolis was doomed to suffer again. It is for these successive reasons that all the buildings, and notably the Parthenon, are no longer in a state of good preservation, but rather in one of magnificent ruin. Most strangers who visit Athens and remain for any length of time, take pains to visit the Akropolis by moonlight. Then, in the dimmer and kindlier light, the wreck of time seems to make a duller impression on the senses, and only the indescribably soothing influence of the larger details of the monuments in their perfection is felt. Especially fortunate is the stranger who chances to visit the Akropolis when illuminated by the soft but profuse light of the moon of August, for of all the year, in August is the moon of Attika most bright.

When Alexander the Great, who, though a native of Makedonia, justly claimed to be a Greek by blood,

and therefore looked to Athens as to the highest pride of his nation, gained his first effective battle in Asia on the banks of the Granikos, he remembered the tutelary deity of the Akropolis, and sent thirty suits of armor to be dedicated to her as votive offerings. From this booty, twenty-six shields were selected by the Athenians and hung up on the architrave of the Parthenon. The shields have long since disappeared.

In the year 1854, the Greeks, out of gratitude for generous assistance rendered by America in their sufferings during their war for independence, selected a block of Pentelic marble from the ruins of the Parthenon, and after placing on it a suitable inscription in classic Greek, written by Perikles Argyropoulos, then a member of King Otho's cabinet, sent it to the United States to be built into the Washington Monument. In consigning the stone to the care of Mr. King, the American consul at Athens, Mr. Argyropoulos said:

Greece has never forgotten the noble sympathy manifested toward her by the American nation at the time of her revolution. Full of gratitude and of friendship, she has always watched with the deepest interest the wonderful progress which has been in every respect achieved by a people to which she feels attached by the most indissoluble ties.

And in his reply to Argyropoulos, the secretary of state at Washington, Mr. Marcy, wrote:

The announcement of this noble present, accompanied as it is by tones of friendship so emphatic and so acceptable, cannot fail to be highly appreciated by the President and people of the United States.

In antiquity the Parthenon was not indeed the most holy shrine on the Akropolis; in point of sanctity it

yielded to other sacred precincts near the Erechtheion. But as a work of art, and as the pride of the city, it ranked first. Being sacred to the virgin Athena, it contained a statue of this goddess. And like the temple, the statue was the most celebrated one in Athens, although not the most revered. It was the handiwork of the master sculptor Pheidias himself, and was one of his most famous creations. It was of colossal size, being more than forty-five feet high. It was made entirely of gold and ivory, the drapery being of gold, and the face, hands, and feet of ivory. To guard against robbery, the gold was put on in such a way as to be removable, and thus it could be weighed whenever such action might be deemed necessary, so as to discover any loss by stealing.

What the final fate of the statue was, we do not know. It seems to have remained safe in the Parthenon for about nine hundred years. The last mention of it as still being in its original position is made in connection with the Platonic philosopher Proklos. Proklos came to Athens from his native town of Constantinople in about the year 430 after Christ, and took up his residence near the south side of the Akropolis, below the Parthenon. Athens had already become Christian, but Proklos continued to be an enthusiastic worshiper of the vanishing cults. The Parthenon was still sacred to its ancient deity, and the gold-ivory statue still remained unmolested. But Zosimos the historian narrates that Proklos had a vision in which he dreamed that Athena, the "Lady of Athens," appeared to him and informed him that she was about to abandon the Akropolis and the Parthenon, and requested him, as

one of her last worshipers, to prepare his house to receive her. The manner in which the dream is narrated supposes that the statue was yet in the Parthenon when Proklos sojourned in Athens. It may afterward have been brought to Constantinople, as a later Byzantine writer states. One thing at least is certain, that it has surely not been preserved anywhere. An object of so much value in bare gold could not survive the numerous plunderings which the old civilized world was subjected to. It is only a wonder that so valuable a work survived so long.

In addition to the old classic edifices on the Akropolis there was built during the successive ages a number of Byzantine, Frankish, and Turkish structures, some of them historically interesting, and most of them picturesque. But the severe determination to rid the Akropolis of all that does not belong to classical antiquity has caused the archaeologists to tear down all these later buildings. Whether this action is justifiable or not is not a decided question; but it satisfies the demands of the stricter classicists. At any rate, the Akropolis, crowned with its ancient walls, flanked with the ruins of the theater of Dionysos and the music hall of Herod, as well as by sacred grotts and shrines, and by the hill of Ares where the apostle Paul first spoke to the Athenians, with the beautiful city of new Athens stretching out to north and east of it, and with the noble ruins of the grand Parthenon standing on its very highest point, is a sight that no man ever forgets, and everyone desires to see again.

HIGHER EDUCATION IN GREECE OF TODAY

The regenerated people of Greece have enjoyed less than eighty years of independent existence. In 1830, the Great Powers of Europe formally agreed to allow a small but considerable portion of the Hellenes to reconstruct themselves into a new state. Ever since that year Greece has been slowly and laboriously, but at the same time steadily and continuously, coming up toward the degree of culture which is required for every nation that can claim to be under the full spell of "European" civilization. Whoever wishes to know what the modern Greeks have done for education must not only acquaint himself with the present condition of learning in Greece, but must also note the abject and degraded condition of the country at the beginning of the nineteenth century, as Byron, the Philhellene, described it, and must observe the progress made since that time. The present state of culture in Greece is to be measured, not by its present excellence and defects, but by its height above the level of culture which prevailed there during the last period of Turkish rule.

As soon as the shackles of their long slavery were broken, the inhabitants of Greece began to reassert their ancient love for learning. Even while the war was still in its highest fury, the bloody face of Bellona did not effectively frighten the muses into the muteness of despair. Such of the priests and old men as were unable to bear arms in the holy struggle, but who knew something of letters and books, used to assemble

the children of the absent warriors into some hut or beneath some tree, and by most primitive methods endeavor to teach them to read, using as textbooks the Psalms of David, or the Lives of the Saints, or some other liturgical book of the eastern church. Even the venerable Parthenon, which originally was built in honor of Athena, the goddess of wisdom, and which in the early ages of Christianity was dedicated to the Holy Wisdom of God, and in later years rededicated to the Blessed Virgin, received new glory in the year 1824 by affording its noble shelter to a group of little girls who gathered there every day to learn the alphabet from a white-haired man who knew how to read.

Only seven years of inchoate and turbulent freedom had elapsed when the first king of Greece, Otho of Bavaria, saw that the time had already come for the founding of a school of higher education. In the spring of 1837 he issued a royal decree declaring the establishment of a Panepistemion or university, and naming the first rector and deans and professors. The king and his advisers looked to Germany for light and guidance. Accordingly, the Panepistemion of Athens has been constituted conformably to German notions about universities. There are four chief schools and four faculties, of theology, law, medicine, and philosophy. Each faculty, under the presidency of the dean, constitutes an independent teaching body. The common weal of the university is directed by the rector, who is guided by the senate. Rectors, senators, and deans are elected from among the professors.

In this same year of 1837, the new university began to fulfil its mission. On the fifteenth of May the

solemn rites of inauguration took place. The enthusiastic king was present with all the members of his cabinet. The bishop of Attika chanted the appropriate prayers and blessed the momentous undertaking. Proud tears of hopeful joy escaped from Otho's eyes. The rector and each of the four deans addressed appropriate words to the assembled multitudes. The first regular lecture took place in the following week. It was given by Professor Ludwig Ross. He spoke about the Acharnians of Aristophanes.

When the university was founded there existed in Athens no suitable building in which it could be housed. A structure which had originally been erected as a private dwelling, but which had been turned into a gymnasium or high school, was selected as the most available and commodious home for the reassembling of the muses' votaries. Within the narrow walls of this building, "the House of Kleanthes," as it was called, professors and students faithfully did their work until November of 1841, when one wing of the present magnificent university buildings was completed, and the lectures began to be given in it.

The number of students at the Panepistemion steadily increased from fifty-two, who enrolled their names in 1837, up to three thousand eight hundred and seventy-eight, who matriculated in the scholastic year of 1891-92. This last number is not very large in view of the fact that the students came not only from free Greece, but from all parts of the East, where people of Greek religion and traditions still dwell. Since 1892, however, the number of students has decreased slightly, owing chiefly to the political disturbances and

poverty that have been harassing this part of the world. For a population of about seven millions of Greeks scattered throughout these countries of the Mediterranean, four thousand students would not be a disproportionately large number.

The language of students and professors in the Panepistemion is always exclusively Greek. This fact might profitably be borne in mind by all those historians and philologists and other scholars throughout the world who have assumed the heavy task of being willing to be regarded as authorities in matters relating to the language of Greece. Of course versatility in a language does not constitute scientific scholarship. Few of the prominent citizens of Athens in the age of Perikles were scientific scholars, although they understood Greek wonderfully well. Nevertheless, the professional Hellenist, who, along with his scientific training and habits, possesses as an additional accomplishment such familiarity with the actual use of the Greek language as is acquired by two or three years of complementary study at Athens, will find his labor sweetened, and the intrinsic difficulties of his science greatly lessened. This truth would be more easily understood abroad if the Greeks themselves were first thoroughly to understand it, and were to aim at making their Panepistemion unique among the universities of the world as a seat of such sciences as are thoroughly Hellenic and philological. Every university, while refusing its fostering care to no science whatsoever, may nevertheless have exceptional love and solicitude for some special branch of learning, yielding to the dictates of circumstances.

Most of the foreigners who come to Athens for the sake of study devote their time to some branch of archaeological inquiry. And costly institutions are maintained here by various foreign governments or by antiquarian societies, for the benefit and assistance of such as desire to pursue archaeological investigations on the soil of Greece. Among these foreign institutions is the American School of Classical Studies, supported by the Archaeological Institute of America, and by the more prominent universities of America. At this school, every scholar from the United States may be sure of a cordial welcome. Like the other foreign scientific institutes at Athens, the American school is occupied chiefly with archaeological work. But at the same time instruction and guidance is given to philologists by a professor annually sent out from America.

It would not be an easy task to try to name the most noted professors and assistant professors in the faculties of the Panepistemon. Many of them have attracted reverent attention in Europe. In the philological branches, which concern us most at present because of their close connection with trains of thought that are more peculiarly Greek, it may not be out of place to mention, as an eminent authority on Attic forms of the Greek language, the late Konstantinos Kontos, who for more than thirty years was busy as a conscientious teacher and writer, and who has added entire stores of newly discovered facts to the already known grammatical, syntactical, and lexicological lore of Greek philology. His native home was Amphissa, near the western slopes of Parnasos and but a few miles distant from Apollon's ancient shrine at Delphi.

A living scholar of wide fame is Georgios Chatzidakis, who came to the Panepistemion from the island of Krete. He has consecrated his energies to the investigation of the history of the Greek language from its first formation down to the present time. His special study is glossology, or comparative grammar, and he examines the linguistic remains of the Greek language from the point of view of a modern glossologist. Like most men who are good, he adds patriotism to his other virtues, and when a few years ago Krete was in trouble with Turkey, he went down to his native island to bear his share in the dangers of the struggle.

Attached to the university, and intended for the use of the professors and students, are various laboratories and scientific collections. One of the most curious and interesting of these collections is a series of Greek skulls which have been found in graves of different epochs. Some of these skulls are very old. Others of them were found in the tumulus at Chæroneia and are from the bodies of the warriors who fell fighting the last battle for ancient Greek freedom against Philip of Makedon. Others are from the Middle Ages, or from modern times. The scientific value of this collection is very great. It will probably be of much use in practically answering the difficult questions concerning the origin of the tribes which occupied Greece at the dawn of the historical period. It will also serve to show the true relationship between the Greeks of today and those of past centuries.

Next in prominence to the Panepistemion, and equal in importance perhaps, is the Polytechnic Institute. The fine arts and the applied sciences are cultivated

here. In the school of applied science are taught chemistry, physics, mineralogy, geology, mechanology, mechanics, higher mathematics, architecture, and other kindred topics. In the school of fine arts, courses in drawing, painting, and sculpture are given. Broutos, several of whose works are in the United States, is professor of sculpture. Some of his creations are very beautiful.

Since the church is such an essential part of Greek life, it is reasonable to expect that the Greeks would be solicitous for the proper and thorough education of their clergy. But the monetary resources which the church of Greece has at her disposal are not sufficient to meet the expenses of higher education for all priests. The only purely ecclesiastical institution of higher learning within the free kingdom is the "Rizareion School." This is a seminary where candidates for the priesthood may pursue courses of classical and philosophical and rubrical studies for four years, and then a course in the first elements of theology for one year. Those who desire to enter more deeply into the study of theology must go to the university. The school, both in matters of discipline and of general management, resembles the Catholic seminaries of Europe. It was founded and is sustained by a bequest of money and property left for this purpose by two natives of Epeiros, Georgios and Manthos Rizares. The seminarists live in community life. They study in common halls, take their meals in a common dining-hall, and sleep in common dormitories. No student may go beyond the bounds of the institution without having personal permission to do so. All wear robes of the

same pattern—a stiff, round, black cap with a flat top, a black loose cassock held neatly by a blue girdle, and a loose, long black coat with flowing sleeves, worn over the cassock.

For more than fifteen years an important school, known as the Leonteion, has been in existence in Athens. It was founded by the late pope, Leo XIII, and has served as a collegiate school for the children of Catholic parents in Athens. Lately, however, Rome, in her unceasing solicitude for the Christians of the East, has determined to raise the status of the school, and to annex to it a general ecclesiastical seminary for the education of priests for all the Greek countries of the East. It has hitherto been the custom for the Catholics of Greece to educate the most and best of their priests in Europe, most commonly in the Propaganda at Rome. There existed indeed small seminaries at Syros and Naxos and Tenos, and elsewhere in Greece. But these schools usually had but one or two professors and eight or ten students. It is therefore quite clear that Rome is acting wisely in establishing one important school to take the place of these antiquated makeshifts, and is also wise in selecting Athens as the site for this general school.

This hasty sketch of the institutions of higher learning in Athens is not put forward as a satisfactory picture of the intellectual life of the modern Greeks. The picture would be more complete if several other institutions received the honorable mention which they deserve. If it were my desire to give an exhaustive description of the condition of higher education in Greece, then no atoning reason could be adduced which

would excuse me for having omitted all reference to such institutions as the Conservatory of Music, the libraries, the laboratories one by one, the museums, the Arsakeion Academy for girls, the different literary and scientific societies, the astronomical observatory, the naval and military schools, and the gymnasia or colleges.

AN ATHENIAN CEMETERY

The fact that literature records the thought of a limited class of people, and in certain past ages of a very small class, has led the investigator to seek other sources of information concerning the opinions held by ancient peoples about the manifold conditions and vicissitudes of life. In architectural and artistic monuments, he likewise finds an imperfect witness; for these monuments, when they date from ages of slavery and inequality, have been erected by a limited class of the people—a class somewhat more extensive than the literary one, but yet only a small proportion of the whole community. But makers of monuments are much more conservative than are writers. And by observing the monuments we frequently find views and ideas expressed that are nearer to the ordinary man than are those found in the ancient books.

Large cemeteries, rich in noble sepulchral monuments, have been discovered in other parts of the old Greek world, as in Asia Minor and in Sicily and at Mykenæ. But the one of greatest interest for the present discussion is the Kerameikos cemetery at Athens, just outside of the ancient western gates of the city, on the road from the Peiræævs. Here the monuments are both numerous and beautiful; and those that still remain in their ancient site are supplemented by the numerous specimens that have been gathered into the great National Museum of Athens. The survival of so much of this old Kerameikos cemetery in its

pristine shape, is due to the fact that it had been deeply buried and hidden by accumulated débris and earth. Indeed, the opinion has often been expressed that at some unknown time a good portion of it was intentionally covered up by an artificial mound of earth. A French savant, Charles Lenormant, has thought that the Roman general, Sulla, who eighty-six years before Christ stormed the walls of Athens exactly at this point, must have caused the earth to be piled up here in order that from its top his soldiers might scale the city wall. There is however no proof to be found for this ingenuous but gratuitous assertion.

In this Kerameikos cemetery the Athenians used to bury both private citizens and public men. The monuments erected by the state to mark the graves of the public men, especially of those who had lost their lives in celebrated battles in defense of their country, were costly and magnificent. Unfortunately these stood in a place not included within the area that had been safely covered by the mound of débris, and probably most of them have perished. There are preserved, however, a few private monuments erected to brave men who died in arms. One of these, now kept in the museum, is that of Aristonavtes, a hoplite soldier from the suburb called Halæ, who is represented as in the act of charging against the foe. It is characteristic of all Greek sepulchral art that when the deceased is represented on the tombstone he is rarely portrayed in unpleasant or inglorious circumstances. In the entire great collection in the museum of Athens there are only one or two monuments on which a person is shown as being in the painful moments of dying. Often family sur-

roundings or other sacred or characteristic circumstances of past life on this earth, are idealized and portrayed. The monuments, when visited by the friends of the departed, recall happy memories, sober and sweet recollections, rather than inconsolable sorrow. Many of these representations may correctly enough be called portraits, but the sculptor made no attempt accurately to individualize the features of the persons represented. Indeed, the ancient Greek artists never learned to individualize.

When the form of the departed person is sculptured on the tombstone he is often represented in company with relations who have outlived him. He is usually placed in the position of honor, sitting down, while the others stand. The deceased is very often represented as holding the hand of one of the other persons portrayed. This attitude shows the love which bound the members of the family together. It explicitly recalls neither the pain of departure nor the joy of expected reunion. Nevertheless there was a certain reference to the future, and to the continuance of this love of parent or wife or sister in the after-life. According to the conception then in vogue, the entire monument stood, not for the body, but for the soul, which was to live on in some way or other.

Vague were the notions which the Athenians had about the soul, and vague were the conceptions which they formed as to its future life. That the soul was a kind of airy double of the corporeal man which continued to live in a dreamlike existence after the body had died, that it was a kind of living shadow or umbra of the body, and that it was a spiritual existence

similar to what Christianity has conceived the soul to be, were successive views which prevailed at different times. But the last-named doctrine never became the property of the common people in olden days. It was confined to certain schools of philosophers and their disciples. The surviving part of man after death, the *umbra*, was honored by the monument placed over the grave, while the grave itself was destined for the body. After the burial of the body certain honors were paid to the monument as to the representative of the *umbra*. These honors consisted in certain rites performed at the grave or at the monument on the third and ninth and thirtieth days after the funeral, and subsequently at the monument on the anniversary of the death for an indefinite number of years.

There have been found in graves of the *Kerameikos* a number of beautiful vases, called "*lekythoi*," made of white pipeclay, with illustrations on them in dark colors; and most of these illustrations are scenes connected with funerals and funereal rites, so that from these vases we learn much about what took place on such occasions. On many of them are depicted scenes in which the relations of the deceased are adorning the monument on these memorial days. On these occasions they often brought to the grave various small household objects that had been dear to the deceased while on earth, and left them near the tomb. This practice gave rise to a beautiful story, which, if not entirely true, is probably not wholly unfounded. In the winter a young girl had died in Korinth. Some time afterward her maid gathered together various trinkets and playthings which the girl had loved, and

brought them to the girl's grave. There she placed them in a basket near the monument, and placed a large square tile upon the basket to prevent the wind from overturning it. It happened that under the basket was the root of an acanthus plant. When spring came the acanthus sprouted; but its shoots were not able to pierce the basket and accordingly they grew around it, having the basket in their midst. Such of the long leaves as grew up against the four protruding corners of the tile on the top of the basket curled round under these corners and formed pretty volutes. Kallimachos, the sculptor, walking that way one day, saw this, and immediately conceived the notion that the form of the basket with the plaque on top of it, and surrounded by the leaves and stalks of acanthus, would be a comely heading for columns in architecture. From this idea he formed the beautiful Korinthiac style of capital. Such, at least, is the story as the architect Vitruvius told it.

Just as the notions of the Greeks about the soul really were very hazy, so also were those concerning its abiding-place after leaving the body, and the mode of its existence. The common opinion was that the country of the umbras, the gloomy world over which the unfriendly Plouton and his consort, the mysterious Persephone, swayed the scepter, was somewhere below the surface of the earth, and therefore they called it the "under world." The guide to this region was Hermes, the "soul-escorter," as he was called, who led the umbras down through the meadows of asphodel until they came to the river Acheron, where the ferryman Charon stood ready to carry them over to Erebos,

or the "dark country." It was in many parts of Greece customary to place a coin in the mouth of the corpse, so that the umbra might have the means of paying the ferryman, and thus avoid becoming forever a wanderer in the marshes on the murky shores of the Acheron. After crossing the river, the umbra came to the gates of Persephone's kingdom, where stood the triple-headed watchdog Kerberos, who never prevented anyone from going in, but never let anyone out.

Although certain rites, developed and established by long custom, were performed at the tomb, it cannot be said that these rites were conducted with such mechanical and undeviating sameness on every occasion as to constitute an accepted and obligatory funereal ritual. Nor is it clear that any fixed formulas of prayer or even any impromptu supplications were said or recited on such occasions. Literature has not recorded such prayers, and none are preserved in the inscriptions on the sepulchers or on the white funereal lekythoi.

On the day of the funeral the friends brought and put into the grave various gifts for the deceased—vases filled with precious unguents and perfumes, terracotta figurines representing gods or mortals, lumps of baked clay in the form of loaves of bread, and sometimes much more valuable articles. The clay gods may sometimes have been amulets; the figurines representing human beings were simply mementos; and the terracotta loaves of bread were a ritualistic survival of the more ancient custom of placing real food in the grave or near it for the needs of the departed. In earlier tombs we find that it was customary to place in

the graves of heroes and wealthy chiefs costly articles of bronze and silver and gold. Such, for instance, were the rich treasures found by Schliemann in the tombs of the ancient kings of Argos at Mykenæ.

Among the vases which archaeologists now find in the tombs of Attika, a frequent type is the lekythos already mentioned. Similar vases were placed at the grave on the various occasions on which the relatives visited the tomb after the funeral. Larger vases were sometimes set upright over the graves, to stay there till the permanent monument of stone could be prepared. This practice occasioned the idea of making marble gravestones in the graceful shape of these vases. Accordingly there stood in the Kerameikos cemetery a number of monuments shaped like a lekythos, and others shaped like a still larger vase or water jar—the so-called “loutrophoros.” The loutrophoros was a large earthenware jar, which, according to old Athenian marriage customs, was always needed in the preparations that immediately preceded the nuptial ceremonies. In this loutrophoros water was brought from some favorite fountain, and with this water the virgins bathed and prepared their toilet for the wedding. If, however, a young man or woman happened to die without being married, and without leaving a name and personality to posterity—a calamity which among the Greeks, just as among many other ancient peoples, was regarded as one of the greatest that could befall a mortal—then a loutrophoros vase which had been destined to hold water for a nuptial toilet was sorrowfully carried to the grave of the unmarried dead, and placed upright upon it as a monument. So

strong and so constant was this custom of marking the graves of unmarried young people with the loutrophoros vase that often the marble monument later erected had a loutrophoros vase sculptured on it, or, in accordance with the artistic idea referred to, the monument was itself modeled into the shape of a loutrophoros.

The Athenians were at one time lavish of expense in their sepulchral monuments. Some of these memorials to the dead were very beautiful; but their beauty was always genuinely Greek, simple and chaste. The monument of Hegeso is an example. It is thought to be one of the best pieces of sepulchral sculpture ever made. But yet it is probable that if we possessed all the monuments of the Kerameikos we should have many another sculptured group equally excellent. Hegeso's monument was made at about the time when the Athenians began in their high pride of success the long and disastrous war against Sparta, which, after nearly thirty years' duration, ended in humiliation. It shows a style of art and technique that has become familiar to connoisseurs through the celebrated Parthenon sculptures. Hegeso is represented as a seated lady; before her stands her maid, holding a toilet-box or a jewel-case; from this, Hegeso has taken a ring or a brooch, or some other precious object, which she holds in her hand and looks at. She is clothed in a fine Ionic chiton, her maid in a simpler dress. The whole representation is in the pure beauty of noblest Greek art.

In consequence of the prodigal propensity to erect expensive works of art as tombs, the state finally de-

cided to interfere, and a law was passed forbidding such sumptuous monuments. Nothing was allowed more costly than a simple column three ells high, or a flat slab, or a marble monument in the shape of a vase. No monument was permitted that could not be constructed by ten men within three days.

Along with the belief in some kind of immortality, the Greeks gradually formed clear and positive notions about rewards and punishments in the next world. This belief, at least in an undetermined way, was as old as Homer, and older. But in the early ages of the belief more stress was placed upon the fact that the wicked run the risk of being cruelly punished than that the good and virtuous have a respectable chance of being rewarded. For any indication of a belief that the after-life is one of joy and pleasure for such as had been virtuous on earth, one must pass on to a time at least two or three centuries later than the Homeric poems.

It was in the mysterious rites performed at Eleusis in honor of the earth-goddess Demeter and her daughter Persephone that a more elevating and worthy doctrine of future rewards for the good was clearly and positively promulgated. But a natural result of the teachings at Eleusis was that ritualistic sanctity was deemed absolutely necessary, while natural virtue and uprightness might be of no avail. According to this teaching it was necessary to be "initiated" in the mysteries or to be attached in some special way and by special rites to some deity, in order to insure bliss after death. This gave occasion to the cynic Diogenes to complain that the noble Epameinondas would have

to take a place among the neglected spirits because he had never been initiated while on earth, but that the thief Panaktion would have a very happy time because he had taken care to be initiated.

THE CHURCH OF GREECE

Many of the earliest and readiest to accept the first teachings of Christianity were from among the Greeks. In the New Testament, and especially in the Pauline epistles, Greek names are common for the primitive converts to the new belief; and names are often indicative of nationality. Most of these, however, received the new light not in their patril country, but as foreigners in Rome and Asia and Makedonia. But even the very core of Hellenism was reached by the gospel. Paul came into Greece. At Athens he preached the new religion, and, while he and his hearers could gaze upon the Doric and Ionic temples of the Akropolis, announced to the lolling Epicureans and ascetic Stoics that he was the messenger of a God whose abode was not in temples made by hands. How the gentle philosophers must have smiled as they heard his words of depreciation, and looked proudly up at the great citadel and its glory. But nevertheless Paul gained followers for Christ even at Athens. Continuing his work in Greece, the apostle went to Korinth, the residence of the proconsul, the representative of the Roman empire, to which all Greece then belonged. At Korinth he established a community of believing converts, which for centuries remained the chief church in the province of Achaia, as Greece then was called.

The Christianity of the first three centuries was exceedingly fertile in literature. But nearly all of these writings have unaccountably perished. This vast loss

is one of the saddest in all history. Perhaps it is on account of the destruction of early Christian literature that we know nothing certain about such men as Dionysios of Athens. Greece furnished a number of leading men to the primitive church. Misty traditions have preserved their names and occasionally some of their deeds. Anakletos and Hygeinos, two of the early popes, are said to have been Athenians. Aristeides, who, as far as we know, wrote the first Apology for Christianity, was a converted Athenian philosopher. This Apology he wrote and presented to Hadrian, hoping to obtain the emperor's favor for the Christians.

Paganism was very tenacious of life. It was steadfastly cherished and defended by the priests of the ancient cults, by the schools of Athens, and by those who had been initiated into the Eleusinian and other mystic rites. The final deathblow to opposition against Christianity was given by the Byzantine emperor Justinian when in the year 529 he ordered the old schools of Athens to be closed forever, and put an end to the public teachings of the philosophers. During the previous centuries the church of Achaia made progress indeed, but yet could not prevail. At the time of Justinian the largest communities must have been at Patræ, where according to tradition the apostle St. Andrew had first established a church, and in Korinth, where the chief bishop of the church of Achaia resided. Athens was still in the hands of the successors of Platon and Aristotle and Chrysippos. Most of these teachers were pagans. Indeed in other parts of the Hellenic world, as for example at Alexandreia and Antioch, the schools of philosophy gradually became

Christian. But this did not happen at Athens. The last teachers in these schools were just as far from Christianity as were the original founders. They were not very famous, however. And the last eminent heathen of Athenian antiquity may be said to have been the neo-Platonic philosopher, Proklos, who had died long before Justinian's edict was fulminated.

Soon after the closing of the schools, Christianity spread without further opposition in all the towns of Greece. Only in the country and mountainous districts did the wild inhabitants still retain their preference for the ancient superstitions. The celebrated Maniats, who live on the slopes of the Parnon and Taygetos mountains in Lakonia, accepted Christianity only in the eighth century.

In the time of Constantine the Great, the Roman empire was reapportioned into new provinces. According to this division, Achaia was assigned to Eastern Illyria. The seat of local government for Eastern Illyria was the city of Thessalonike. The church, which from that time on was recognized by the state, followed the same division. Accordingly the archbishop of Thessalonike was regarded as a kind of primate over the church of Achaia.

In the general government of the great empire, the province of Illyria was regarded as belonging rather to the West than to the East. The church of Eastern Illyria likewise was accounted to Rome rather than to Constantinople. In this way the Christians of Greece were under the jurisdiction not of the patriarch of Constantinople, but of the pope of Rome. Not only thus in outward government, but also in dogmatic

sentiment was the Helladic church nearer to the popes than to the patriarchs. When the ikonoklasts of Constantinople made war against the use of images, the Helladians, or inhabitants of Greece proper, fiercely adhered to the veneration of their ikons, and took the side of the pope. Love for the city of Constantinople had not yet taken possession of them. So deeply were the Helladians angered by the action of the ikonoklasts that they rose in insurrection and fitted out a fleet and sailed off against Constantinople to dethrone the emperor Leon. But their ships were burned by Greek fire which was poured down upon them from the walls of the city, and their expedition came to naught. Leon continued his crusade against the images. Finally the pope excommunicated him. In return for Gregory's excommunication, the emperor withdrew several provinces from the immediate ecclesiastical jurisdiction of Rome. Among these was Eastern Illyria. This took place in the year 733. Whether the Helladians desired the transfer or not, was not then asked, and is not now determinable. At least they kept to their ikons. From the year 733 down to the year 1821, they continued to be under the patriarch of Constantinople, and constituted part of the eastern or Greek church.

By their long and complete absorption into the eastern church, the Helladic communities lost all the individual and local characteristics which they probably possessed in the early ages. Of all the inhabitants of the eastern empire the Greeks were the most numerous and influential. The eastern empire therefore gradually became thoroughly Greek in language and to some extent in feeling. It is chiefly on account of its

official language that the eastern church has become known to the writers of the West as the "Greek" church. For more than a thousand years the Helladic church was merely a portion of this greater Greek church, whose center was at Constantinople. After the Helladians ceased to be distinguishable from the other Greeks, their inspirations thenceforward came from Constantinople; they became entirely Byzantine. All their ecclesiastical sympathies naturally were thereafter not with Rome, whose Latin language was unknown to them, but with Constantinople, whose language was theirs. Even in architecture is this Byzantine influence clearly evident. Everywhere throughout Greece there stand churches and ruins of churches from the various epochs of this Byzantine period. All are built according to the style of architecture adopted for ecclesiastical structures in Constantinople, being either basilicas or more frequently domed edifices in the form of a Greek cross. In Athens there are several such churches, old and beautiful, of which the one sacred to the Saints Theodore is an interesting specimen. It was built in the ninth century.

During the first eight centuries there existed no serious variance between the Greek church of the East and the Latin church of the West. But differences and jealousies that gradually developed brought about a separation which finally became formal and fatal in the year 1054, when Pope Leo IX excommunicated the patriarch Michael. The church of Greece naturally did whatever the church of the East did, being a part of it.

As a result of the crusades, various western powers

came into possession of Greece and held it for upward of two hundred years, beginning at about the time of the Fourth Crusade, in 1204. But this sway of the Franks did not affect the religious belief of the inhabitants. They remained true to Constantinople.

During all these ages there had been growing among the theologians of the East a belief in the principle that the church is a unit not in government, but merely in religious belief and practice, and that when other reasons demand it, the church of each state or nation may be entirely free from all jurisdiction coming from foreign authority. According to this principle, each national church may be independent and autocephalous. Accordingly the Greek church has gradually been subdivided. Russia and Greece and Roumania and Servia and other countries, whose religion is identical with that of the ancient eastern church, acknowledge no ecclesiastical authority of the patriarch of Constantinople.

The church of Greece, like all that portion of the eastern church which fell under Turkish dominion, suffered exceedingly after the fall of Constantinople. Education among the clergy had fallen very low. When at the beginning of the last century, the Greeks everywhere began to hope for final deliverance from bondage such men as Koraes and Doukas lamented the sad and ignorant condition of these ministers of Christianity. Even in the Ionian islands, which were under Venetian dominion, and enjoyed many of the benefits of a more civilized government, the clergy were so ill-educated that the phrase "*ignorante com' un prete greco*" was a proverb.

In spite of this ignorance and lack of training, the clergy of Greece never entirely ceased to feel that they were placed for the betterment of the people. And when at last the moment came for Greece, after various stages of servitude for twenty centuries, to strike a successful blow for freedom, it was an ecclesiastic, Germanos, the bishop of Patræ, who blessed the banner of the patriots and unfurled it at the church door of the monastery of the Holy Lavra.

This revolution against Turkish sway broke out in the Peloponnesos in 1821. Immediately the patriarch of Constantinople, forced by the sultan, excommunicated the patriots. This measure, together with the suspicion that the Turk could at any future time use the patriarch against them, led the revolutionists to determine to ignore all documents and messages that during the struggle for independence might emanate from the patriarchate. During the war and for some time afterward, that is, from 1821 down to 1833 or later, there was no central government for the church of Greece. The patriarch was not recognized, and no other authority had been substituted.

The first step toward reorganizing the church was made in the year 1828, when the president of the provisional government, Kapodistrias, appointed a committee to devise some way to restore order in ecclesiastical affairs. No conclusion, however, was then arrived at. In 1833, a synod of the bishops of the country convened at Navplion, declared that the church of Greece should be an independent branch of the eastern church, and that it should be governed

similarly to the manner in which the church of Russia is governed.

The leading spirit in this movement toward separation was the priest and theologian Pharmakides. He was perhaps the most learned ecclesiastic in Greece. He had studied theology in the university of Tübingen. Not all the Greeks, however, were in favor of separation from the patriarch. Many looked upon such a course as schismatical. The leader of those who preferred continued union with Constantinople was the theologian Œkonomos, who was equal in education to Pharmakides perhaps, but inferior to him in honesty of thought and in system.

After the church of Greece had in the synod of Navplion declared itself independent, it was found difficult to announce the fact officially to the patriarch. It was well known that he would not acknowledge the announcement. The Helladic Greeks saw the necessity of not acting hastily, so as to avoid producing the impression that they were cutting themselves loose from the Greeks in the Turkish dominions, and elsewhere, who continued to look upon the patriarch as their head. In this way years passed, and no decisive measure was suggested either by the Greeks to be recognized as autocephalous, or by the patriarch to make it possible for their report to be received.

At last, in the year 1850, the synod of bishops who had the direction of ecclesiastical affairs in Greece took the final step and announced to the patriarch the independence of their church. On receiving the announcement the patriarch did just what the Greek synod had dreaded. He summoned in Constantinople

a council of bishops, who after deliberation declared that the Greeks had not acted canonically, that the manner in which the church of Greece had been directed ever since the declaration of ecclesiastical independence was not correct, and that much that had been done would have to be undone. He, however, at the same time declared the church of Greece to be henceforth independent in almost all matters; but this condition of independence was to begin not from the decision of the synod of Navplion in 1833, but from the utterance of the patriarch in this regard in 1850. He also sent to Greece a set of regulations for the direction of the future independent church.

When this news from the patriarch reached Greece, Œkonomos and the friends of continued union with Constantinople warmly advocated the partial independence offered. But Pharmakides vigorously defended the action already taken by the bishops of Greece, and wrote a book against the acceptance of the conditions placed by the patriarch. This book had great influence. And the result was that the Greek parliament, which had to consider the question, rejected nearly all of the regulations fixed by the patriarch. The only important condition which the parliament accepted was that the holy oils should always be procured from the patriarchate as a token of respect.

When the patriarch saw no other course open except that of allowing the Greeks to have their own will in the matter, he, after a time, recognized the full independence of the church of Greece. And the church is now governed in accordance with the regulations pro-

posed by the bishops at Navplion in 1833, and finally reaffirmed with some modifications in 1852.

The supreme management of all purely ecclesiastical affairs rests with the Holy Synod. The president of the synod is the metropolitan archbishop of Athens. Besides the president there are four other members appointed annually, in the order of hierarchical seniority. These appointments are made by the civil government.

It is probable that the church has a certain amount of influence in directing and sustaining the morals of the people. But this influence is by no means so effective as it ought to be. One of the great hindrances toward the usefulness of the church is now as in Turkish times the lack of education among most of the clergy. Attempts have been made to remedy this evil, but success has not been great. The church itself can do nothing, for it is completely hampered by the state. And the state can do but very little on account of its famous poverty.

When Greece became free, there existed a great number of monasteries, some two hundred and forty-five. It was soon decided to abolish all save eighty-six of these, and to employ the revenues of the properties attached to the monasteries in educating the clergy and paying the salaries of the bishops. The properties were confiscated accordingly, but the clergy have received exceedingly little benefit therefrom.

Nearly everything noble in Greece is due to private good-will. This is the case also in respect of providing for the education of the clergy. Two rich brothers, Georgios and Manthos Rizaes, from Epeiros, founded

and endowed a school in which candidates for the priesthood may receive a collegiate classical education together with some knowledge of theology and kindred studies. This school is now flourishing, but many of the young men who study in the Rizareion abandon their intention of becoming clergymen, and adopt some other profession.

Another step toward raising the condition of learning among the clergy was the establishing of a school of theology in the university of Athens when this institution was founded in 1837. This school sends out several fairly well-educated clergymen every year.

It is unnecessary to state that most of the clergymen never attempt to preach the gospel. That duty is entirely beyond their powers. Most congregations hear a sermon only two or three times a year, if even so often.

Notwithstanding all these disagreeable disadvantages, the church of Greece possesses a sufficient number of ecclesiastical writers. In all the more common branches of theological investigation the Greeks are becomingly represented, although they cannot claim any theologian of eminence. They have not yet been able to break off from the old idea that religious polemics are the life of theological study.

Such is a brief sketch of the church of Greece as it is and has been since its foundation in the first century down to the present day.

THE MYSTIC RITES OF ELEVSIS

In many natural religions there are performed at certain recurrent festivals and on the occasion of portentous events, peculiar clandestine and orgiastic rites which may be witnessed only by members of the clan or brotherhood. Secret ceremonies of this kind were not absent from the old Hellenic religions. Of all mystic sanctuaries to which only properly qualified and duly approved spectators were admitted, the most celebrated in the classic ages and in subsequent history was the shrine of the twain goddesses at Elevisis.

Investigators are unable to date the first beginnings of this Attic town of Elevisis. However, the discovery of prehistoric tombs near its ancient citadel indicates that it was well inhabited in the second millennium before Christ. Its advantageous position made it a center of opulence. It owned the fertile Rharian fields which stretch westward along the sea toward the Megarid, and the equally productive plain of Thria which extends eastward along the road to Athens. Through Elevisis passed the chief overland route between Attika and the rest of Greece. Its secure harbor made it an acceptable commercial station for the Phœnicians and other roving merchants of the eastern Mediterranean. The waters of its expansive bay teemed with fishes and sea fruit. But more than six hundred years before the beginning of our era the Elevsinians lost their independence and were absorbed in the Athenian commonwealth. This change, instead of proving detrimental to

their local religious practices, rather contributed to their preservation and further development. For the Elevsiniac cults were adopted by the victorious Athenians and became part of the state religion.

The divinities in whose commemoration the mystic rites were performed are most popularly known through a fable called "the anthology," which has often been retold by poets and mythologists. The divine Persephone while romping with the daughters of the Ocean in the flowery fields of Nisa was kidnaped by Polydegmon or Plouton, the king of the Dead, and carried off to become his consort and to reign with him forever in his silent halls. Her forlorn mother, Demeter, not knowing what fate had befallen Persephone, traveled the earth in search of her. The Sun, who was the only witness to Polydegmon's act, finally revealed the facts. Thereupon Demeter, in her displeasure, wandered off to Elevisis, where she made herself known to Keleos the king, and caused him to build a temple sacred to her. In this temple she took up her abode, refusing to return to Olympus and to associate with the other gods until after her daughter be restored to her. She sent a destructive drought and blight over the earth, and it ceased to give forth its fruits. The human race was about to perish through famine, and then there would be no men to honor the gods by sacrifice. To avert these impending calamities a reconciliation was effected through the mediation of Zevs. Persephone was to stay for nine months of every year in the company of her mother, and for the remaining three was to reign with her gloomy husband over the shadowy souls of the departed.

This myth, like the mystic cult based upon it, underwent various changes during the successive ages. How and when it began cannot be ascertained. Perhaps it was brought to Elevsis from Krete, as Gruppe confidently states in the history of mythology and religion which he wrote. At least in later times the Kretans are reported as believing that the worship of Demeter had, like other Attic cults, been transplanted from their island into Attika. Accepting the Kretan provenance of the cult, the ninth century before Christ may be assigned as the epoch during which the Elevsiniac sanctuary was established. But if Foucart's reasoning be correct, as he states it in his *Researches on the Origin and Nature of the Mysteries of Elevsis*, the cult is still older, and came from Egypt in the epoch of the Pharaohs of the Eighteenth Dynasty, sixteen or seventeen hundred years before our era. The earliest literary mention of this sanctuary is in the Hymn to Demeter, which was composed toward the close of the seventh century. This hymn shows, however, that the rites were then already venerably ancient. It also refers to their mystic character and to the blissful fate of all mortals to whose lot falls the happiness of being initiated into them. In the most primitive stages of their existence these mysteries were probably religious ceremonies performed at a shrine belonging to a few of the prominent families of Elevsis. Circumstances now unknown added some special virtue or glory to these rites. The privilege of participating in them was gradually extended to other Elevsinians. In historic times two Elevsinian families, the Evmolpids and the Keryks, possessed the secret of the mysteries by ancient

inheritance transmitted from generation to generation. They conducted the mystic rites and presided over all the acts of initiation. It may therefore easily be supposed that those who originally established this cult in Eleusis were the progenitors of the Evmolpids and the Keryks.

In the anthologic myth there are survivals of two kinds of primitive cult. Demeter, the Corn Lady, and Persephone, the Seed which annually remains hidden in the earth for a third of the year, are deities which naturally belong to agrarian rites; while Plouton, as the Dark Receiver and Possessor of the Dead, is a divinity closely connected with the worship of ancestors. In their later developments the Elevsiniac mysteries grew into a series of magnificent ceremonies, which bore very slight resemblance to rites of such an origin. But, nevertheless, the emphatic and exceptional way in which these mysteries nourished the hope that after death the human soul survives, recalls the primitive agrarian and funereal practices and may be explained by thinking that some resemblance was seen between the fate of mortals after death and that of the seed which is covered and hidden in the earth, but does not lose its vitality.

The shrine of Demeter and Persephone, or Kore, must have been highly revered in the seventh century before Christ. On that account the Athenians, when they annexed Eleusis to their territory, incorporated the rites of these goddesses into the state religion of Athens. This official act occasioned a number of modifications in the Elevsiniac cult. Presence at the celebration of the mysteries, and participation in them, was

no longer the exclusive privilege of the Eleusinians. Any Athenian citizen, any inhabitant of Attika, might, under prescribed conditions, be initiated and allowed to enjoy all the blessings that the mysteries could give. For the accommodation of the increased number of participants a larger temple or hall had to be constructed at Eleusis. Mystic rites of this kind could not be performed in the open air, like most other Hellenic religious exercises. The preliminary and preparatory rites and purifications and sacrifices which each candidate had to fulfil before being received into the temple of Demeter and her daughter were hereafter to take place not at Eleusis, but at Athens. And after the completion of these preparatory ceremonies then all who were to see the mysteries went in sacred procession on a fixed day from Athens to Eleusis.

When the armies of Xerxes invaded Greece, in 480 before Christ, they pillaged and burned the sanctuary of Demeter, where the mystic ceremonies used to be celebrated in Eleusis. But immediately after their departure the sanctuary was restored and the rites were continued. By their wise and patriotic conduct in the struggle against the Persian invaders the Athenians created for themselves the well-merited reputation of being the foremost and most enviable of all the inhabitants of the Greek world. Athens was for the Greeks what Paris once was for the inhabitants of Europe. The Athenians were regarded as models in everything that related to the higher and more cultivated and more spiritual life. From all quarters of the Hellenic world candidates applied for admission to the Eleusiniac rites. The extension of the privilege to all Greeks,

whether Athenians or not, must have occurred shortly after the Persian wars, if not even earlier. Herodotos and Isokrates and others refer to this extension as to an established practice. And about 440 before Christ, so widely recognized were the claims of the Elevsiniac sanctuary that the Athenians passed a law regulating the manner in which the annual regular offerings of first fruits were to be delivered, gifts which Athens seems to have confidently expected and received for the sanctuary, not only from her allies, but also from many of the other independent Greek states.

No amount of investigation will ever reconstruct for us a complete picture of what took place at these mysteries. The obligation of secrecy which was imposed on every candidate for admission was never openly violated. Two chief considerations checked all indiscreetness in this direction. Whoever dared to divulge what he saw and heard within the holy walls not only committed an offense against religion and thus exposed himself to the vengeance of the gods, but also made himself a culprit before the laws of the state, and liable to punishment by death. Those who knew the mysteries never conversed about them without first assuring themselves that no uninitiated person was within hearing. In the year 431, the enemies of Alkibiades succeeded in having sentence of death passed against him by accusing him of different crimes, the principal one, and perhaps the only one mentioned in the official indictment, being that with a number of riotous companions he had one night parodied and ridiculed the rites of Elevisis.

About the year 315 before Christ, a young man

named Theodoros was sitting and chatting with Evrykleides, the hierophant of the mysteries. Theodoros, wishing to tease his solemn companion, said that every hierophant was guilty of the crime of revealing the mysteries because, when accepting postulants and initiating them, the hierophant always imparted to them a knowledge of the secrets. Evrykleides, however, refused to regard the mysteries as a suitable topic for pleasantry. He brought an accusation of impiety against the wit-loving youth. Theodoros was condemned to die by drinking hemlock, but perhaps the sentence was remitted through the influence of the archon, Demetrios of Phaleron. Pausanias, who was an intelligent and curious tourist, was disposed to describe in detail the architecture and much of the history of the shrines of the two goddesses in Athens and Eleusis, but suddenly cut off his description with the remark that in a dream he had been directed not to proceed farther in this respect.

But notwithstanding this severe reticence regarding everything connected with these hidden rites, it is quite probable that something of what was to be seen and heard within the hall of initiation became known to even the "profane." Early Christian writers, in their attacks on paganism, refer to the mysteries and mention rites and formulas peculiar to them. This fact indicates that these ecclesiastical scholars, although not initiated in the mysteries, were nevertheless acquainted with them, at least partially. And their statements concerning the performances and utterances that constituted part of the mystic services are one of our chief sources of information.

As a welcome supplement to the meager bits of information scattered throughout the texts come some interesting facts furnished by archaeological research. A few antique vases have been found in Italy and Greece which are decorated with scenes illustrative of mystic initiation ceremonies. Scientific excavations made at Eleusis have laid bare the foundations of the ancient hall where the initiations took place and of the other shrines and edifices belonging in some way or other to the Eleusiniac cult. A number of inscriptions found at Eleusis and others found at Athens give precise information concerning many of the outward features of the celebrations. And pieces of sculpture representing the divinities worshiped in these rites assist in teaching us the nature of the divinities in question and therefore also the nature of the cult by which they were worshiped.

In the fifth century and ever thereafter the postulant went through three sets of ceremonies or three stages of initiation. In the city of Athens he was admitted to what may be called the "first degree;" a few months later he went to Eleusis and entered the first degree of the Eleusiniac branch, or the second degree of the full series, and after a year he again presented himself at Eleusis for the highest and last degree. The entire process was about as follows:

For several consecutive days in Anthesterion, the vernal month of flowers, the Athenians annually celebrated within the city a festival in honor of Demeter and Kore. The rites performed at this festival were not open to the public and might be witnessed only by accepted and properly prepared postulants. To dis-

tinguish these rites from the celebration at Elevis these less important ones were known as the "Little" or "Lesser Mysteries." From the name of the locality where the temple stood in which these little mysteries took place, they were also known as the "Mysteries in Agræ." Strangers who undertook the journey to Athens as postulants for admission were protected from all molestation, even in time of war, by a truce which lasted about fifty-five days. As a preparation for beholding the ceremonies each candidate bathed himself in a way prescribed by ritual in the river Ilisos, and offered certain propitiatory sacrifices. The purificatory rites may have varied according to the needs of the candidates. Those who were guilty of deeds of blood and of other heavy crimes, if they had never been ritualistically purified, were not admitted. This exclusion of unfit candidates and the preparation of others by a purification adapted to their condition, presupposes some kind of confession of grave sins. After witnessing the secret rites the candidate was known as an "initiate" or "myst." Concerning the mysteries of Agræ no further and deeper information is available. In later times, in order to accommodate the great numbers of strangers who presented themselves for initiation, these lesser mysteries were sometimes celebrated twice in the same year, for no one might enter the Great Mysteries without previously being prepared by reception into those at Agræ.

Every autumn, in the month of Boedromion, the mystic rites were performed at Elevis. Every four years they were celebrated with exceptional magnificence and accompanied by agonistic contests. Long

before the time appointed for the beginning of the festival, messengers, sent out from Athens, announced the sacred truce to all the neighboring states. The celebration lasted about twelve days. The first few days were devoted to preparation. On the fourteenth of the month certain sacred and precious objects which were needed in Athens for the preparatory days of the festival, and which when not in use were kept carefully hidden in the Sanctuary at Eleusis, were carried by priestesses to Athens and deposited in a holy house called the Eleusinion, near the Akropolis. These objects were probably vestments and utensils used in the performing of the sacred rites and also certain objects connected with the worship of Iakchos, whose cult had been associated with that of Demeter and Kore. Perhaps, also, statues representing these divinities were among these sacra. From an inscription we learn that in the second century of our era it was customary for a company of young Athenian knights to constitute a mounted guard of honor accompanying these valuable sacra from Eleusis to Athens. The bearers of the sacra were escorted part of the way by the people of Eleusis, and on their approach to the city they were met by the people of Athens, who accompanied them to the Eleusinion with acclamations of pious welcome. As soon as these objects had been placed in the temporary repository in the Eleusinion the phædyntes, or official who had charge of them, announced the fact to the priestess of Athena, the tutelary goddess of the city, and with this announcement the festival began.

On the following day the mysts who intended to go

to Eleusis were convoked into an assembly to hear the warning against all who were guilty of manslaughter or other heinous offenses and all who by reason of other prohibitions might not be initiated. Women possessed equally with men the privilege of initiation. Children were received into the Little Mysteries, and possibly also into those of the first night at Eleusis. It seems that slaves of Greek descent were also occasionally allowed to participate. This condescension in favor of the slaves is the more remarkable because as a rule slaves were not allowed to associate on equal terms with free citizens in religious rites at Athens. Barbarians were strictly excluded. Each postulant, in order to be accepted and to receive instruction, placed himself under the guidance of a mystagog. The mystagog was by descent a member of either the Evmolpid or the Keryk family. Perhaps such postulants as were rejected by the mystagog might make a final appeal to the hierophant. Or perhaps the hierophant might reject candidates even when introduced and recommended by a mystagog. In the year 31 of our era the celebrated wonder-worker, Apollonios of Tyana, came to Athens and requested the privilege of initiation; but the hierophant hesitated, saying that the gates were not open to magicians who communed with unclean spirits. But Apollonios was later admitted. It may be that occasionally the hierophants were put to their wits' ends to observe the strict law and yet accept candidates who though debarred for some cause or other could not recklessly and irresponsibly be turned away. When Demetrios came from Asia and won the temporary gratitude of the Greeks by driving

the Makedonians out of the Peloponnesos, he sent a message to the Athenians saying that he was about to arrive in their city and that he desired initiation into all the degrees of the mysteries. The Athenians, unable to expect the hierophants to violate the law which ordained that the first initiation should take place in springtime and the second in autumn and the third in the autumn of the following year, removed all difficulties by means of a wonderful casuistic juggling with the official calendar. They decreed that the month of Demetrios' arrival in Athens should for the nonce be officially known as the spring month Anthesterion, and after this prince had received the first initiation in the Little Mysteries this same month should immediately take on the name of the autumn month Boedromion, and that after the complete initiation was over this polyonymous month should reassume its own proper name.

The candidates underwent some fixed kind of probation and preparation. They performed certain purificatory ablutions in the sea and offered prescribed propitiatory sacrifices, including that of a sacred pig. Magnificent sacrifices were also offered by the Archon Basilevs to bring the favors of the gods upon the government, the citizens of Athens, their wives and children. In commemoration of Demeter's nine days' wandering and grief in search of Persephone, the mysts fasted for nine days. Perhaps this fast consisted in eating nothing between sunrise and sunset, perhaps it was merely an abstinence from certain kinds of foods, as from meat, fish, beans, pomegranates, and apples. These preparatory rites and practices all belonged to the

first days of the festival and were all performed at Athens.

On the twentieth day of the month the mysts went in gorgeous procession from Athens to Elevisis where the most sacred and secret part of the rites were to be accomplished. They were accompanied by their friends, by the mystagogs, by a military escort of ephebs, and by a multitude of men, women, and children who took part in the pilgrimage out of piety toward the gods or out of simple curiosity. Thirty thousand may not be an exaggerated number to represent this crowd. By consecrated custom the journey was made on foot. This was not a light undertaking, for the Sacred Way, which joins Athens and Elevisis, measures more than eleven miles. When Athens became opulent and luxurious it began to grow common for richer individuals, especially fashionable ladies and courtesans, to accompany the procession in carriages. To abolish this growing fashion Lykourgos introduced a law forbidding it and imposing a heavy fine on all who might violate the law. Lykourgos himself was the first to pay the fine, for his wife was the first to offend against the law. The mysts wore crowns of myrtle, for myrtle was sacred to Demeter and Kore as being chthonic deities. In later times they usually dressed in garments of white. Each man carried a torch, which was to be lighted at nightfall.

In the procession the sacred objects which had been brought to Athens a few days previously were carried back to Elevisis by priests and priestesses and attendants. But the holiest object in the procession was a statue of the young god Iakchos, a sort of agricultural

and orgiastic deity, whose worship had been combined with that of Demeter and Kore ever since the cult of Eleusis had become a portion of the religion of Athens. According to one myth, he was the son of Persephone. Specially designated officials had charge of the processional car which carried the statue. In a kind of ecstatic frenzy the great multitude kept singing and shouting the name of this god, "Iakch, O Iakchos, Iakch, O Iakchos." It seems that the statue was needed in the performance of the secret rites. No other reason explains why it should thus be brought to Eleusis.

Along the Sacred Way there were holy places, shrines, altars, and temples at which the pilgrims stopped and performed acts of worship. These delays so retarded their advance that night came on three or four hours before they reached Eleusis. Their last station was at Krokon's Castle, a village near the ancient confines of Athenian and Eleusinian territory. Here the descendants of the mystic hero Krokon, who were inhabiting the village, distributed saffron-colored ribbons, and each myst tied one of these round his right arm and another round his left leg. Shortly after this ceremony night came on, and the thirty thousand lighted their immense torches. They entered Eleusis toward midnight. After feasting and dancing and singing for some two or three hours, each one found some corner in which to rest as well as he could from his fatigue and regain strength for the great rites which were to begin on the evening of the approaching day.

On the following night all who had a right to be

received into the first mysteries at Eleusis, or the second degree in the entire mystic series, gathered into the great Telesterion, or Temple of the Twain Goddesses. Modern excavations and investigations at Eleusis prove that at least three times this temple had been rebuilt, and each time on a larger scale. The newest of the three was built in the fourth century and could accommodate about three thousand persons, being about one hundred and seventy feet square. If one-tenth of those who came to Eleusis were postulants, then this Telesterion could contain them all at one session. Certain preliminary ceremonies took place outside of the Telesterion, but within a great inclosure shut off from the eyes of the "profane." Here probably the warning against all uninitiated was repeated. We do not know what precautions were taken to be certain that no uninitiated intruders entered the Telesterion. Only one instance is known when outsiders succeeded in passing within the Mystic Temple. They were two young countrymen from Akarnania. They were put to death. After ascertaining that none save mysts were present the obligation of secrecy was enjoined. They then passed into the Mystic Temple.

Within this hall the mysts were made to experience the most blood-curdling sensations of horror and the most enthusiastic ecstasy of joy. No lamps were burning to illuminate the hall. The weak light which may have dimly entered through the openings in the roof was on these moonless nights insufficient to allow the mysts to locate themselves in the spacious room or to recognize each other. They became a frightened crowd. The interminable suspense of the awe-stricken

and groping mysts was at intervals relieved and prevented from turning into madness by occasional mystic phrases uttered by some unseen priest reminding them that their gropings were commemorative of the wanderings of Demeter in search of her lost daughter, and that these horrors would therefore finally turn to some mysterious delight. It is probable that in later times tableaux were shown in the dim light, representing scenes in the Underworld. In the midst of this oppressive darkness a voice cries out in joy. Demeter is represented as having found her daughter. Brazen gongs resound. The doors of a sanctuary filled with dazzling light are swept open. The dazed mysts behold resplendent images of the gods, gorgeous priests, glorious scenes. The second and ecstatic act of the drama has begun.

The secret rites seem to have been really the enacting of a great and thrilling drama, in which the mysts, though not the chief actors, were nevertheless not entirely passive. The scenes enacted were taken from the local Elevsiniac myth as it had been preserved by tradition in the sacred families of the Evmolpids and Keryks regarding Demeter's grief for her lost daughter and her joy when Persephone was restored to her. The myth as employed in the mysteries was supposed to differ from the common legend in many details and to be fully known only to the initiated, and to reveal it would be sacrilegious. But, nevertheless, since nearly all Athenians were initiated, the secret myth thus became a common piece of knowledge, and some of its details have entered into literature. It was chiefly a drama of action and of wondrous sights, interrupted

now and then by the chanting of legends, or when the actors of the drama occasionally enunciated mystic and symbolic formulas. This prevailing silence increased the mysterious and impressive nature of the rites.

Of the officials who presented the mystic drama, the principal ones were the hierophant, the torch-bearer, the altar priest, and the holy herald. In a certain portion of the drama the hierophant represented the demiourg or creator of the universe, the torch-bearer acted the part of the light-giving sun, the altar priest represented the moon, and the herald impersonated the messenger god Hermes.

The hierophant was the most important personage, the grand master. He was appointed from among the Evmolpids and held the position for life. When ordained to this office he renounced his individual name and became hieronymous, being usually known and spoken of simply as "the hierophant." It would seem that he lived a life of strict chastity. For the performance of the duties of his office it was regarded as necessary that he possess a good voice. This requisite quality probably refers to the masterly manner in which he was expected to sing his parts in the mystic drama.

When the doors of the sanctuary were swung open and the blazing light streamed out upon the initiated, a feeling of blissful consolation took possession of the assembled multitude. Before the eyes of the spectators the hierophant and other sacred persons robed in glittering vestments continued performing the mystic rites. According to the Elevsiniac version of the wanderings of Demeter, when the goddess arrived in

the house of Keleos, the king of Eleusis, she refused all offers of refreshing nourishment until finally, recalled from her moody sadness and made to smile by the humorous remarks of the maid Iambe, she ordered that a beverage be prepared for her from meal and water. In commemoration of this mixture, which the goddess drank, the mysts after their fatiguing gropings in darkness received and tasted of a similar beverage called the "kykeon." They also seem to have partaken of some other kind of food.

After these holier ceremonies were over, and the mysts had seen and venerated and even touched such of the sacred objects as were to be shown to the initiates of the first night, proceedings of a less decorous nature seem to have followed. These were exhibitions and words which served to recall the pleasantries of Iambe in the presence of Demeter. In other forms of the legend the girl who caused Demeter to smile was called Bavbo. And the fragmentary information which has been preserved concerning Bavbo is of such a nature that it tends to justify the attacks of the early Christian writers who often accused the pagans of having immoral rites in their mysteries. Still, it is probable that the impersonation of Bavbo in the mysteries was rather coarsely humorous than really immoral.

From the sketch just given some notion may be formed regarding the proceedings that took place on the night when the first set of Eleusiniac mysteries was enacted and made known to the initiated. On the following night a second series of similar revelations was shown. But to these none were admitted save such

as had received the lower initiation a year before. The mysts who witnessed these higher mysteries received the title of "epopts." Since the name merely means "beholders," it indicates that in these as in the mysteries of the preceding night the rites consisted more in acts than in words. The greatest event of this night was the "showing of the sacra," an act from which the hierophant received his title. In this ceremony the doors of the anaktoron or penetralia were opened. No one might enter here save the hierophant alone. He stood at a holy table, upon and near which were the mysterious and much revered sacra. These the hierophant exposed one by one and held up to the worshiping gaze of the beholders. Decorations, drapery, illumination, incense, increased the illusion and added to the magnificence. The epopts riveted their eyes on the holy objects in awe and silence approaching to fear. We do not know with certainty what these sacra were, but it seems probable that they were statues of the gods and sacred relics of different kinds. They must have included those sacred objects which had a few days before been carried with such pomp to Athens and then back to Eleusis in the Iakchos procession.

Perhaps it is in this part of the initiation that the notorious hierogamic scene took place, in which the marriage of Plouton and Persephone, and the birth of Iakchos were represented. The hierophant and the priestess of Demeter, acting the parts of Plouton and Persephone, descended into a dark retreat to represent the manner in which Persephone had been carried off to the kingdom of the god of the Underworld. On

returning to the sanctuary the hierophant proclaimed that "the great lady Brimo has brought forth the divine Brimos," probably announcing by this formula the mystic birth of Iakchos, the son of Plouton and Persephone. Probably they carried up from the hidden retreat an image of the young Iakchos and placed it in a cradle which as one of the "sacred objects" was waiting to receive him.

Like the details concerning Bavbo, this gamic scene and another scene, from which nothing has been preserved except the words "Hye Kye," that is, "descend in rain, O Zevs, and generate," and another detail representing perhaps the birth of an Elevsiniac hero called Evboulevs, have been attacked as indecorous. All that can be said in extenuation of the evident strangeness of these details is that they appealed to the ancient Greeks in a way absolutely different from the manner in which they would affect people of today imbued with more careful principles of morality. The attacks of the ecclesiastical writers were perhaps justifiable.

In commemoration of the fact that it was Demeter who first taught the inhabitants of Elevis how to sow grain and to prepare food from it, heads of wheat were distributed to the epopts, who received them in silence and reverence. This was regarded as one of the most ennobling events of the mystic rites. And with this ceremony the epoptic initiation ended.

It is quite clear from abundant literary testimony that the general final effect of initiation in the mysteries was elevating and consoling. The principal convictions which the initiated carried away with them

seem to have been that in the continued existence of the soul after death the initiated would have a happier lot than the darkness and punishments which awaited the "profane." From the first beginnings of Greek literary history down to the last days of pagan Hellenism, high-flighted poets, thoughtful philosophers, and careful historians agree in sounding the praises of the graces bestowed by these mysteries. But the lesson taught at Eleusis seems to have been one of enthusiastic emotions and impressive suggestions, rather than of intellectual conviction. No well-defined and formulated doctrines were taught, except in later times, when neo-Platonic philosophy held the ascendancy in Athens, and some of its precepts were perhaps incorporated into the Elevsiniac cult; for in those later days there were hierophants who had become members of this philosophical school. Initiation into the mysteries imposed no obligation of thereafter leading a better life. According to the opinion of the initiated, they would enjoy happiness after death, not as a reward for any good or noble acts while on earth, but purely as a grace proceeding from the mysteries.

In his famous painting on the walls of the Lesche in Delphi, representing the Underworld, the artist Polygnotos represented some women as condemned to keep forever trying to fill bottomless tubs with water, because they had while on earth neglected to be initiated. The cynic philosopher Diogenes turned his sarcasm against the Elevsiniac rites because pick-pockets and rentgatherers, if initiated, would have a happier future than Epameinondas, who had not provided himself with the favor of the mysteries. Philon,

the Jew, objected to them on the same grounds. But the cynic scoffer and the Hebrew follower of Platon did not represent the common Hellenic feeling in regard to Eleusis, as is evident from the multitudes who crowded thither for initiation every year for more than ten centuries. Eleusis was even in the last days of Hellenic paganism "a bond of union in the human race." For few indeed are those who viewed the question of secret things with the philosophic independence of Demonax, who would not be initiated because he thought that whatever was good ought to be promulgated broadcast, and what was bad ought to be exposed.

After the initiation ceremonies were over, the plemochaoan rites were performed. These seem to have been libations in memory of the dead. Then all prepared to return to Athens, unless, as was the case in fixed years, if not annually, many prolonged their stay for two or three days in order to celebrate a series of athletic and stadiac games. Properly enough, the prizes offered in the contests celebrated here in the territory sacred to the corn goddess Demeter were measures of barley, reaped perhaps in the sacred Rharian plain.

The return to Athens took place in the form of a procession, for the god Iakchos had to be escorted back to his sanctuary with becoming pomp. A short distance outside of the city of Athens there was a bridge over the Kephisos River, which in the classic days of antiquity was as famous as was the statue of the Pasquino in the days of the Humanists in Rome. The returning mysts and epopts were encountered here by an immense crowd of sportive Athenians, and assailed

by all kinds of raillery, jibes, and quodlibets. The initiated vigorously answered this shower of ribald darts by retorting in kind. Many in the crowd wore masks. Noted public men and their acts were open to the scorplings and criticisms of wit. Coarse vulgarisms could not have been absent. After this battle of "gephyrisms" was over, all proceeded on to the city, where the statue of Iakchos was replaced in the sanctuary, and the rites of Elevisis were finished for that year.

Even after Greece lost her independence and became a Roman province the mysteries continued to flourish. The Romans had accepted Hellenic culture, and were not to be excluded from Elevisis; and great numbers of them took the trouble of being initiated, including several of the emperors. But the sun of paganism began to lose its splendor. Julian, in his attempt to recall the disappearing forms of the past, tried to arouse new enthusiasm for the mysteries. In the year 364, the Christian emperor Valentinian issued an edict forbidding all nocturnal heathen celebrations, but, yielding to the prayers of the pro-consul of Achaia, made an exception in favor of the cult of Demeter at Elevisis. But the doomed end was near, for the Great Master of higher mysteries, the Nazarene, had conquered. The house of the Evmolpids, which for a thousand years had controlled the Elevisiniac cult and from which the hierophant was always to be chosen, perished heirless. Toward the middle of the fourth century the hierophant who initiated the rhetorician Maximus and his biographer Evnapios was indeed an Evmolpid, but he was the last of his line. In the year 394, the

emperor Theodosios the Second ordered the temple at Eleusis to be closed. Taking advantage, however, of some favorable opportunity, the wrecked but stubborn adherers to the old cult called a Mithras priest from Thespiæ and set him up as hierophant in the temple of Demeter. But the usurper's exaltation was brief. In the year 395, Alaric and his army of Visigoths came to Eleusis and completely pillaged it. Earthquakes and all-destroying time and the hands of man have continued the work of desolation. And now Eleusis is merely a hillside overlooked by a mediaeval Frankish tower and covered with intricate heaps of ruins which the natives used to carry off as building material for their huts, where English dilettanti and French savants and Greek archaeologists have loved to make researches, and among which the daughters of Illyrian invaders, who dwell near by, step their dances to Albanian music on the feast days of their patron saints.

DELPHI

No fertile fields in near vicinity, nor grassy pasturelands, nor seahaven that might lure the gain-greed of merchants gave existence and fame to Delphi. The site was not one on which a prosperous city could be founded. All the undying reputation of Delphi is due to the splendid sun-god Apollon, who here chose to dwell and here had a shrine wherein his ministers professed to reveal to men the mysteries of futurity. The shrine may have been established by the pristine inhabitants of the neighboring fever-laden plains, possibly Bœotians, who in summer time came with their flocks to these elevated regions to enjoy the pure air of Parnasos and the fresh waters of Kastalia and Kas-sotis.

The colossal grandeur of the locality rendered it a fitting shrine for the habitation of a great god. Two solid cliffs which the Delphians called Hyampeia and Navplia, perpendicular and majestic, wall and shade the stony gorge from which Kastalia flows, and where the holy precinct begins. This precinct is near the top of a long declivity now greened to some extent with olive and other trees, which descends to a great depth down to the rocky bed of the torrent Pleistos. Westward from Delphi a winding road gives communication with the olive-planted fields of Amphissa, and with two or three ports on the gulf of Korinth. But the most ancient worshipers came up to Delphi neither from the plain of Amphissa nor from the sea; but

rather from some eastward district, perhaps from Bœotia.

The town which grew up round the sanctuary existed since prehistoric times. There was a settlement here at least two thousand years before Christ, as is proven by objects found in ancient graves which the French excavators have opened, and by fragments of primitive pottery which these scholars have gathered from under the foundations of Apollon's temple and elsewhere. These graves date from all the succeeding ages from the times when the Mykenlanders flourished down to the sixth century after Christ.

After the establishing of the oracle and the foundation of the town, the history of Delphi is in great part the story of how the neighboring tribes successively strove to get possession of the shrine, of how the larger states of Greece jealously used to try to exercise a preponderating influence over the mantic ministers of Apollon, of how foreign nations and potentates honored the god and sought his foreseeing guidance, and of how countless numbers of individuals from all ranks of society disclosed to him their longings and troubles, expecting assistance.

When the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* were written, the town and the shrine were known by their more primitive appellation of the "Pytho." In extant literature the later name of "Delphi" occurs possibly for the first time in an anonymous hymn in praise of Artemis, the sister of Apollon, and then in a fragment of the writings of Herakleitos. Even after the general prevalence of the later name, the earlier one was never forgotten nor less appreciated. It occurs again and

again in the lyric songs of Pindar and in the dramas of the tragic poets. It was a genuine place-name, while "Delphi" is a people's name, and signifies not the place and the town, but rather the tribe of Delphmen who dwelt there. In its infantile days the Delphic community was neither independent nor autonomous. Five hundred and ninety years before Christ the Delphmen by a ten-years' war of successful issue sundered the allegiance which long had bound them to the town of Krisa. Thereafter the Delphmen were usually masters of the town and shrine, but nevertheless more than once had the humiliation of beholding their power appropriated and administered for longer or shorter intervals by other clans.

The most imposing and revered structure here was the massive fane of the Pythian Apollon. It was at least five times destroyed or injured and four times rebuilt or repaired. Fire and earthquake and marauders were the leveling forces. The newest restoration was completed shortly after the year 67 of our era, when Nero visited Delphi and ordered that the temple be reconstructed. The ruins of its foundation still are visible.

It is quite probable that owing to its time-honored sacredness and to its secluded situation, which was an appreciable advantage during the ages of war and barbaric incursions, Delphi never became entirely desolate. The Delphmen became Christians and were at one time sufficiently numerous and important to have a resident bishop. This was before the seventh century. Hierokles, who at the beginning of the sixth century wrote a *Travelers' Guide*, mentions Delphi, but tells us very little about what the city then was. After him the

magic name appears no more on the pages of history or chronicle. The aged town soon must have dwindled into a most silent-lived hamlet. A century ago no Delphman called his village by its classic name. Likewise the steep sides of the gorge from which Kastalia's streams flow out had also changed their appellations. The eastern or Hyampeian cliff was known as "Phlemboukos," and Navplia, the western side of the gorge, had become "Rodini." The Kastalian fountain had been converted into "the well of Saint John," and the Kassotid spring which used to inspire the Pythiad priestess had been transferred to the patronage of Saint Nicholas. The town itself was simply spoken of as Kastri, or "The Camp."

Some years ago, however, "The Camp" was purchased by the French government. The Kastriots were moved to another site farther west. In 1892, French scholars began the toilful work of systematic excavation. Since then they have unearthed most of what had not been totally destroyed of Pythiad Delphi. And by wandering over the excavated region and through the treasure-filled museum it is now possible with the assistance of literature to conjure up mentally a glorious picture of what Delphi formerly was.

Apollon was not the original deity of Delphi. According to the local theologians the most primeval shrine here was sacred to Gæa, the spirit of the earth. After the cult of Apollon had insinuated itself, it quickly became so pre-eminent as to overshadow all the preceding cults. It did not annul these earlier cults, however, nor did it preclude the introduction of the new cults. Gæa and Themis and Poseidon and

Dionysos and Athena and other deities had their respective shrines.

Apollon's cult was originally the worship of the sun. Helios, the sun-god, was an object of adoration among almost all the Hellenic tribes. But at Delphi the deity Helios came to be, in the course of time, not the physical luminary of the heavens, but rather a personification of a spiritual light which enlighteneth mankind. The change in the god's attributes may, at least for convenience, be associated with the change in the form of his name, from "Helios" to "Apollon." This ennobling spiritualization of sun worship and its transformation into a kind of ideal religion may be accredited to the local theologians of Delphi. Probably it was they who first gave currency to the new name "Apollon," as the appellation of a personified spiritual and intellectual light. From Delphi the new and higher doctrine was carried into other parts of Greece, and in most places of note, with the single exception of Rhodos, the altars of Helios were converted into altars of Apollon.

But Apollon never entirely ceased from being a sun-god. By his solar powers he overcomes the god of darkness, clears the misty air, dries the moisture from the rocks, melts the chilly snows, and, bursting out through the clouds, stops the rainstorms. This is the "Pythian" Apollon; and the slimy Python or dragon which he slays with his sunbeams or arrows is the chilly demon of night and floods and frost. In art, the slayer of the dragon came to be represented as the slayer of the lizard. Hence the beautiful statue by Praxiteles.

In his higher and more intellectual character the god assumed a new name; he was known not only as the "Pythian," but also as the "Delphian" Apollon. Many of the characteristics that distinguish the "Delphian" from the "Pythian" cult were said to have been introduced into Delphic theology by Kretans from the town of Knosos. Likewise the religion of the island of Delos, which, according to other ante-classic traditions, was the birthplace of Apollon and his sister, had some influence on the beliefs and rites of Delphi. Thus, by natural evolution, and under various influences from far and near, did the worship of the sun come to be one of the purest and most intellectual forms of Hellenic religion. As sun-god he was the measurer of years and of time. As holding time under his control he was master of the past, the present, and the future. Thus he knew all events that ever happened, and all that were going to happen in future time. As god of time he naturally became the god of prophecy, and his shrine was the most reputable prophetic center of the Hellenic pagan world.

Being the god of intellectuality and spirituality and inspiration, his ministers adopted and disseminated various doctrines regarding the higher destinies and duties of men. The human soul did not decay and perish with the body, but lived forever in conscious existence. The souls of the departed should therefore not lapse from the memory of their surviving relations and friends and countrymen, but should be duly honored by proper rites and libations and sacrifices. The condition of the soul in its existence beyond the grave depended much on the deeds performed during a man's

life on earth. Accordingly a doctrine recognizing sin was believed in. But what was equally salutary and elevating, the possibility and obligation of atonement was a fundamental belief. With terrible punishment did Apollon visit sinners and criminals, including those whose transgressions were condonable, but who had not performed the necessary liturgical rites of purification and acts of atonement. If we possessed the complete code of morals and philosophy that emanated from Delphi, or if we only had Polygnotos' wonderful pictures of the Underworld, we would find both the code and the pictures to be for the most part most edifying documents. The "Gnothi seavton" taught every pilgrim that "the proper study of mankind is man;" and the "meden agan" urged him to avoid all excess in things that are otherwise good.

Apart from the daily services that were enacted regularly at Delphi, there were other more solemn ceremonies that were performed only once a year, or once every fourth year, or, in the earlier ages, once every eighth year. At these annual or rarer festivals great was the concourse of pilgrims. Some came to consult the oracle. Others desired to offer some sacrifice to Apollon or to some other favorite god or patron hero. Others were attracted by the scenic splendor of the ritual, or by the gorgeous processions, or by the various intellectual and athletic and agonistic contests. Others presented themselves as poets, or as wrestlers, or runners, or leapers, or javelin throwers in the contests that always followed the religious ceremonies, or rather were an integral or complementary part of these ceremonies. Others came in hopes that their well-

trained steeds might win for their owners glory and a laurel crown in the hippodrome.

In these contests music and poetry held exalted rank, for Apollon was the leader and inspirer of the nine muses. After the contest of chanted hymns was over, such poets as were adjudged worthy of laureate honors might cause their verses to be incised on marble monuments to be erected within the holy precinct. Fragments of such stones have been unearthed, containing not only the words of the hymns, but also the musical notation of the melody to which the hymns had been sung. Apollon loved his imitators, the poets.

The sacral processions at these festal concourses must have been highly picturesque on account of their unaffected but gorgeous naturalness. A fictitious description of such a procession occurs in the story called "Æthiopian Adventures" written in the fourth century after Christ by Heliodoros who afterward seems to have become a Christian and to have been consecrated bishop of Thessalic Triikka. At the time when his Grace directed the affairs of the church of Triikka, Delphi still continued to be a venerated shrine. This Heliodoros describes a procession organized by Theagenes and his retainers who had made a pilgrimage to Delphi on the occasion of the feast of Neoptolemos, the son of Achilles. Theagenes lived in Hypate, an Ænian town. He claimed to be descended from Achilles, and consequently was the chief director of the ceremonies round the grave and shrine of Neoptolemos. Heliodoros represents the Egyptian Kalasiris as narrating to friends at a symposium the following description of the procession:

At the head of the ceremonious train came a hecatomb of bulls for immolation, led by rural men in rustic habiliments. Their white tunics were looped up under their girdles at one side. In his right hand, each man brandished a two-edged axe. The right arm was bare to the shoulder. The bulls were all black, with proud necks gently arching upwards; with horns smooth, straight and sharp-pointed. Of some the horns were gilded; others were bedecked with wreaths of flowers. Their shanks were well curved and their shoulders deep. The number was one hundred exactly, so as to be a hecatomb in truth.

Behind the bulls were driven in manifold variety numerous herds of other victims, each kind being in a distinct group. Flute-players and pipers produced a ritualistic melody, foretokening the sacrifices.

Next after these droves and herdsmen, there came Thessal virgins shapely and stately; with tresses loose, hanging in wave-lets over their shoulders. They were separated into two bands. In the first band, some carried baskets filled with flowers and fruits. Others had panniers of cakes and of perfumes and incense which loaded the air with fragrancy. They carried these things on their heads. Their hands being otherwise free, they kept hold of each other and were marching in rhythmic step, with movements forward and obliquely. Thus as well as walking onward, they were also dancing. The rhythmic music which they obeyed in their evolutions and steps was furnished by the second band of virgins; for these were having the privilege of chanting the hymn of the feast. This hymn was a prayer to Neoptolemos and a eulogy of Thetis and Peleus and their son Achilles, the progenitors of the hero Neoptolemos. The verses of the hymn were about as follows:

Thetis the goddess I sing,
Thetis of golden hair,
Her the immortal child
Born from Nereus in the sea;
Who by Jupiter's promptings,
Married herself to Peleus;
Her the delight of the sea,
Lovely as Venus we deem;

Mother of him whose spear
Ever was anxious for war,
Him whose fame in Greece
Is bright as the lightning of Zevs,
Godlike Achilles; him
Whose glory reaches to Heaven,
Him, whose son and Pyrrha's
The great Neoptolemos was;
Merciless fighter against
Trojans, but savior of Greece.
O Neoptolemos, Hero,
Be thou propitious to us.
Blessed art thou, for thy grave
Is here in Pythiad earth.
Graciously deem to accept
The gifts that we offer to thee.
Guard and defend us thy people
And country from every fear.
Thetis the goddess I sing,
Thetis of golden hair.

Such was the canticle. Admirable was the harmonious movement of the dancers. The echo of their measured paces kept treading exact time with the meters of the hymn. The onlookers were fascinated no less by the melodious sounds than by the rhythmic movements. The choral strains seemed to be luring them to leap up and join the choir of dancers. But their attention was soon diverted to those who followed. For next in the procession came fifty young men on Thessalic horses. In their midst was their chieftain, conspicuous beyond all words of description. Twenty-five rode in front of him, and twenty-five were behind him. Their sandals were laced round their ankles with thongs of scarlet leather. Their blue-bordered mantles of white were fastened on their breasts with brooches of gold. Their steeds were fired with the uncurbed spirit of the boundless plains of Thessaly, where they had been reared. They champed their bits and would like to spit them from their foaming mouths, preferring to be guided not by the reins but by their riders' word of command. Their caparisons were

ornamented with silver and gold, as though their riders were vying with each other in this respect.

Such was the display which Theagenes and the Ænians made, in this festive pomp.

The procession directed its course to the grave of Neoptolemos. Three times did the Thessal horsemen prance round the hero's tomb. Then at a given signal all the victims were slaughtered in sacrifice. Piles of fagots were placed on a spacious altar near the grave. Pieces of meat from the slaughtered animals were laid on the fagot-piles. Then the priestess of Artemis approached and gave to the Ænian chieftain a blazing torch of holy fire, with which he ignited the fagots. Thus were the sacrificial meats consumed by the flames. After this, the priest of Apollon poured out a libation to the hero, and the sacred part of the ceremony was at an end.

There were many objects of interest at Delphi. Somewhere near to the great temple of Apollon was erected a monumental stone called the "Omphalos." It was supposed to indicate a point equidistant from all the extremities of the earth. Different rich cities had built treasure-houses at Delphi, in which were kept the utensils and paraphernalia needed for their sacred ceremonies. Individuals and states erected costly monuments and dedicated precious votive offerings in the temples. In the eighth century before Christ, when the ninth book of the *Iliad* was composed, the shrine of Apollon was already rich in its quantity of votive wealth. This wealth continued to increase, until the fourth century before Christ, when portentous sacrilegious despoliations were perpetrated. The men of

Phokis plundered the temple, and their wives were seen wearing necklaces and other historic jewelry that had been kept for centuries in Apollon's house. In the first century before Christ, Sulla, the Roman dictator, mulcted the shrine of its gold and silver, joking at the pious hesitancy of those who asserted that they heard Apollon twang his harp in threatful anger when they entered the sanctuary to rob it. Nero sent hence 500 statues to Rome. Constantine, the emperor, carried off statues and monuments for the decoration of his new Roman capital at Byzantion on the Bosporos. Among the objects thus brought to Constantinople was the brazen column of the Three Serpents upon the coils of which were engraved the names of the cities that had aided in driving the Persian invaders out of Greece. The mutilated monument still stands in the Hippodrome of Stamboul. But the Phokians and Sulla and Nero and Constantine were only a few of the many despoilers.

Many of the votive offerings, from the most precious to the most insignificant, were intended to be testimonials of gratitude in return for advice or enlightenment vouchsafed by the oracle. Every category of life-problems was represented in the questions which Apollon was called upon to solve. Commonwealths sought his advice before undertaking to establish new colonies, and kings before declaring war. Seamen consulted him about their voyages, farmers about their fields and crops, and negotiators about their loans and debts. Men who were going to travel asked for foreknowledge concerning their future adventures. The avaricious requested direction in the amassment of

wealth. Young men solicited information concerning the advisability of getting married. Isyllos, the poet, wrote a pæan in honor of the god Asklepios, and then inquired from Apollon if it would be proper and lawful to engrave the ode on stone.

The official mediators between the invisible god and his questioning worshipers were the Pythiad sibyls. The manner by which they were ordained and appointed to the discharge of this exalted function we do not know. It was required that they be pre-eminent among the women of Delphi both by descent and by integrity of life. In the ages when the concourse of questioners was great, two or three sibyls might hold the prophetic office contemporaneously, so as to relieve each other in rotation from the exhausting strain. But in later times, when the credit of the shrine began to wane, one sibyl sufficed. Besides the sibyl or Pythiad priestess there were scribes and other functionaries who recorded her utterances, and assisted in the ceremonies that surrounded the act of prophesying. Before uttering an oracle, the priestess robed herself in official raiment, drank water from the Kassotid fountain, and chewed a mixture which contained laurel leaves and barley. She seated herself on a high tripod near which a current of prophetic air, the "*divinus afflatus*," issued from an opening in the earth. Soon she fell into a kind of ecstatic fit, and uttered the sentences which were reputed to be prophecies. Her utterances were usually in verse, and her favorite lines were hexameters. In later times, when the Greek language became too unyielding and rigid for the easy composition of extempore verses, the priestess more frequently deigned to

make her responses in prose. But in imperial times, when a pedantic love for antiquity influenced many professions, the Pythiad priestess resumed the more frequent use of hexameters.

The pilgrims who wished to be favored by a response from the oracle began their immediate preparation by a symbolic purification in the waters of Kastalia. Perhaps they sprinkled themselves with it as did Kalasiris in Heliodoros' story. They made an offering of a cake and a sheep or goat or other more valuable animal. By lot they were in turn admitted to the sacred penetralia where they beheld the frenzied sibyl seated on the tripod surrounded by priests and attendants. Specially favored persons might enter at once, without having to wait for their opportunity by lot. Women, it seems, were not permitted to enter the room of prophecy.

For more than a thousand years the oracle deeply influenced the fortunes not only of Greeks but also of strangers. Many noted men sought to have their course of action guided or sanctioned by the sibyl, from the day when Agamemnon, king of men, stepped across her threshold and asked about the fate of his expedition which he was undertaking against Ilion, down to the day when Julian the apostate sought her counsel in his war against Sapor of Persia. During the first three centuries of our era Delphi was still a favorite pilgrimage. In the reign of Augustus, the writer Konon could still truthfully represent the prevalent Hellenic conviction when he stated that the Delphian Apollon was yet the most reliable god of vaticination. But the inevitable end was approaching;

and so far as the influence of the Delphic priestess was concerned, the decree of Theodosios which he issued in the year 385, forbidding all consultation with the oracles, was almost superfluous. The voice of the ancient sibyl was rarely heard. When for a second time the emperor Julian, that devotee of the waning cults, asked for her prophetic help, she told the quaestor Oribasios to bring back to the emperor the response that "the holy shrine is desolate. Phœbos no longer has a shelter there, nor prophetic laurels. His fountains no longer speak, and the mantic waters are dried up."

IN BŒOTIA

Bœotia is a much-decried land. Its climate has always been insalubrious, and its inhabitants have always borne a unique reputation for stupidity. What attractions can such ill-famed country hold out to the wanderer, and how can it claim the interest of the scholar? Twenty-five hundred years have rolled away since, in the theater of Dionysos, the playwright Pherekrates blared out his warning that "every man of sense should keep far away from Bœotia." Pherekrates' splendid comedies have all perished, but this bitter verse is one of the few lines that have been preserved, and is familiar to every Hellenist; such is the vitality of a word of reproach when dexterously spoken. But nevertheless, the much-abused country is not without interest; it was the cradle of all kinds of mythic and legendary lore; its long history has been full of strange and uninvestigated vicissitudes. As anyone may see who reads the fragmentary notes that once were ascribed to the pen of the historian Dikæarch, this land possessed some attractions even for that unknown traveler who, along with plentiful slander of his own investigation, has kept for us this line of Pherekrates; for he took the laborious pains of visiting on foot many of the principal towns and shrines and sights of the land which he was reviling.

It was Bœotia's fortune or misfortune to lie adjacent to Attika. From the earliest historic days there existed hate and jealousy between Thebes the

leading city of Bœotia and Athens the center of life in Attika. Fate had it that the history of Bœotia should become known to the world, not through native but through Attic writers. Woe to a reputation which is to be molded and transmitted to posterity by a hostile neighbor. From the Attic writers the lettered men of Rome and all subsequent schools of Europe have borrowed their views regarding Bœotia; and thus "crassus aer," "pingues Thebani," and "sus Bœotia" always enter into our notion of the character of the Bœotians and their country.

Bœotia consists of two great plains separated by a ridge of hills, and surrounded on all sides by chains of mountains. The southern plain is undulating; the waters which flow down into it from Kithæron and Helikon easily move off to the Evbœan Gulf through the Asopos River. But the northern plain is perfectly flat, and is completely shut off from the sea, so that the streams which flow into it have no outlets except through underground tunnels or "katabothra" which the water has made for itself under the mountains.

These natural underground channels have always had a tendency to choke up, and a portion of this northern plain has always been a lake or marsh, known as Kopais. From the earliest times, however, the inhabitants round Kopais often took pains to keep the katabothra open, and to keep the lake at its minimum size, in order thus to be able to cultivate as much as possible the better-drained parts of the plain and to pasture their flocks in the marshier portions. Indeed the Kopaic Valley is so valuably fertile that attempts have been made in various ages to drain it completely,

either by artificially enlarging and improving the katabothra or by cutting a new outlet through the mountains. The latest of such undertakings has been made during the last half of the last century, and was a few years ago brought to something like completion by an English society, after French and Greek enterprises had become bankrupt in the attempt.

The oldest traces of hydraulic engineering in regard to Kopais are attributed to the Minyans, a people who in the second millennium before Christ flourished here. They cleared out the katabothra and built levees of earth and stone along the banks of the rivers so as to prevent the spread of the water over the plain. Possibly they also undertook to tunnel a large and straighter opening from the lake to the sea, thus insuring complete drainage independently of the capricious katabothra. At least in a saddle of the mountain ridge which lies between the lake and the sea, a tunnel which was to have been two miles in length was begun in ancient times, and was finished to the length of half a mile. If this undertaking was the work of the Minyans, its interruption and abandonment can possibly be accounted for by the long wars against Thebes which finally brought about the subjection and humiliation of the famous Minyans. The draining of the lake was one of the achievements contemplated by Alexander the Great; and he appointed the engineer Krates to study the problem and begin the work. But Krates' plans were also never completed.

The immense labor and skill which the Minyans expended upon this drainage system became part of

the traditional lore of antiquity, and were used as a patent and lasting indication of the former wealth of this panarchaic people. That their knowledge of engineering and hydraulics was not only remarkable in their remote age but would be noteworthy even in ours, receives easy proof from the fact that the European engineers, who in our own day replanned the draining of the lake, were guided in many important details by the yet existing traces of the works of the old Minyans.

The chief city of the Minyans was Orchomenos, which Homer names along with Egyptian Thebes as being exceedingly opulent. But in historic times it was noted only as being a determined and irreconcilable enemy of its more powerful rival, Thebes, the mistress of the southern plain. Today the traveler can locate only two mementos of its former life and glory: the Akidalian fountain where, in classic times, there was a shady shrine sacred to the Three Graces, and the colossal domed tomb of some prehistoric ruling family of Orchomenos, now roofless and desecrated. This structure is of the "Mykenæan" style of architecture, and by tradition which, though based on a mistake, yet well re-echoes the stories concerning the magnificent wealth of the ancient Orchomenians, has by later Greeks of classic times been called the "treasure-house of the Minyans." Such is the name under which Pausanias describes the tomb, who saw it in the second century of our era. The powerful city had long before his time disappeared. At present two small villages occupy a portion of the site. And the place once adorned by the sanctuary of the Graces is

now occupied by the falling walls of a Basilian monastery built in the year 872, whose ever-willing hospitality often won the gratitude of many a tourist, and which, having been rendered uninhabitable by the earthquakes of 1894, is never again to be restored and in its turn is now about to be succeeded by something modern, possibly by an agricultural school. Thus even in dreamy Greece the prosy pursuits of practical life are mercilessly supplanting the poetry and religion of Hellenic and Byzantine idealism.

Although the Minyans open Bœotian history, they are not indisputably the first and earliest inhabitants of this Kopaic country. In ages which may have been earlier than the glorious days of Orchomenos, there existed a large and strong fortified city in the eastern part of the plain, a city so old and long ago so forgotten that not even a conjecture can be made as to what may have been its ancient name. Nevertheless, it may not be older than the first centuries of the Minyan period. When it was built and when it flourished, the katobothra were not sufficient to carry off the water from this part of the plain, and accordingly, the town stood in a large lake. This city communicated with the land round about the lake not only by boats but also by means of raised roads built through the water. Remains of at least one such *chaussée* were discovered by the modern draining company, when this part of the plain was again laid bare. The *chaussée* which joined the island city with the northern shore where now stands the village of Topolia was about a mile in length. And this was the nearest passway from the island to the shore of the ancient

lake. The ruins of the prehistoric town still show the lower courses of the city wall and the foundations of various buildings. The island is visible as a prominent object from all parts of Kopais. The circumference of the city was about two miles. The ruins are now most commonly known by the Albanian name of "Goulas" which simply means the "castle."

In those ancient days every populous city in Greece and in Greek lands had a tendency to become an entirely independent state. In fact the names "city" and "state" were for the most part interchangeable terms. Each country possessed as many independent states as there were well-inhabited and flourishing cities in it. Since there were two such cities here in Bœotia at the dawn of Greek history, it follows that at least two independent states should have existed. Thus the city of Orchomenos constituted the state which had possession in the north valley, and the Kadmeian Thebes owned the southern plain. But since the geographical unity of the country did not favor this division of territory, there was from remote times a continual war between these neighboring city-states, each one being desirous not only to subject and weaken the rival power but even to destroy it utterly. This injurious rivalry caused incalculable damage to both contestants. Both of these cities at the very beginning of the historic period, not willing to be strong by assisting each other, succumbed to a third power, to a horde of invaders from the north, who came down from Arne, of Thessaly, and overran all the fertile country, giving to it the name of Bœotia; for these invaders were the Bœotians of history.

With this invasion and with the transferring of ownership to the victorious newcomers, Thebes and Orchomenos did not cease to be aggressively jealous of each other. But Orchomenos gradually declined before her rival; and finally Thebes became indisputably the leading city of the whole land. A kind of confederacy was formed in which, under the hegemony of Thebes, each one of the sixteen or more cities of Bœotia enjoyed a restricted independence. This arrangement was never satisfactory to the subordinate cities, especially to Orchomenos and to the towns which lay along the southern mountain groups of Kithæron and Helikon. Accordingly a continual strife went on.

In many respects the mountainous borderlands of Bœotia are more interesting than the fertile plains of the interior. In these high regions there was quite a number of towns. They lay in a wide circle around Thebes which occupies the center. This elevated rim which enframes the midlands is in some places merely colossal piles of wildly bare limestone, and in other places sloping steeps covered with pines and laurels and other mountain vegetation. Numberless nestling springs and soft tumbling rivulets water the soil and temper the heat of the summer air. The inhabitants of these border towns, having the mountains just above them and the loamy plains just below, are, and always have been, partly shepherds and partly farmers. Their vines and wheat-fields covered the valleys, and their flocks of goats and sheep browsed among the mountain shrubs. The copses and dales in these high regions were all peopled by the mystic

superstition of the imaginative peasants and shepherds with all kinds of agreeable and disagreeable supernatural beings. Near the top of Ptoan Hill, at a point from which a good part of all Bœotia may be seen, Apollon had a favorite sanctuary, where he distributed his wise sayings to all who went there to consult his oracular agents. The strange and un-Greekly hero Trophonios had his subterranean shrine near the dewy town of Lebadeia, and those who wished to know their fortunes had only to consult him. But this was not a light affair; for those who descended into his awful cave and witnessed its horrors and were subjected to its harrowing ritual, could not laugh for a long time afterward. Indeed Athenæos tells of a man who when pushed up from his visit to the cave had entirely lost the power of laughter. Years later he happened to regain this blessed faculty by the sudden hilarious effect produced on him by a ridiculously clumsy specimen of sculpture representing the goddess Leto, which he saw at Delos.

But of all the sacred precincts in the highland nooks, the most beautiful one, and the one most revered by subsequent history and poetry, is the dale which was sacred to the Nine Muses, the heavenly patronesses of the fine arts. Like all the other denizens of these Bœotian shrines, the Muses were not autochthons, but immigrants. They came down into this fair land from the north; their last station in that colder country being Pieria at the foot of Olympos. Their new sanctuary at the foot of Helikon was not a temple but a green and shady grove

lying on both banks of a mountain brook. On three sides of the grove rise the green tree-covered slopes of Helikon. To the north of the entrance into this semicircle stands out the high hill on which was the city of Askra where the shepherd-poet Hesiod lived; and farther away to the east was the town of Thespiæ which possessed Phryne's unique gift, the statue of Eros cut from a block of Pentelic marble by the inimitable chisel of Praxiteles, a masterpiece which one Roman emperor confiscated and transported to his palace in Rome, and which a second emperor in a fit of atonement restored to the Thespians, and which a third emperor again carried off to be lost forever in Italy.

Where the center of the grove was, there now stands an antique church of the Holy Trinity. Indeed there are, strange to say, quite a number of churches in the grove today, some five or six, and a deserted monastery of St. Nicholas. When the Bœotians became Christians they did not cease to love this beautiful place, but merely supplanted the forgotten Muses by new and heavenlier patrons.

So far as nature goes, this valley looks today very much as it did when centuries before our era Hesiod, while tending his flocks, learned to sing wise songs to the peasants of his town, and to the whole world forever. The Bœotian ploughman still punches his oxen with the same rude goad as his prehistoric ancestors used, and cultivates his field with the same wooden plough as Perseus, the lazy and contentious brother of Hesiod, disliked to tread after. Shepherds still as ignorant, as cunning, and as picturesque as were the

companions of Hesiod browse their goats around the spring of Hippokrene. The wide view over the grove from the lonely tower on Askra hill is just as grand as it was when Hesiod lived on that windy summit. But if nature is the same, the works of man which once beautified and ensouled nature here are gone. If it be true that nature pleases or appalls chiefly when associated with analogous deeds of man, then the grove of the Muses adequately inspires the wanderer only when he recalls the high works of man which once adorned and enchanted this place. But all these inspiring embodiments of the ideal have disappeared. How exceptionally beautified by the artistic hand of man this remote corner of Hellas must have been, is evident merely from the long list of statues of muses and gods and heroes and noble men which incomplete records tell us of having been here. But although these great works are lost forever, or at least buried in the soil of the dale, yet it is not nature alone that influences the lone worshiper here. The past resouls itself. Myron's Dionysos again seems to be standing under the vines, and the statues of the Muses which Constantine carried away as an ornament for his new city on the hills of Byzantium are back again, each one in the graceful attitude of the copies that adorn the museums of Europe. When the spellbound wanderer picks his steps through these groves and climbs through the myrtle bushes to the cool well of Hippokrene, or sits near the monastery of St. Nicholas under the trees that cover the bubbling waters of Aganippe, his soul is by no means restricted to what he sees of the beautiful nature which smiles out from

eternity around him. The witchery of the place converts him into a communicant with all its nobility of art and song and dream. He contemplates ideals which are beyond the reach of others' eyes and ears.

But in the plain also the Bœotian country was rich in noted shrines. And these, like those of the hill country, were of foreign origin. The city of Thebes, the central point of this level district, has always been in the old traditions brought into connection with the myths regarding foreign influence and imported civilization. Hither it was that Kadmos came bringing from Phœnikia a Semitic colony and Semitic gods, and what was most important of all, a Semitic alphabet, by the adopting of which the Greeks finally learned to write by phonetic system. Whether most of this oriental influence came directly from Asia or rather from Krete is now a question which present archaeological investigations will soon answer.

Another remarkable feature about our knowledge of the plain and its central city Thebes is that much of its early mythical history reached the Attic writers not through Bœotian channels, not through pure local legend, but rather through stories that were made not in Bœotia at all but in Argos. Theban legends have furnished a rich and varied lot of material to artistic literature, but several of the stories which have been most preferred, and which have been preserved to us in the dramas of the great tragedians of antiquity, as in the *Seven against Thebes* or in the *Phœnik Maids*, come in good part not directly from Bœotian sources but from Peloponnesian. Bœotia was a country rich in

literary material, but as a rule it was foreigners who made best and most frequent use of it.

This inability or neglect of the Bœotians to formulate the stories of their own lives was due in great part to the fact that they never were a united people with sufficient pride in themselves to care for their nationality. In addition to the continual local wars which Thebes waged against the smaller towns, in her attempt to keep them outwardly leagued with her, there existed another cause of dissension. This was the social and political gulf which always separated the aristocratic from the common inhabitants in Bœotia. The aristocrats were noted for their lack of patriotic virtue. In the fifth century, when Xerxes, the Persian, attempted to conquer Greece, they turned traitors to their fatherland, and placed their cities and soldiers at the service of the invaders. Again in the fourth century before our era, finding themselves unable to hold their power against the people, they again betrayed the city of Thebes, and handed it over to a Spartan army and garrison. Their principal fame lay in their lavish use of the plentiful products of these fertile fields. They were famous as luxurious and gluttonous feasters. It was natural for such men to be also lazy and arrogant. Even when they lost their wealth, they retained their other evil characteristics. What Herakleides of Pontos says about the impoverished aristocrats of Thespiæ may well apply to similar inhabitants of all Bœotia, that "they had the reputation of being poor but proud. They looked down on men who had to live by handicraft or by farming; they would not allow a shopkeeper to enter their place of assembly for ten years after he

had retired from business, and most of them owed large sums of money." They were also contentious and querulous.

When the oligarchic upper class was so rude and uncivilized, one might not expect to find many virtues in the class just below, the class of inhabitants which stood between the aristocrats and the slaves. But yet this middle class once rose up under the leadership of a dozen patriots from aristocratic families and, by matchless military successes, gave to Thebes and Bœotia a short but wonderful period of glory as a state. As a sociological phenomenon it may be noted that it was not the plebeians unled and unaided who created this period of glory. It was brought about by the pre-eminent abilities of a few leaders who were themselves of aristocratic blood and training, but who by their virtues and patriotism won the sympathy and support of the brave and intelligent plebeians. This is the old lesson of civilization which forever will be repeated. The leading man in this great uplifting of Bœotia was Epameinondas. He it was who at Levktra and Mantinea proved that the farmers of Bœotia, led by their invincible phalanx, the "Sacred Band," had become the first military power in all Greece. The invincible ability of one great man is shown in Epameinondas. Perhaps the noblest deeds of Greek history happened under his guidance. But after he fell on the victorious battlefield of Mantinea, no successor existed able to guide the Bœotians to other victories or even to hold the honors which they had already won. Their glory as a state began with the hour when on a dark and stormy night a few patriots of spirit akin to that

of Epameinondas took down the brass trumpets that had been prepared for the heralds of the festival of Herakles, the Theban mythic hero, and with them blared out freedom for Thebes and deliverance from the Spartan garrison and the oligarchic oppressors; and the glorious period ended at the hour at which, when he learned that his soldiers had won at Mantinea, he pulled the painful spear-head from his wound and died on the battlefield. It is sad to think that of Epameinondas we have no full account. Xenophon, who wrote for us the best description of the victory of Leuktra, just outside the grove of the Muses, was so prejudiced against the Theban hero that he described the conflict in detail without mentioning or referring to the man who, by introducing new field tactics, and inspiring his men with his own personal courage, won the battle which forever destroyed the Spartan supremacy in Greece. It is a strange fate that among the many biographies which the good-souled Plutarch wrote, the life of Epameinondas should be one of the few that have been lost. This life would have been the more interesting because Plutarch was himself a Bœotian. And since Plutarch was a native of the country now under discussion, while deploring the loss of his life of Epameinondas, it is not out of place to add a word of praise in favor of this gentle and world-known biographer. And the word of praise which will be added is that of General Gordon, who, during the siege of Khartoum, wrote down in his diary these lines: "Certainly, I would make Plutarch's *Lives* a handbook for our young officers; it is worth any number of 'arts of war' or 'minor tactics.' "

Excepting Thessaly, there is no other plain of Greece which can compare with Bœotia as having so often been the scene of portentous battles. It has been called "Areos orchestra," or "the war-god's dancing-ground." Besides the numerous battles of Greeks against Greeks it was here that the Persian invaders were finally defeated near Platæa, and Grecian liberty was permanently assured. And again, when the centers of Hellenic greatness were about to be shifted from Greece proper to Egypt and Asia, it was in this same land of Bœotia, on the field of Chæroneia, that Greek liberty was forever lost. For here it was that Philip, who had been educated in Thebes, assisted by his son Alexander, who on this battlefield first proved his wonderful strategic skill, completely overwhelmed the last defenders of old Hellenic freedom. And it is worthy to note that along with the Athenians who could not be absent from such a noble battle, the bravest defenders of disappearing independence were the Theban soldiers of the Sacred Band, descendants of those who had in ages gone by given earth and water to the Persian envoys as tokens of traitorous submission and slavish alliance. Epameinondas' spirit had, after all, survived his death. The Athenians brought their dead back to Athens, but the Thebans buried their fallen soldiers on the field. Over the common grave they placed a colossal lion of marble. But they wrote no inscription. The event was too irreparably sad. The lion is still there.

On account of the boorishness of the uneducated among the Bœotians and the sensuality which prevailed in the aristocratic classes, it might be wrongly

concluded that letters and learning and culture were entirely foreign to Bæotia. But such a condemning judgment would be exceedingly wrong. Numerous are the names of scholars and philosophers and poets who were Bæotians. For the rest, it would be very strange that a country which possessed the most noted shrine of the Muses, and where the Graces were especially honored, as at Orchomenos, by all Bæotians, and where Apollon was at home on so many hilltops, and where Dionysos, the patron of the drama, was reputed to have been born, should be entirely devoid of intellectual and literary life. One can indeed admit the worst, and say that in comparison with her great neighbor; Attika, Bæotia did not revel in the higher pursuits. But yet, as is clear, she did not entirely neglect them.

There exist two noted poems which surely were written in Bæotia, and probably by Hesiod. Of these, one is the "Theogony," which was for the Greeks the first systematic molding of the various myths concerning their gods into one great and not illogical system. This Bæotian poet not only formulated herein a theology and cosmogony for the Greeks, but also put into intellectual shape the stories which afterward were so useful to the poets of the highest Greek period. The second poem, known as "Works and Days," is a kind of bucolic song in which Hesiod gives all kinds of useful advice to his brother Perseus. It is purely the product of an agricultural and pastoral country, while the "Theogony" properly owes its birth to a country teeming, like Bæotia, with sanctuaries and haunts of all the gods, foreign and domestic, that entered into the spiritual life of the Greeks. Both poems are proper

outcomes of the intellect of the shepherd boy who learned to sing his songs while pasturing his sheep and lolling in the shade round the shrines of Helikon. His poems are full of all kinds of proverbs and adages, a characteristic of the thoughts of men who lead such life.

To those who do not well know the history of the expression of thought, the poems of Hesiod are an insoluble mystery. He made his two great songs chiefly for his fellow-shepherds and peasants, but nevertheless he did not use their dialect. No Bœotian could easily understand the language of Hesiod's poems, and consequently no Bœotian could speak it, without having artificially learned to do so. The new science of epigraphy has taught us sufficient of the Bœotian dialect to inform us how different it was from the literary language of Hesiod. Perhaps the man who writes an eternal poem never is inclined to use the language which the swineherd uses to his pigs. An ideal language is sought after, and each poet gets it from a different source, perhaps. Hesiod, instead of taking the language of his fellow-countrymen, took the artificial dialect which had been created by the Homeric rhapsodists; and in this he composed. The Bœotian shepherd-poet gives a great lesson in aesthetics, which his countrymen of today sadly need to learn. Hesiod was perhaps inferior to other poets of Bœotia, whose works have been lost. The Bœotians themselves admired much more strongly the songs of the sweet Korinna. Korinna wrote in dialect, and every boor of Bœotia could understand every word she sang. But the after-world had not time to learn Bœotian dialect,

and while keeping Korinna's name has not kept her songs. They have all perished. Hesiod became one of Virgil's models, who thought it proper to repeat in Latin tongue for Latin ear the spirit of the songs of Askra; "*ascræumque cano romana per oppida carmen.*" It is pardonable to devote so much space to Hesiod, because he and his works are of the very essence of Bœotia.

In contrast with this man who sang primarily for the shepherds and peasants, stands Pindar the Theban, who rolled forth his mighty lyrics in praise of the rich and noble families in his own Bœotia and in other parts of Greece. How great was Pindar's fame from the very first is clear from the stories they told in olden days of how when a boy he once fell asleep in the grass, and the bees, attracted by the sweetness of his mouth, filled it with their honey; and a graceful epigram tells of how Pan, the jolly god of rustic song and pastoral flute, was captivated by Pindar's lofty strains, and neglecting his own livelier tunes used to rove through glens and mountains chanting Pindar's poems. Pindar, like Hesiod, sang in a language not Bœotian. But in all respects he was a man wider and greater than his provincial country. When Alexander came into Thebes, and, to punish the patriots who had tried to hold their liberty against him, burnt the city, even he, the irresistible conqueror, had the inspiration to save from the flames the house where Pindar had once lived.

It is a pity that Korinna's works have been lost. A few of her verses have survived to us, but they have been much altered by copyists, who could not appreciate the Bœotian dialect, and tried to make the lines intel-

ligible to ordinary readers. She must have been a highly gifted poetess, for at least once she won a prize in a contest with Pindar. Korinna was not the only literary woman of this land. Another poetess, almost her rival in fame, was Myrtis of Anthedon. The Bœotians were rather of the Æolic division of the Greek race. And it is remarkable that this Æolic branch was most favored by having women of culture. Sappho was, like Korinna and Myrtis, an Æolian, although not a Bœotian. Woman seems to have been more the equal of man among these Æolians. The Bœotians respected woman. It is agreeable to know that the fault-finding traveler some of whose writings are preserved under the name of Dikæarch, although he in many ways reviles the inhabitants of Bœotia, yet speaks only praises for the Bœotian women, and especially for those of Thebes. Hesiod also shows that he felt high regard for woman in general, but from his poems one might easily suspect that he made partial exception in regard to his own consort, who seems not to have been a delightful choice. Likewise in Theban myth, woman plays an important rôle. And these old stories have furnished to ancient drama one of the noblest characters of all literature, the faithful daughter and faithful sister, Antigone.

After the battle of Chæroneia, the fate of Bœotia was that of a conquered land. The leading towns lost their importance. Thebes indeed was rebuilt, but never returned to its former significance. In the first century of our era, when Dion Chrysostom saw it, Thebes was simply a village. The incomprehensible decay which began to eat into the old Hellenic centers of life spread

its germs over the fair lands of Bœotia. Like an act of clownish, but bitter buffoonery, a copy of Nero's histrionic speech proclaiming liberty to all Greece was set up at the shrine of Ptoan Apollon by a man who bore the sacred name of Epameinondas.

The day had come for the old gods to pass away. The shrines gradually ceased to satisfy the wants of even these simple Bœotians. The mantic spirits on Ptoan Hill and by Herkyn's stream, the Tilphossian nymph, the naiads around the Graces' spring, the dew-fresh Muses, the whole world of former thought and imagination and religion passed into silence, into the bosom of eternity.

Then came new men from strange climes. Goth and Slav and European took turn in newly ravishing this land, which persistently after each calamitous inroad of destroyers would again bloom out into a new life. In the year 1146, Thebes was a happy and rich town. Its silk industries were prized the world over. But it is dangerous to be wealthy and weak. The adventurous soldiers of Roger the Norman, king of Sicily, sailed into the Korinthiac gulf and disembarked into Bœotia. They plundered and pillaged with indescribable thoroughness. Each inhabitant of the city of Thebes, after being deprived of every object in sight, had to take an oath on the Holy Scriptures that he had concealed nothing of value. The Sicilians carried off a sufficient number of Thebans as slaves to establish the manufacture of silk in Sicily. And thus the art spread to Europe. Another circumstance that witnesses to the general prosperity of Bœotia in the Byzantine ages is the fact that it was thickly popu-

lated. And this fact is testified to by the many churches that exist in ruins all throughout the country. These date from different centuries, beginning with the ninth. All the places in Bœotia marked by ancient Christian shrines would make a long list, if enumerated. And numerous churches are not built in waste and abandoned lands. Accordingly Byzantine Bœotia was a populated and comparatively prosperous country.

When, by the fortunes of the Fourth Crusade, the Byzantine empire became a Latin possession, Bœotia fell under the dominion of Othon de la Roche. The seat of government was at Thebes. The glory of the court life in the Frankish palaces on the Kadmeia of Thebes almost surpasses belief. Boccaccio in his *Decamerone* has left us a few lines of description of this Theban splendor, in the part where he narrates the history of the Princess Alathiel. It is recorded that the language spoken in these halls rivaled in purity the best specimens of French in its native soil of France. Songs which troubadours sang in Thebes are still preserved.

But this chivalrous Frankish life had its vicissitudes and its end. The Westerners could not protect their new countries from each other's greed. Here in Bœotia, the French rule was destroyed by an army of Spanish Catalonians who plundered the country and burned its castles, and then tried to restore it to prosperity and to rule over it. The castle of St. Omer in Thebes was famous in history and song for the wonderful paintings on its walls, representing the exploits of the Crusaders in Palestine. But the Catalonians burned this palace also, and now nothing of it remains

except a solitary tower standing near the edge of the modern village.

In 1311, the Catalonians came into Thebes, and from that year does its permanent and final insignificance date. It never prospered again. Perhaps the last great scene on the site of this old and sacred town took place in the autumn of the year 1376, when, by the arrangement of Pope Gregory XI, there gathered here the flower of nobility and chivalry and ecclesiastical dignity from all the Latin possessions in Hellenic lands, together with the knights of Rhodos, the emperor of Constantinople, and princely representatives from Hungary and Venice and Sicily and Taranto and Kypros and Genoa to devise some common plans of attack against the Moslem. But the synod was without practical result.

With the final departure of the Latins, and the arrival of the Turks, Bœotia became closed to all progress and to all hopes of recuperation. During this period it has no history worth meditating on.

But when again there came the time for the yet living sparks of Hellenism and civilization to rekindle into fires of liberty among these ancient hills, Bœotia was, in spite of the lethargy of ages, ready to act a heroic part. Almost at the very first outbreak of the war for independence Bœotians were in the field, and fighting; for in March of 1821, Athanasios, the deacon, a man of matchless bravery and patriotism, raised the banner of freedom in the town of Lebadeia.

Bœotia is today one of the most prosperous of the provinces of Greece. But progress goes very slowly when it starts from where modern Greek civilization

had to take its new beginnings, and when it has only such aids as are at the disposal of the Greeks of today.

Here in Bœotia there are two peoples living side by side, Greeks and Albanians. But they do not look upon each other as strangers or rivals. In time the Albanian portion will forget its separate origin.

Such are some of the characteristics of this land of Bœotia, which, although so small and in a sense so insignificant, has had so large a part in history. The entire province is not more than 1,119 square miles in size.

THE LAND OF THE KLEPHTS

The most inaccessible region of all Greece is the savage mountainland which begins at the Gulf of Navpaktos and extends through the middle of the country northward to the Turkish border. Near the south end of this rugged land dwell today the miserable Krab-arits; the northern end, high up near the frontier of Albania, is the home of the Joumerk shepherds and muleteers; and the central portion, from Mt. Belouchi to Mt. Karabas, is the canton of Agrapha, so famous in Romæic folklore and song.

The mountain range bears different names in different localities. If for scientific brevity there is any advantage in designating this entire system of peaks and ridges by one comprehensive appellation, the most satisfactory way of doing so would be to call it the "Pindos" Range. This is the ancient and modern name of the northern portion of the system, including all the mountains within the limits of Agrapha. The reason for this multiplicity of names lies partly in the fact that these untamed mountaineers have since their first appearance in history been always divided into a number of separate and mutually hostile tribes. They were never effectually inspired by any spirit of neighborly and assimilative fraternity. No tribe acted in sympathy with the others. They had nothing in common.

In the opinion of the inhabitants of the surrounding plains they were all equally barbarous and fierce. They were expert spearsmen, whose skill had been acquired

in hunting the wild game which in their forests abounded, and in ever descending in looting expeditions against the men of the towns in the plains. Noble indeed and dangerous must have been the swift and savage beasts that infested these wastes, inciting the mountaineers to develop their innate fleetness of foot and to perfect their unerring skill of eye and hand in hurling the javelin or sending the arrow. Xenophon in his treatise on *Hunting* furnishes some information regarding the varieties of animals that were to be found here. He asserts that throughout the wild district lying between Mt. Pangæos of Makedonia and the Acheloos River, which flows just west of the Pindos Mountains, not only were leopards and panthers and bears and lynxes plentiful, but even lions roamed through these lonely regions. This statement of Xenophon regarding the lions is supported by similar declarations in the writings of Herodotos and Aristotle.

Outside of hunting and marauding these ancient mountaineers had no other laborious occupation. They raised herds of sheep and cattle. Their flocks in summer could browse in the mountains, but in winter had to be driven down to the warmer pastures in the marshy prairies east and west of Pindos. Such has been always the practice of the shepherds here. They lead a nomadic life, moving with their lares and flocks to lower or to higher altitudes conformably with the requirements of the season of the year. Agriculture never gained any footing in the Pindos country. Throughout this entire region there is not a single tract of land that can be called a plain. Along the rivers and torrents there are, however, occasional slender

strips of arable soil, which the inhabitants of today cultivate.

In antiquity, as well as in modern times, these mountaineers of Pindos and adjacent ranges bore different names, according to the section of country which they dwelt in, being never an undivided people. Dolopians, Athamans, Agræans, and Evrytans are among the tribes recorded by the classical writers. Their isolated mode of life kept them aloof from the common affairs of the other Greeks. They lay off the main thoroughfares along which Hellenic culture marched. They owned no share in the progress that bloomed in the ambitious cities of Minyan or Dorian chivalry and enterprise. They were outside the pale of Hellenic life. Their crude customs grated harshly against the refined habits of the other Greeks. Thoukydides observes that the Evrytans used to devour meat uncooked. The language of these same Evrytans was almost unintelligible to men from Attika. This could easily be surmised, even without Thoukydides' express testimony thereto. But just in what respect their speech differed from the other Greek dialects is not yet determined, for inscriptions have not been found in sufficient number. And as the Pindic tribes were not a people of monuments and records, it is probable that our ignorance as to the nature of the Pindic tongues will exist forever. The peculiarity of their language, the strangeness of their customs, and their isolation from the other Greeks were so conspicuous that Polybios and Strabon regarded them as belonging to some foreign race of men and as not being Hellenic.

Being outside the world of civilization, they natu-

rally possessed no large cities. They lived herded together in little towns or collections of huts. Each town had its small fort, on the top of some rock, sufficiently strong to protect the inhabitants against those of rival towns. Along and near the high banks of the Acheloos, the remains of such fortresses are quite numerous, showing that these western ridges of Pindos must have been thickly populated. It is probable that the Acheloan mountaineers were owners also of the nearer marsh-lands of northern Akarnania. Since the entire country is one of great natural strength, fortifications against enemies from a distance were not much needed. Every mountain peak was a natural fortress for defense against the rare invader.

Except the dilapidated walls of the rudely constructed but strong little fortresses of rough-cut stone that protected the various settlements, the only other notable remains of antiquity here are the numerous cemeteries. These, as well as the citadels, prove that the mountains were well inhabited, and also like the citadels, indicate the localities where the ancient towns were situated. It is by the exploitation of these cemeteries chiefly that our knowledge of the ancient life in these high regions may possibly be increased. But the simple utensils and objects of art or cult found in such graves as have already been examined do not afford brilliant hopes for the discovery of many significant truths through this method of investigation. The Pindic tribes were certainly of great antiquity. Dolopians are named in the Homeric songs. The aged pedagogue Phoenix, in recounting the vicissitudes of his life to the hero Achilles, who had once been his pupil,

recalls the time when he came as a fugitive to the palace of Achilles' father, and being received into favor, was appointed to be ruler over the land of the Dölopians.

When the other nations of Greece began to wane, the Pindic tribes became more prominent. As civilization gradually weakened the physical condition of the other Greeks, the rude men of the mountains, whose strength was yet primeval, began to take a hand in the affairs of common weal. In the wars occasioned by the various invasions which began at the commencement of the second century before Christ, these mountaineers took their highest place in ancient history. The Athamans reached the summit of their success and fame under their king Amynder, about 200 before Christ. One of the last great military combinations in old Greek energy is known as the Ætolian League. The states belonging to this confederation indeed proved themselves to possess much warlike vigor, but were nevertheless of little glory to their common fatherland. They were among the first to further the plans of the Romans for interference and final conquest in the East. However, some of the most interesting pages of the last epoch of ancient history are occupied with their doings; and therefore they are not to be omitted when the epoch-making events of the world are told in detail. In this Ætolian League the mountaineers all played an important part. But the league exhausted the Ætolians and their friends, and the mountaineers relapsed into their usual obscurity. It was only through the leadership of inspiration from outside that they had acquired a short significance in ancient history, and as soon as

that inspiration failed, they shrank back into their native oblivion.

After the passing of many centuries, the denizens of the Pindos regions began to acquire a fresh and romantic prominence among the inglorious shepherds and peasants of the northern provinces of mediaeval Greece. Their country reappears on the pages of Hellenic history under a new name, and surrounded with the halo of a new and even enviable reputation. Some time during the late Middle Ages the term "agraphos," in the meaning of "unenrolled," came frequently to indicate any common man who was free from the obligation of paying certain poll taxes to the owners of the soil, and was not bound servilely to perform a certain amount of unremunerated manual labor every year in the fields or houses of these landlords. The "unenrolled" inhabitant was, in other words, a free man, while the "grammenoi" or "recorded" glebes were slaves, either fully or partially. Now in those days a portion of the Pindic territory began to be known under the name of "Agrapha," or "Agraphochoria," which means "the unenrolled townships," whose inhabitants were men unshackled by any conditions peculiar to serfs or slaves.

It is probable that the mountaineers never were completely subdued by the successive conquerors of Greece, and that from antiquity down through all the centuries their aerial fastnesses remained an unassailable refuge-place for a stern and rather lawless kind of freedom. Certainly the honorable name of "Agrapha" could have associated itself inseparably with this region only after centuries of defiant life had

caused the name to be commonly applied, and had proven it to be exceptionally appropriate. The name was not conferred by any act of government; it grew up spontaneously, and probably came to be common as early as the thirteenth century.

It would be very interesting to possess some definite knowledge about the fate of this country while it was under the government of the Byzantine empire. We do not know anything in satisfactory detail about the relations of the Agraphiots to the other inhabitants of Greece. How and when they received Christianity we do not know. On account of their being inimically incommunicate with the surrounding inhabitants, they must have retained their old beliefs until quite late, down to about the end of the eighth century, at least. During subsequent ages numerous small monasteries were founded here. In the southern part of this mountain country, some three or four hours' walk beyond the boundaries of the region to which the name of Agrapha strictly belongs, stands the revered monastery of Prousos, which according to the local tradition was founded during the reign of the emperor Theophilos. Since this emperor died in 842, the monastery may have been founded before the middle of the ninth century. Notwithstanding the lateness of this date, it is a convenient one by which to indicate the epoch at which the conversion of the forefathers of the Agraphiots to Christianity was finally completed.

Although difficult of access from the fertile regions toward the east and the west, which were so frequently devastated by invaders and occupied by foreign colonists, the villages of Agrapha did not remain entirely

untouched and unaffected by these inroads and migrations.

It is true indeed that the hordes which were bent merely on plunder were liable to avoid ascending into these less remunerative mountain districts. But from among the foreigners who migrated into Greece with the intention of staying, it is very probable that some went up into the mountain country, and founded settlements there. In the year 995, the Bulgarian king Samuel marched into Greece with the avowed purpose of establishing colonies for his Slavs. In the Agraphiot country the names of several towns and of many localities are still Slavonic. It is not incredible to think that these place-names are relics of the colonies which rested here in consequence of Samuel's enterprising inroad. There are also a few Vlachic names of places, showing that these nomadic shepherds were not without some slight influence in Agrapha.

But notwithstanding this small admixture of Slavonic and other foreign blood, the Agraphiot population has remained Hellenic. Nevertheless the Agraphiots cannot possibly be pure descendants from the ancient dwellers in these same mountains. There was a continual infiltration of other Greek blood from the people of the plains. Agrapha, being always a country of refuge for those whose lives were at stake, continually kept receiving small additions to its population by accepting such refugees.

Under this more interesting aspect the land rose into greater importance after Greece was subjected to the rule of the sultans, who were the most oppressive of all the successive masters of the land and the most in-

human in their cruel despotism. Of all such men as fled to the mountains the most remarkable were the class known as "klephts." The klepht was usually a young brave who on account of some ill favor of the magistrates, or pursued by the hatred of some rival, or in consequence of some deed of blood or violence found it possible to save his life in no other way than by flight. He went to the mountains alone, leaving his family and relations in his native village. The klephts lived the lives of robbers. But since their energies were directed against Turkish rulers and Turkish supporters rather than against the impoverished rayahs, they always enjoyed the sympathy and received the support of their fellow-countrymen, the enslaved natives. It was even regarded as a kind of honor to have a member of the family living as a klepht. Such a man would be ready at all times to take terrible revenge of vendetta on anyone who would injure or insult or disregard his relations in the plain. Thus the family that possessed a klepht could always count on his bloody protection in the hour of need. Religion and honor, as they understood these ideas, were sacred to the klephts. Pashas, beys, and agas were the most desirable targets for their bullets. The forests and mountains of Agrapha were among the most noted of the klephtic haunts.

To keep the country and especially the highways and mountain passes safe to a certain degree, the government maintained bodies of armed men called "armatols." Like the klephts the armatols had existed long before the country fell under Turkish dominion. Rural gens d'armes of this kind used to be employed in the mediaeval Byzantine empire, and in the Italian and

Frankish states which had been established in the East. In the province of Agrapha the civil government of the sultan was absolutely powerless save in so far as it was supported at every turn by the toupheks and daggers of the armatols. The management of the affairs of the government was practically in the hands of the armatol chieftains. A charter issued by Mohammed II is mentioned in history, by virtue of which the armatols of Agrapha were given municipal independence and held the exclusive right of keeping order in that canton.

The prowess of the Agraphiot armatols was directed chiefly against the klephts who had their hiding-places in the cliffs and forests. In order to be equal to the klephts in skill and cunning, and to have adequate knowledge of their plans and to pursue them successfully, the life led by the armatols differed but little from that which the klephts had chosen for themselves. In character the two sets of opponents differed but little from each other. A dissatisfied klepht would go over and join the armatols, and a dissatisfied armatol would become a klepht. Both classes had the same prominent virtues and the same manifold and conspicuous vices. All had the same chief prayer—a fighter's honorable death, a "good bullet, 'kalo molybi.' "

Although these outlaws and their hunters had no clear ideas of patriotism or fatherland, yet when the revolution broke out in 1821 many of the best soldiers came indiscriminately from among the klephts and the armatols.

It is to the credit of the Agraphiots that even during that most uncivilized epoch of Greek history, the ages

of Turkish domination, these mountaineers did not entirely forget the usefulness of letters. Books were to be found in the monasteries. A library of many volumes was kept by the monks of Tatarna. The learned Agraphiot, Anastasios Gordios, made a catalogue of the books contained in it. The catalogue was intended for the use of Prince Nikolaos Mavrokordatos. Anastasios Gordios and other worthy Agraphiot scholars taught grammar and rhetoric and mathematics to a few select pupils in a school which was maintained in a small monastery near the village of Gouba. The founder of this modest institution, and the first teacher in it, was Evgenios Ætolos. The school was kept in successful existence for the space of one hundred and fifty years. It was closed at the beginning of the nineteenth century. The school of Gouba was not the only one in Agrapha.

During these same dark ages Agrapha produced a few men of education whose writings are not without value of some kind. The only one selected for mention here is the well-known Dionysios of Phourna who composed in modern Greek dialect a long treatise on the art of hagiography. The book was intended to be a practical guide to painters of ikons for religious use and worship. It is full of technical information which the author acquired by personal study and practice in the hagiographic ateliers of Mount Athos at a time when Panselenos the most inspired of all Byzantine limners was the directing luminary there. For the history of mediaeval painting Dionysios' careful treatise is now indispensable. It was written in the fifteenth century, but records rules of art that had been in vogue

for a long time. For the Byzantine monks who paint at Mount Athos, it is still the highest authority on all details of technique, color, composition, and pose.

The savage independence which the Agraphiots had by force of arms so long vindicated to themselves against all regular forms of government began to lose its security and prestige at the beginning of the nineteenth century through the mutual jealousies of the chieftains of the various bands of *armatols* and the cunning of the celebrated Ali Pasha of Ioanina. And when a portion of the Greeks who had revolted against Turkey in 1821 were finally organized into an independent nation, the southern half of Agrapha was allotted to the new kingdom of Greece, while the northern part continued to be under Turkish sway. This division completed the downfall of the glory of Agrapha. The *armatol* system passed away, and the *klephts* came to be considered simply as outlawed criminals. In 1881 the northern half of the canton was permitted to follow the happy fate of the southern half, and to be united to Greece. From that year exploits of *klephtic* adventure in Agrapha are heard of only in stories relating to the past.

In all of Agrapha there are no wheeled vehicles. There is not a single thoroughfare along which a carriage could be driven. The ordinary roads that join village to village are merely foot-paths along the tops of the mountain ridges or goat-trails that wind through the forests and rocks, ascending steep heights and circling down precipitous declivities. Every village is separated from all others by at least one mountain. A trip from one town to another generally demands at

least one steep and fatiguing climb and one toilsome descent. The best and most passable roads are those which follow the courses of the streams. There is one well-built but ill-kept bridle path leading along the Agraphiotic River from the town of Agrapha to the mediaeval bridge of Manoles, near the monastery of Tatarna. In winter time most of the mountain roads are closed to all traffic and intercourse, as the passes become filled with snow. The more remote villages often remain without communication with the outside world for several months.

Foreign travelers that visit Agrapha are very rare. The natives cannot understand why a stranger should come toiling and touring into their land. They cannot readily comprehend the hardihood and purposelessness of entering into it with the mere intention of sight-seeing. If they meet the traveler on one of the narrow paths they look at him with eyes of astonishment and suspicion. But when by crafty and adroit observation and questioning they conclude that the stranger is no spy who has come to do them injury and no secret agent of the government bent on collecting arrears of taxes or sent to impose new obligations, they are not inhospitable. They then may be prevailed upon to recite the traditions regarding the prowess of their forefathers, to tell the stories and myths connected with the various localities, and to point out the sites made infamous or glorious by deeds of blood or bravery.

A few times each year the Agraphiots go down into the plains to sell the scanty products of their homeland. Those who live in the northern parts of Agrapha visit

the markets in the Thessalic towns of Trikkala or Karditsa, while those who live in the southern part cross the outspurs of Mount Tymphrestos and descend into the town of Karpenesion. Cheese and butter, hides and wool and home-spun flannels, sheep and goats, are the most valuable marketable articles which they bring to exchange for a little money and which they may barter away for the produce of the cities and fields in the plains. A few of the villages, as Rendina for example, possess sufficient arable land on hill sides and along the streams to produce enough of maize and wheat for local needs. But here is no surplus for exportation.

The mountaineers still adhere to the old custom of holding annual fairs at which they are able to dispose of whatever they have for sale, if they prefer not to go down to the distant markets. At these fairs the natives meet the merchants who come up from the surrounding towns. The habit of disposing of their goods at fairs was instituted in mediaeval times and long remained in favor because it was not without serious risk of life and imminent probability of being robbed that the mountaineers could travel along the lonely roads to and from the far-off markets. The most popular of all these fairs is the one which takes place every year in the month of September near the monastery of Tatarna in a beautiful little valley on the left bank of the Acheloos river. A level tract of sand and grassy loam stretches along the side of the water, affording a comfortable and picturesque camping ground for the thousands that come to the fair. They bring their goods to these fairs on pack horses and donkeys.

The Agrapiots although living in circumstances so straightened and so resourceless never succumb to their poverty. They are really a contented people. No complaints are heard, no bewailing of their fate. It is common however for each family to send one of its brightest young men abroad, to Constantinople or to some other center of business and mercantile struggle, where, using the savings of his parents and brothers as capital, he invests in some kind of commercial enterprise and after ten or fifteen years returns with a goodly sum of honest gainings which are then justly distributed among the members of the family, and the betraveled son takes some neighbor's daughter and settles down to married life in his native village.

The Agrapiots of today are a people of patience and bravery and manly strength. They are perhaps in many ways the most attractive and sympathetic inhabitants of northern Greece.

THE VALE OF TEMPE

*"Je cueille les lauriers des Delphes
et je goûte les délices de Tempe."*

Our admiration for mountains and streams and dales is often occasioned by our respect for events that happened in these places and associated them forever with our ideas of beauty or glory. Accordingly, not always is the superbest natural scenery the best known and the most praised. If no soul-stirring deeds of men enchant and haunt the loftiest cliffs, the traveler may pass them by with undisturbed disregard, conceiving them to be simply massive heaps of discolored rocks. Human appreciation of nature's handiwork sometimes depends on subjective motives, and then conforms with the preconceptions of the observer. The lovers of nature disagree as seriously as do the devotees of art. Few are the landscapes which are universally known to people of culture, and still fewer those which are universally admired. To this limited class of magnificent exceptions possibly belongs the vale of Tempe.

With later writers of classic antiquity Tempe came to be axiomatically considered as a place of exemplary beauty. And modern literature, which, without questioning, has accepted so much from the judgment and imagination of remote generations, has adopted this traditional opinion regarding Apollon's favorite glen. But Tempe is probably worthy of its many ages of undisputed fame, and will continue in the future as in the past to receive the homage of poet and nature-lover.

The old Greeks seldom described natural scenery. They seem almost to have lacked the ability by artistic word-painting on the written page to produce for the reader an accurate picture of actually existing landscapes. Tempe is frequently named with admiration, and some of its significant features are enumerated by the foremost writers of both Greece and Rome. But their descriptions, with the exception of those made by historians, who refer to the strategic and military importance of the high and narrow defile, are merely incidental and nearly always fantastical. For of all these writers Ælian, the rhetorician, is the only one who professedly undertook to describe minutely and copiously the impressive grandeur of Tempe.

Mythological associations, the names and deeds of river-gods and heroes and nymphs and deities float into every conception of Tempe. No light and superficial study would be adequate to determine whether it was the previously existing myths that fixed the attention of the old inhabitants of Thessaly upon the fascinating beauties of Tempe, or whether an appreciative consciousness of the superb fitness of the place did not occasion the localizing of the myths there.

To understand Tempe, a knowledge of the surrounding country must precede. Just west of the vale stretches out the broad, long, and level Thessalian plain, the most extensive in Greece. On all sides the plain is well hemmed in by a high border of mountains. Along the east side, where the province of Thessaly extends to the sea, the historic mountain range whose three most prominent peaks are known under the immortal names of Pelion and Ossa and Olympos lies

between the plain and the rock-fenced sea. For the floods of water which the mountain torrents throw down into this vast Thessalian basin there is but one chief outlet, the Peneios River, which flows into the sea between Olympos and Ossa through the gorge or valley of Tempe. In ages remote indeed, but yet not entirely beyond the dim memory of tradition, this spacious plain was not dry land, but a lake of fresh water, bordered on all sides by the surrounding mountains; and at a still earlier geological period it was a great gulf of the Ægean Sea. In those days the gorge of Tempe was in the process of being created. The Peneios did not yet roll its waters through it, but at a place where now stands the curious eroded rocks of Meteora, fifty miles or more westward from this later gorge, tumbled them down from the Pindos Mountains into the gulf. Some oft-repeated action of nature gradually elevated and isolated the bed of the gulf so that it ceased to be a portion of the sea, and became a lake of fresh water. Then other violent convulsions of the earth, aiding and hastening the action of the water, tore an opening through the saddle of rock which connected Olympos and Ossa; and the liberated waters of the lake ran on into the sea, leaving Thessaly a vast and fertile alluvial plain.

Obscure knowledge of this former condition of Thessaly was kept in various local myths, wherein the phenomena were explained by the belief that some god's power had once rent the rocks that girdled the waters in. The divinity which according to old Greek beliefs was the chief agent in causing disturbances of this kind was the sea-god Poseidon, who, on account of

his seismic strength, bore the special title of the "earth-shaker." To him did the Thessalians most often ascribe the creation of the breach, by splitting it out with a stroke of his trident. Other mythists preferred to add to the stories of the prodigious deeds that were performed by another mythological man of strength, the hero Herakles, and ascribed to him the pushing apart of the two mountains with his hands.

The gorge is in some places so narrow and its sides so high and straight that the beholder may be able to imagine how it could be walled up artificially, the waters of the Peneios stopped, and the plain of Thessaly again converted into an inland sea. This is the plan that suggested itself to Xerxes, the king of Persia, when, on his way to conquer Greece, he sailed over from his camp in Therme in a Sidonian bark to visit the vale of Tempe. He thought that if the Thessalians had not voluntarily submitted themselves to his power, he could easily have overcome and enslaved them by closing Tempe and flooding the entire plain.

Tempe is not only the great outlet of the plain, but is also the chief and easiest road from Thessaly into Makedonia and other countries north. By going through this breach the traveler from Thessaly can get outside of the mountain ranges, and then, by traversing the narrow valleys that lie along the coast between the mountains and the sea, can reach the country round Thessalonike. It has often been a place of defense against invading armies.

Tempe is most easily approached from the west, by way of Bolos and Larisa. From Larisa an ill-kept wagon-road leads across the marshy plain to the mouth

of the gorge. This is the road which after passing through Tempe goes on to Thessalonike and Constantinople. In approaching Tempe by this way, the grandeur and grace of the mountains in front, especially of Olympos, appear to increase at every step. The depression between the outspurs of Olympos and of Ossa is plainly seen from the hill of Larisa. But even from much nearer the uninformed eye would not be ready to believe that there is an opening so low as to admit the waters of the Peneios. The wagon-track leads in a straight line across the plain, while the river, after flowing past Larisa, bends slightly to the north, and cannot be seen from the road until, after nearing the gorge, its waters bend south again so as to find their egress through the pass.

The gorge does not begin nor end abruptly. For most of its length it is quite narrow; but it opens out at either extremity into fan-shaped valleys. It is today a very lonely place. Probably it has always been such. The extensive tracts of wild and almost impassable mountain wastes on either side, but especially in the Olympian region to the north, are still the haunts of various kinds of game. In the Middle Ages there stood near the mouth of the defile a town called Lykostomon, or "Wolf's Mouth." The same name was applied also to the pass itself, and seems to have been in vogue for a thousand years down to the last century. The cavernous slopes of Olympos seem to have been a favorite gathering-place for these destructive animals; and even yet the neighboring country is not free from them.

From the hamlet of Baba, where the defile begins, to

the ruined bridge at its eastern embouchure, the distance is a walk of about an hour and a half. The road keeps along the south bank of the river. In many places the cleft was originally no wider than the river. And the road in these narrower necks has been hewn out from the overhanging cliffs of Ossa. Only on the Ossa side was the construction of a road comparatively easy. On the Olympian side the cliffs of solid stone rise in many places straight up from the water of the river to a height of several hundred feet. But even along the foot of the rocks of Olympus there are occasionally little nooks of level land. In each of these sequestered spots some solitary miller or fisherman has taken up his abode. His lonely life recalls that of the mediaeval hermits, who, moved by a different longing after tranquillity and freedom from care, suspended their ascetic cells in caves along the perpendicular cliffs of Olympus. How it was possible for these odd-souled men to reach their aerial dens is a complete mystery to the beholder who strains his neck to gaze up at these dizzy heights. But that by some way or other their lofty retreats could be reached is proven from the fact that among these same caves there are a few which, being now, as in the days of Virgil's Aristæus, occupied by wild bees, are periodically visited by venturesome honey-gatherers. People here hold their life at a cheap price when some attractive danger invites them to be foolhardy.

In ancient times when traffic by sea was not so easy as it now is, traveling through Tempe may have been more frequent than it is today. In many places, where the road lies upon the smoother surface of the natural

rock, two deep furrows about three feet distant from each other are still to be seen. These are the ruts that were worn into the rock by the cars and chariots of Greeks and Romans who for centuries wheeled along this military and mercantile road. To the Romans who came seeking conquest in these parts, Tempe was a valuable military post. It was frequently utilized in their wars against the Makedonian kings, and against such tribes of the northern Greeks as at times lifted up the sword of patriot against the western invaders. It is also mentioned in the civil wars of Rome that were so fiercely decided by mighty battles fought on Hellenic soil. When the irresistible Cæsar followed his powerful but unfortunate rival Pompey into Thessaly, he sent in advance the lieutenant Longinus to fortify and hold the defile of Tempe. Close by the road through the gorge is an almost obliterated Latin inscription which the natives here being unable to decipher and understand have thought to be a "salt list," as they call it, in which is recorded the fixed remuneration given to the laborers who were compelled by corvee service to construct the road. What the inscription really states is that this lieutenant of Cæsar fortified the pass; "Cassius Longinus pro. cos. Tempe munivit."

It was through Tempe that Pompey escaped from Thessaly after the total defeat of his hosts of Romans, Greeks, and barbarians on the world-famed battlefield of Pharsalos. Plutarch in his life of this proud and unfortunate hero tells of how the defeated chieftain, deserted by all his followers, fled from the field of defeat to the city of Larisa and from there to the vale

of Tempe, where, overcome by thirst, he climbed down to the river, threw himself on his face, and drank of its flood. Then he stood up again, and passing on foot through the gorge, went down to the sea. There he found a vessel that bore him to Egypt, where, instead of retrieving his misfortunes, he was to lose his life by a traitor's hand.

About midway in the pass the rocky wall of Ossa is cleft by a colossal opening, up the sides of which it is possible to climb toward the top of the mountain. On the summit of one of the peaks that overhang this side-gorge, several hundred feet higher than the road by the river, are the ruins of an old Byzantine fortification, one of the proofs that the pass was guarded in the Middle Ages. These ruins, like similar ones in other parts of Greece, are in popular lore and in the songs of the peasants and shepherds called the "Castle of the Maiden Fair," and are associated with a story about a beautiful lady who lived safe within the walls of her impregnable chateau until a Turkish robber gained entrance disguised as a needy woman and then opened its gates to his ambushed companions.

The water of the Peneios is somewhat muddy because of its long course through the soft-soiled plains of Thessaly. Its color is in charming contrast with the varied hues of plants and rocks that line its banks. Luxuriant trees overhang the silvery stream. Climbing plants and vines wind up among the trees. Smilax and ivy fasten themselves against the rocky cliffs of the gorge. Great plane trees shoot heavy branches out over the waters of the river as if to inhale and imbibe the sunny moisture more lustily. Many of the trees

stand even within the calmer waters along the borders of the stream. Every available space is teeming in exuberant confusion with trees and bushes and plants. Underneath the narrow strip of earth and rock that constitutes the road, numerous crystal springs gurggle out into the duller-colored Peneios. Their clear water wanders down for some distance in the larger stream before finally becoming commingled with the murkier flood. No wonder that the best songs of the wild nightingales are still to be heard in such a place.

On account of the narrowness of the pass, the silence that often reigns there, the gigantic overhanging mountains with their solid sides mangled and torn by seismic convulsions, the heavy shades cast by the cliffs, the slow majesty of the river, the insecure loneliness of the defile, the vale is a place of indescribably luring grandeur. And were it not that this more somber aspect of Tempe is wonderfully softened and toned by the vegetation and water, it would be regarded more as a place of oppressive savageness than of most graciously mingled beauty and magnificence.

But only under the spell of ancient memories is Tempe to be enjoyed to its fullest. The sacred character of the grove animated its beauty. Tempe was a holy place. The religious rites that were in vogue here, and the mythic occurrences that were recalled in its shady recesses tended to lessen the awfulness of the scenery. The deity whose exploits were most hallowed here was Apollon. Here he fell in love with the nymph Daphne. But Daphne, a rustic and free daughter of the river, had no desire to surrender herself to Apollon; and in order to escape his too earnest

wooings preferred to be metamorphosed by her father's magic art into a bush of laurel. Apollon, in memory of the maiden whom he could not win, adopted as his sacred emblem the beautiful species of tree into which she had been marvelously transformed.

After Apollon, as god of prophecy, had chosen Delphi on the slopes of Parnasos to be his sanctuary, to Tempe he came in order to purify himself by its waters from the stains of violence which he had incurred by slaying the pythonic monster which had tried to prevent him from establishing his Delphic shrine. And after this ceremonial purification, breaking twigs from his favorite tree of daphne, he twisted them into a wreath round his head, and with this as a crown of victory he returned to Delphi. Thus did the daphne-tree, the poetic laurel, become holy on Parnasos. And in memory thereof the prizes given to the victors in the gymnic and poetic contests, which used to take place whenever the great Apollonian festivals were celebrated at Delphi, consisted of a chaplet woven from daphnic laurel brought by special envoys from Tempe to the place of the contests. The envoys, all of whom were young men, led by one whose parents were still alive, came to Tempe and after the offering of sacrifices at altars in the grove, cut the sprays of laurel, and with great ceremony carried them back along the Pythiad road to Delphi.

Daphne-trees, the noble laurels which furnished such befitting crowns for poets and youths who aspired to handsome deeds, do not now grow in plenty along the sacred stream of Apollon and in his sacred grove. His swans no longer float on the rippling waves under

the plane trees, and among the tangled bushes. The songs of high and gentle culture were hushed ages ago in these re-ensavaged regions. The wild songs of the klephts that in later centuries were attuned to hopes for freedom on Ossa's slopes and in Olympos' caves were dearer to Ares, the patron of bloody struggles, than to Apollon, the spirit of civilization. So far as the deeds of man have contributed to hallow Tempe, there are now no notable remains in the grove. Only in the souls of those who know the old lore, who unite into one great eternity the choice acts of all the ages, do the memories that hang among the cliffs of Tempe still possess reality.

THE THESSALIC PLAIN

The country which bears the name of Thessaly includes within its limits the most extensive sweeps of level land in all Greece. It is a natural basin whose fertile alluvial floor was once the bottom of a lake, and whose sides are high rows of mountains. From the Othrys range which is the southern limit of Thessaly, a long low spur of hills reaches northward over the level expanse, dividing it into two parts. The western division, which is the larger one, stretches out in uninterrupted flatness as far as to the foot of the Pindos Mountains which border Thessaly in the direction of the setting sun. The eastern portion is divided into three smaller districts which are named after the cities which they nourish, and are called the plains of Halmyros, of Bolos, and of Larisa.

Geological observation clearly proves that no considerable portion of Thessaly was permanently under water in Ogygian times. In those days there was no adequate egress for the floods of rain and melting snow which came down into the plain from the mountains all around. But some action of nature, either gradual or violent, finally cut an opening through the saddle of rock which once held Olympos and Ossa together, and through this opening the accumulated waters of Thessaly found a passage to the Ægean Sea. This pass is the renowned vale of Tempe, through which the Peneios River flows. This river, which is one of the widest and fullest of all the Grecian streams, takes

its start from springs in the Lakmon and Pindos Mountains and flows eastward across the plain. On its way it receives the waters of most of the other rivers that drain the valleys of Thessaly and the inner slopes of its periphery of mountains. During the drier seasons of the year the Peneios is a gentle, steady-flowing, heavy-looking stream. But when copious rains or sudden thaws take place on the near mountains, then the Peneios swells and widens, overflowing its low banks and changing the near-lying prairies into stagnant seas. Thus even down to our own day come frequent though less-noted repetitions of that ancient flood which according to one form of the story took place when Deukalion was king. In this deluge all the inhabitants were drowned, except Deukalion and his consort Pyrrha.

Notwithstanding the sluggishness of the Peneios and its tributaries there are only two lakes in all of Thessaly. Xenias is a body of deep and crystal water in a sunken portion of the tableland which lies in the southwest corner of Thessaly near the junction of the Pindos and the Othrys Mountains. Its overflow winds off through the hills at the foot of Pindos until it reaches the plain. Thence it crawls on to the Peneios. The other lake is now called Karla and in ancient times was known as the "Boëbean." It lies under the sloping sides of Pelion. It never becomes dry because the bed of the Peneios is higher than the bottom of the lake. Insignificant are the ruins of ancient Boëbe, the town which in classic antiquity stood by the lake. Likewise few are the vestiges of the mediaeval town of Karla. Both are succeeded by a fishermen's settlement

called Kanalia. Unlike Xenias, the lake of Karla is marshy and malarious. It abounds in eels and fishes which the men of Kanalia gather and send off to the markets of the surrounding towns.

The deep alluvial soil of Thessaly is notably productive. In verse and in prose did ancient fame record its fertility. The country round about Halmyros, which in antiquity bore the name of "the Krokian Fields," produces today a variety of tobacco which is eagerly purchased at the highest prices in the great markets of Egypt and the Levant. In the lower lands remunerative rice plantations have been established during these later years. Likewise successful attention has been devoted to the production of the sugar-beet and to the manufacture of sugar. In proper season the level plain waves with vast fields of wheat or corn or tobacco. The mountains are covered with luxurious vines which bear in season their most lusciously tinted colossal clusters of fruit. The warm and protected slopes upon the long sides of Pelion, besides producing such crops and vegetables and fruits as grow in the plain, are diversified with olive groves and with orchards of oranges and citrons. Great droves of cattle, beautiful horses of ancient breed, and buffalos, which some of the natives use as drag-beasts for their Hesiodic ploughs and wooden carts, pasture in the marshy meadows. Flocks of countless sheep and goats browse in the mountains during the summer and are brought down into the warmer lowlands on the approach of winter. In a word, Thessaly if properly governed and cared for would be one of the richest and most productive countries in this part of the world.

The peculiar fertility of these lands has had considerable influence upon the history of Thessaly and the countries south of it. In prehistoric and early historic times there took place a number of migrations from more northern countries into the land which later became known as Greece. Most of these wandering hordes entered the more southern parts of Greece by way of Thessaly, and most of them made their first settlement here, staying until driven farther by some subsequent and less enervated tribe. Some of these hordes entered Thessaly from the northeast by passing through the defiles near Olympos, and others came from the northwest through the passes over the Pindos, from Epeiros. They settled round the edge of the plain so as to have the advantage of both lowland and hill. Each horde of immigrants remained in possession of the country and its prized resources of pasturage and the chase until forced to give up their lands to fresh and stronger bands of invaders and to flee farther south. Thus did these successive fugitive and migratory tribes that lived for an indefinite period of time in Thessaly gradually come to occupy a good portion of all Greece. Thessaly may be regarded as the cradle of much that goes to make up what we call classic Hellenism. All the tribes that had once lived in Thessaly never forgot the great mountain of Olympos which rises so majestically at the northeast corner of the plain. They never ceased to hold it in their memory as the cloud-hidden home of their greatest and common gods. True indeed many of the old traditions and myths extend back to a time prior to the occupation of Thessaly by these Hellenic tribes, or even

were brought into Greece not through Thessaly at all, being from beyond the seas, from Egypt or the East; but such transmarine traditions were the property of only a portion of the Greeks, while Thessalian Olympus and its deities became common property and a subject of common pride.

Most indications point to the probability of the belief that Greece was originally peopled by wanderers who came overland from Europe rather than by seafarers who would have come by boats from Asia or Egypt or the islands. Those who entered Greece from Makedonia and Thrake by way of the passes round Olympus may have been the first to come and settle in this peninsula. Of these Makedonian and Thrakic tribes there were kept in story many interesting fragments of lore. To these tribes belonged the peoples who once dwelt at the foot of Olympus and round the town of Arne in Thessaly, and there worshiped the Pierian goddesses, until driven away by other bands of invaders into Thessaly they migrated farther south, took up their home in Boeotia, and established on the green slopes of Helikon the Pierian worship of these same nine goddesses, the Muses.

It is not necessary to mention all the tribes known or suspected to have come into Thessaly from Epeiros across the Pindos Mountains. But among these tribes was that of the "Hellenes," which after coming into Greece became so prominent that its name in time became the common appellation for all Greeks. It is not probable that the Hellenes were the first tribe that came into Thessaly from Epeiros, but we cannot easily name any other earlier Epeirotic people which under-

took this migration. With them the Hellenes brought into Thessaly and later into all Greece a reverence for the great god of the Epeirotic peoples, the oracular Zevs of Dodona. The cult of Dodonæan Zevs and the bare-footed priests who ministered at his shrine are mentioned by Achilles in the *Iliad*. But although Zevs of Dodona was a potent god, and his cult was revered in the influential tribe which imposed its name on all the Greeks, nevertheless this special cult never was accepted as popular and never became common everywhere in Greece.

In the course of time there came down into Thessaly a new and wild and haughty tribe from Epeiros. These were the Thessals. They were not entire strangers to the tribes which had preceded them. In fact they were kinsmen to their predecessors. The peoples which they found holding possession of the land were either driven off into a more southern province of Greece like all previous streams of invaders, or else were kept by the conquerors as a subservient and despised class of enslaved serfs. The Thessals were a strong and warlike race and quickly obtained the mastery of the country. Once in possession they never lost it, in ancient times. From them the country received and kept its known name of "Thessaly." At the time when the Homeric poems were written the Thessals were not yet in this country, but were still living in their Epeirotic fatherland. The plains of the Peneios had possessed no general and common appellation before the Thessals came. Some localities had borne the name of the tribes which lived in them; while other places had received some name

suggested by the physical appearance and natural characteristics of the country.

Many of the myths of Greece and some of its most primitive history originated in the eastern and southern parts of Thessaly. In eastern Thessaly, the giants in their rebellion and war against the gods tried to reach the top of Olympos and gain entrance to its celestial abodes by piling Pelion upon Ossa and using as a scaling ladder the united heights of the two mountains. On and round Pelion lived the Centaurs, and near them lived their enemies the Lapiths. On Pelion took place the wedding feast of Perithous the Lapith king, to which the Centaurs had been invited. The wedding feast which gradually converted itself into a murderous combat between the Lapiths and their rude guests has been often a fruitful theme for sculpture as well as for poetry. In this part of Thessaly was Pheræ where lived Alkestis, the queen who so loved the king Admetos that she gave herself to Thanatos the god of death and by dying in place of Admetos caused her royal husband to be allowed to live on and enjoy the span of years which Thanatos took from her life and transferred to his.

This same town of Pheræ, which, during these later centuries when Turkish tyrants held all Greece in bondage, after losing its ancient name took a new one from the alien language of foreign settlers and was called Belestino, has been honored by another distinction almost worthy to rival that which was attached to it by the boundless devotion of Alkestis. It was the home of the poet and patriot Rhegas who before the outburst of the war for freedom composed patriot

songs to inspire and encourage his countrymen, and died a martyr's death to give a beginning to the struggle for liberty. One or two of his songs are still known by every schoolboy of Greece.

That the oldest myths of Thessaly were localized chiefly along the seaside of the country, and especially round about that magnificent opening into the Ægean waters, the noble harbor-gulf of Pagæ, would render not incredible the conviction of some new scholars that many Thessalic myths were brought here in ships from across the seas. If they actually were imported by way of the waters, their origin and provenance cannot yet be determined easily. Nevertheless it is not hard to find motives for believing that colonizers from Krete, or some other eastern country came hither and, settling round this gulf, planted some of these well-fated traditions.

The Gulf of Pagæ is the largest of Greece. When the Makedonian kings became masters here, they held high esteem for the mercantile and military importance of this harbor. Demetrios the "town-taker" founded a new city on its shores, and made himself eponymous to it. This town grew populous and prosperous, and continued to be rich and active until Arab pirates led by the renegade Damian plundered and devastated it, 896 years after Christ. The modern city which is today the successor of mythic Iolkos and prosperous Demetrias and the other flourishing places that formerly were here, is the new-built Bolos. The exact site of Bolos has indeed been inhabited for centuries, from the time when Thessaly was yet a domain of mediaeval Constantinople. The Byzantine

castle which stood until a few years ago bore witness to the oldness of mediaeval Bolos. But under Turkish control it was merely a slovenly and sickly wharfing-place for the small craft which plied into its port. Its prosperity dates only from the annexation of Thessaly to Greece, which happened in 1881.

Just as it is not probable that the earliest incomers into Thessaly came from over the seas, so also is it unlikely that all of the cities that prospered here in primitive times were along this Gulf of Pagæ. At least in later centuries, along the west border of Thessaly near to the foot of Pindos and along the north boundary near to the Kambounian range and by the shores of the Peneios there were populous towns. That these were very old settlements is evident. But they never came into close and influential relationship with outlying countries and therefore always remained un-historic. Not far distant from Pindos was the town of Triikka which was sufficiently ancient to be mentioned by the troubadours of the *Iliad*. Here was the native place of the two leeches that accompanied the Achæans against Troy. That they were healers of some skill is true. Otherwise their names would never have so honorably found a place in the *Iliad's* songs. But one could, perhaps, find that Podaleirios and Machaon were more like savage medicine-men than like modern physicians. Perhaps they were not complete strangers to the arts of witchcraft and sorcery, and used charms and spells in their healings. At least Thessaly was a favorite home of witchcraft. Especially noted were the Thessalic women for their proficiency in all kinds of magic. It is interesting to note that Goethe in his

Faust sets some of his thaumaturgic scenes in Thessaly. There exists a most extraordinary and jolly story composed in Hellenistic times which describes an adventuresome youth who resolved to go to Thessaly for the purpose of seeing marvels and prodigies. A flying man, or even a human being just undergoing conversion into stone, were among the most insignificant sights he expected to witness from the art of the Thessalian hags. Perhaps he might chance to see them bring the moon down from the sky; for this act was reputed to be within their power. His expectations were more than realized, but not exactly in accordance with what would have been his own choice. For, having in a moment of too great confidence consented to be momentarily turned into a donkey, the magician who performed the metamorphosis forgot to provide for his speedy return to human shape. And the adventures of asinal Loukios while under his guise of donkey were most ludicrously pitiable.

Northwest of Triikka, in the farthest corner of Thessaly, is the small town of Kalambaka. In the Middle Ages Kalambaka was an episcopal see. The number of bishoprics in Byzantiac Thessaly was notably large, as one can learn from the pages of Le Quien. The cathedral of Kalambaka is still well preserved, although it was built not less than six hundred years ago. Just back of Kalambaka stand the strange natural columns on top of which are the yet stranger Meteora monasteries. How mediaeval men succeeded in first climbing to the top of these wonderful natural pedestals and in building their abodes upon them is a curious question. Monks and

visitors now ascend by hanging ladders or by being placed in a net and hauled up by a windlass. In the troublous days of foreign despotism and the prevalence of brigandage it was not entirely bad fortune to be a monk and dwell in ease and comparative security on top of those pinnacles of nature. Among the noted men who here lived a life of asceticism was the last Romæic king of Thessaly, Urosch Palæolog, who became a Meteoran monk, and was appointed abbot, after an end had been made to his kingdom by the terrible Bajazet.

Although Thessaly took a very early start in Hellenic civilization, as is proven not only by the myths but also by the remains of ancient citadels and tombs and other antiquities, yet this country did not keep steady pace in the procession of progress, and in historic times was left far behind by other portions of Greece. Thessaly remained at a standstill while the cities of Ionia and Attika and most of the Peloponnesos were ever advancing. Thessaly became in some way isolated from the movement that carried the other Greeks along and kept them in touch, either friendly or antagonistic, with each other. When Athens was at the height of her splendor, under Themistokles and Perikles, the Thessal men were regarded as semi-barbarous. They had no close bond with the rest of Greece. They were not even united among themselves. Each large city, as for example Larisa and Pheræ, had its own tagos or tyrant, and its own magnates. Among these tyrants there at times existed a kind of confederation. And some of them might have longed for a "united Thessaly."

In a country like Thessaly it is frequently the case that a wide chasm separates the rich from the poor. It was so here in ancient days when most of the laborers were glebe-bound serfs, and the rich were landed lords. So is it in Thessaly yet today. Among the rich old tyrants of long ago was Skopas who ruled from his fortress in the town of Krannon. His fame lasts down to our times, not because of any deeds of his but because one of the mightiest lyric poets of the classic age, in a great triumphal ode, sang the wealth and power of Skopas and his offspring.

The inhabitants of one Thessalian city saw no shame or inhumanity in capturing the inhabitants of another and selling them as slaves. The town of Pagasæ on the gulf was one of the most widely known slave markets. The serf-like inhabitants of the country districts today live in small settlements on the lands of their lords, dwelling in huts built sometimes of stone, but more frequently of mud bricks, or of osiers daubed over with mortar of mud. These houses oftenest are but one story high. The floor is the natural one of mother earth. Each house often contains an apartment for the other farm animals that are of a lower status than the serfs. Groups of such houses are called by the Turkish name of *tsiflik*. It seems that this *tsiflik* system was first introduced by the Turks, at least in its present form. The Greek landlords who now own the country have not yet found in their hearts sufficient love for their degraded countrymen to better their condition at some personal sacrifice. The *tsiflik*-men pay all taxes and till the fields, keeping

a fixed portion of the products for their sustenance and wages.

On account of their greater isolation from the other Hellenes, their sense of a wider patriotism was but imperfectly developed. When the Persian army of Xerxes came into Greece, the Thessal lords took sides with the invader against their Hellenic kinsmen and fellow-countrymen. Their conduct was partially excused by the fact that the other Greeks did not take proper measures to defend the pass of Tempe against Xerxes. The concern of the Peloponnesians and Athenians was directed more to the southern portions of Greece, where their own homes and firesides were. For a short time indeed a detachment from the common army of defense had occupied Tempe, but retired before Xerxes reached it. But even after their country was thus laid open to the invader's mercy, not all of the Thessalians embraced the cause of the invader, who apparently was destined to be a conqueror. The opulent lords and the aristocrats "medized," but the other free inhabitants of democratic sentiments were in favor of resistance.

In the fourth century before Christ, Philip of Makedon came seeking conquests in Greece. Among the earliest to fall under his power were the Thessalians. Here he gained his first foothold within Greece proper. Here he appointed over the various cities men who were in favor of his projects, and from here he in time became master of all the country.

When the great strife between Latinism and Hellenism began, Thessaly was the scene of a good part of the struggle. At least one great battle was fought

here, in which the Roman consul Flamininus routed Philip the Fifth, the king of Makedon, who had threatened to aid Hannibal against the Romans. The battle took place near the hills called Kynos Kephalaë. After this victory the Romans allowed the Thessalians to remain for a time autonomous under the government of native military rulers. Again, in the formidable struggle between Cæsar and Pompey for the mastery of the Roman empire it was in Thessaly, near Pharsalos, that the decisive battle was fought, the battle that went so far to decide whether the imperial republic was to be democratic or monarchical. Cæsar won, and from that day "Cæsarism" was characteristic of all things Roman.

Thessaly has in all its long history never enjoyed free life for any length of time. Oppressors have always been among the Thessals, or at least near enough to disturb them. We have seen that in pre-historic times tribe after tribe invaded this country, driving out or suppressing the previous owners. Then came the tyrannical lords who flourished here when the rest of Greece was in the classical period of her freedom. Then came Philip's menials, and later the Roman officials. In the Middle Ages it was governed from Byzantion. In these Byzantiac times streams of plunderers and invaders swept over and through these plains. Alaric and his Gothic hordes raided the entire country in 396. Not quite a hundred years later Theodoric, another leader of Goths, again plundered the Thessals. Bulgarians are first reported to have ravaged these regions as far south as Thermopylaë in the year 517. Slavic tribes in 577 spread terrible desola-

tion over all this land. Five hundred years subsequently, the daring Normans, who had mastered Southern Italy, crossed the Pindos Mountains from Dyrrachion, entered the plain of Thessaly, and laid siege to Larisa. But after a siege of six months the emperor of Byzantion came to the assistance of the town, and Boemund was forced to retire with his Norman knights. It must have been a well-fortified city and its inhabitants must have been remarkably valorous to have withstood the impetuous Normans so long.

Thessaly seems to have been able quickly to recover in part from the effects of each dread invasion. Edrisi, an Arabian geographer, describes the country as it was in the eleventh century. Triikka was then a rich city in the midst of vineyards; Larisa was an opulent town, and an important mart for figs and grapes and wheat. Almyros was a frequented seaport.

Of the successive invaders that came into these plains during the last two thousand years, most were merely plunderers, not colonizers. They therefore usually retired after exhausting the search for portable property. Some, however, remained. There are a few settlements of Albanians. In the hill country west and south there are many villages where the Vlachic language prevails among the women, showing that Vlachs settled in these pasture regions in considerable numbers. They were nomadic shepherds originally, and a good portion of them are even yet of this ilk. They were so numerous here in the twelfth century, and even afterward, that Thessaly was in those days often called Great Vlachia. These Vlachs are possibly

akin to the Wallachians of Roumania. But there is not the slightest proof that they came into the Pindos and Othrys from the Danubian provinces. Where their original home was we do not know. Nor do we know why they speak a Latin tongue. Whether they are of Greek descent or not has not yet been ascertained. Their ethnic origin is as much open to dispute as is that of the Roumanians themselves.

Fifty or sixty years before the fall of Constantinople, the land of Thessaly had already been seized by Moslem invaders, who portioned it out among themselves. These Thessalian Moslems are thought to have come chiefly from the province of Ikonion in Asia. Hence they are called Koniarids, even to the present day. The Christian inhabitants of the fields and level parts of Thessaly suffered much from the domination of the Koniarids. These Christians are known by the name of "Karagounids." The Karagounid is not a lovable specimen of mankind. He is filthy in appearance, lazy, and of course uneducated. Bad masters have bad slaves. This was the last of the Greek provinces to be liberated. Only since 1881 has the darkness of Moslemism been lifted from round the Karagounids. Progress has begun and will continue.

IN ARKADIA

In the middle of the Peloponnesos, which constitutes the southern half of Greece, is the wonderland of Arkadia. It is a region of wild and natural grandeur. Its physical attractions have been ensouled by the hauntings and enchantings of long ages of mankind. Its rocks and rivers and valleys teem with myth and history. And yet Arkadia is practically an unknown country.

While Greece attracts every year numberless caravans of highly intelligent visitors, exceedingly few are those who rebel against blind obedience to the traveling agents and the ciceroni, and direct their course away from the old ruts of common travel into such isolated and unpopularized localities as are these hidden retreats of ancient Arkadia. This is perhaps fortunate enough. For a profitable trip hither, even from so near a starting-point as Athens, cannot be lightly planned, if the traveler wishes to be secure against various unpleasant annoyances. To the stranger who plunges into these recesses unprepared, the trip may prove to be as troublesome as it would have been incomparably delightful under the contrary circumstances. Arkadia demands from its guests special preparation and special tastes. The typical travelers who set out from Athens to visit predetermined spots in the interior of the Peloponnesos, after seeing the oft-praised tombs and walls of Mykenæ and Tiryns in the plains east of Arkadia, are then transferred across Arkadia through

the most unattractive and least historic part, into the plains of Elis, west of the Arkadian plateau, to see the ruined Altis and the masterpieces of art at ancient Olympia. Lack of ready-made conveniences, primitive methods of life and travel, and a certain insecurity of life and property, render Arkadia pleasantly accessible only to the energetic tourist who is not content with having the attractions of the country he visits marked out for him and made of easy reach, but desires the exciting pleasure of discovering them for himself and the exhilarating consciousness that they cannot be seen without unusual risk. But as tourists of this caliber are not frequent here, Arkadia is accordingly enjoyed almost exclusively by the occasional scholars who, urged by a sense of duty, visit it as specialists in Hellenic history and mythic lore, or who wish to see its remains of ancient art.

Arkadia, as a country of rare and noble natural scenery, can claim first attention among the attractive places of Europe; but as a rule, natural scenery does not sympathetically make us thoroughly to feel its beauty or its greatness except when associated in our imagination with the life and story of man, and surrounded with tales of past strife or glory and sorrow. Fortunately the hills and dales of Arkadia teem with reminiscences of all kinds of lore; and local history, tales of adventure in bloody deeds or heroic acts, graceful myths and ghastly superstitions, episodes of frenzied love or consoling religion, as preserved in the songs of the untamed mountaineers and the folk-tales of the evening fireside, are localized in the valleys and crags and ruined abbeys and castles.

The province of Arkadia is an extensive and elevated plateau standing in the middle of the Peloponnesos, with steep and in many places insurmountable sides. Only on the west and south declivities is access somewhat easy into this tableland from several points. On these two sides the beds of mountain streams, and other pathways cut out by nature, are more frequent. And through these passes communication is possible with the plains below. From the east side there are only four entrances known and frequented since classic times down to the present day. Of these, three are simply rugged mule-paths. The fourth one, however, which leads up from Argos to near the site of the ancient city of Tegea, is so easy of access that it has been found possible to build a railroad through it. This railroad runs across southern Arkadia, touching at the city of Tripolis and the town of Megalopolis, and thence continues on to Messenia.

From the north side Arkadia was also accessible in antiquity on foot or even by mountain horses. But a few years ago a great innovation was made here also. The Greek government, in order to be able quickly to bring the sturdy inhabitants of Arkadia down into the plains in case of war, built a railroad twelve miles long, which leads up into the northern and lower part of Arkadia, starting directly from the Korinthiac Gulf, and terminating at Kalabryta. This railroad is of the toothed kind, necessarily, on account of the steepness of the ascent; for in this distance of twelve miles, it makes an ascent of nearly twenty-two hundred feet. By these two railroads, both of which have direct communication with Athens and Patræ, the most fre-

quented centers of travel in Greece, it is easy enough to reach the outskirts of the wild lands of Arkadia. But it is only after getting this far that difficulties begin.

This high plateau of Arkadia forms a kind of elevated square in the middle of the peninsula, or island rather, of the Peloponnesos. At each of its four corners there stands out a majestic group of mountain tops, which are quite high even above the general level of the Arkadian tableland, but which rise like monuments of God grandly above the surrounding belt of plains and the sea beyond.

Here it is customary to measure distances by the number of hours or days required to cover them in traveling. By this standard we may convey a notion of the extent of Arkadia by saying that one could ride through it from north to south on a mountain horse, which of course never quickens itself into a trot, in two or three days of at least twelve hours each, according to the route selected; and a similar trip across the plateau from east to west could be made in one day of from fifteen to eighteen hours' duration. This means continuous riding, and by the valley-routes.

The plains that surround Arkadia and separate it from the sea are, on an average, about twenty miles wide. On clear mornings from the tops of the highest peaks on the plateau, nearly all of Arkadia itself is visible, together with good portions of the wide fringe of vine-clad plains, beyond which can be seen, reaching off as if into measureless space, the blue waters of various portions of the Mediterranean.

Within its four corners this great interior tableland

is by no means a level plateau. It has mountains of its own, and corresponding valleys. Its mountains do not rise to the tall height of the border ones, but yet they are sublime enough; and its valleys are not extensive, like the rich plains below, but for that very reason are the more picturesque. In the middle of the north boundary of Arkadia, between the two corner-groups of Kyllene to the east and Erymanthos to the west, rise the mountains of Aroania, about seven thousand feet high. It may be remarked in passing that this height is so much the grander because the tops of the mountains are only about thirteen miles distant by air line from the edge of the sea, in the gulf of Korinth. From these Aroanian mountains there extends southward over the tableland a long and high chain, whose highest point within Arkadia is about five thousand seven hundred feet. This central chain divides the entire plateau into eastern and western Arkadia. And from this central chain lower mountains run out in both directions, thus entirely covering the country with low mountains and hills. Naturally among these closely set mountains and hills the valleys are numberless. Nearly all of them are small, with the exception of that of Mantinea and Tegea north and south of the modern city of Tripolis, and the larger one around the town of Megalopolis. Thus the great high plateau is all an interchanging variation of lofty mountain tops and corresponding deep and narrow valleys.

The western part of Arkadia is well drained by mountain torrents that quickly carry off the waters of rain and snow directly into the Alpheios, which is the

principal river of the Peloponnesos, or into its tributary, the beautiful Ladon. But east of the central mountains a curious phenomenon is of frequent occurrence. Many of the valleys here have no outlet overground, although great quantities of water surge down into them. But in nearly every one of these closed valleys there is a natural opening in the earth, into which the water runs, and thus is carried off through underground passages to the plains below, where it reappears in springs and sources of small rivers. One such outlet surges up as fresh water out in the sea, near Argos. These strange chasms, called "katabothra" by the natives, are a great blessing to the people of the valleys. But on account of the quantities of mud and wood and weeds which this water carries into the "katabothra" a stoppage of the chasms sometimes occurs, and then the water collects and stands in the valley, forming a mountain lake. It is easy to understand that such water, being almost stagnant, becomes a source of fevers and sickness to the villagers who nestle on the slopes round about. Accordingly portions of Arkadia are justly regarded as unhealthful.

Another cause that frequently renders the villages more unhealthful is that often they are built on the shady side of the mountains, and thus do not enjoy sufficient direct sunlight. Still even these ill-famed districts are not notably insalubrious. And when the natives speak of them as being such, they mean that these regions are unhealthful as compared with the other parts of Arkadia. For if we, in our northern countries, were condemned to live with the other surroundings of dirt and privation which these neighbors of the closed

“katabothra” enjoy, perhaps we would very soon become an extinct people. Excepting these partially infected regions, the climate of Arkadia is extremely healthful and invigorating. In summer a certain fresh and at times even raw but not unpleasant air is continually in motion. It is not easy for us to associate the idea of a northern winter with our notion of what the climate of Greece is. This is because literature and travel have made us acquainted with the sunny climate of Attika and other seaside portions of Greece, but have omitted to impress us with the fact that in the interior of the country, and in mountainous districts, the climate may be very different. Winter up here is long and severe; and while in the surrounding plains along the sea, the orange trees bloom, and the inhabitants can sit in the open air enjoying the southern sun in December and January and February, on these heights within easy sight of the cozy plains below, the natives wrap themselves in their woolen capotes or huddle round their primeval hearths, to keep warm. But in summer they have their turn at comfort, for while the men of the plains swelter in almost unendurable heat, up here, with the exception of one or two hours at midday, the thermometer rests at about seventy-five degrees.

The sea washes against every side of the Peloponnesos. But the belt of plain that engirdles Arkadia has always prevented the Arkadians from becoming a maritime people. In this respect they were different from all the other important tribes of the Greeks. Homer tells us that in the eleventh century before Christ they went indeed to Asia Minor along with the other

Peloponnesians to fight in the common cause of the Hellenes against the Trojans. But they were the only tribe that possessed no ships of their own, and the commander-in-chief, Agamemnon, had to furnish vessels to transport them across the Ægean.

This inland character of Arkadia caused the loss of its ancient name in the Middle Ages. For we find that when Arkadia, with nearly all of the Peloponnesos, was under the sway of the French Crusaders and their heirs, the name in common use was not "Arkadia," but "Mesarea," or "The Midlands." That its ancient name should have disappeared and have been replaced by one that simply describes the locality of the plateau, is not so very remarkable; for long before the coming of the Franks, many of the old Greek names had entirely disappeared from the mouths and the memory of the people, giving place to new ones. Many of these new names were not of Hellenic but of Slavonic origin.

This presence of Slavonic place-names is one of the mysteries of Arkadian and mediaeval Greek history in general. For when the French under Champlitte and Villeharduin came here in the year 1205, shortly after the capture of Constantinople by the Europeans of the Fourth Crusade, they found in Arkadia a population which in all respects seemed to be Greek, speaking a Hellenic dialect and having none but Greek traditions. And yet many of the names of places were, and still continue to be, in spite of the tendency to Hellenize them, Slavonic.

The Franks, who came here as stray Crusaders, held most of the Peloponnesos, which then was called the "Morea"—a name which thus has made its way into

western literature—for upward of two hundred and twenty-five years. For more than one hundred years, Arkadia was a part of this “Principality of Achaia,” as the Frankish possessions in the Morea were called. Under the control of these vigorous Westerners the Peloponnesos, which previously had suffered indescribably from repeated invasions and pillagings, began to revive. Arkadia especially began to flourish, and this in spite of an unbroken series of little wars, either between rival French barons who lived in their strongholds on the hilltops, or between the barons and their continually rebellious subjects, or against foes from without. Throughout the land the French built forts and wall-protected towns; in prominent and impregnable positions they erected castles and watch-towers to preserve their own and the public safety. In their castles the French princes and barons lived, surrounded by knights and vassals of Hellenic as well as of western blood, in a romantic and savage grandeur that equaled the chivalric life of their kinsmen in Europe. But they have passed away. The frowning ruins of their castles still crown the tops of hills and crags. Some of their fortresses, like that of Karytæna, were so strong, and so well built, that five hundred years later they were useful in the long wars between the Moslems and Christians of Greece at the beginning of the last century. And although the spears of the iron knights no longer glitter from these mediaeval castles, they are not any the less a source of fear to the Arkadian peasant. For many of them have been re-peopled by another set of beings, more dangerous even than the mailed soldiers—by cobolds and nereids and

other spiteful supernatural spirits that delight in vexing mankind. These ruins are avoided in time of night. In the folklore of the people, as preserved around their winter firesides in story and song, there is much that recalls the domination of the Franks; and tales relating to fair daughters of princes and daring rescues by knights, as told in connection with these crumbling old ruins, are often a remnant of the songs of adventure and chivalry that were sung in these once splendid halls by the world-famed troubadours of the strangers.

Prior to the coming of the Franks the country had relapsed into a low stage of civilization. It is easy to understand that to reach such a stage on a downward course is more sad and hopeless than to reach it ascending from savagery. Life in Arkadia had again become a very simple affair, compared with that of developed civilization. All were either shepherds or peasants. Of course, it may be true that this is the natural life for Arkadians; but it is not necessary to note that among peasants and shepherds there may be an immensely long scale of degrees of culture and intelligence. In all Arkadia there was but one school, as far as we know, and that was a monastic institution founded in the tenth century near the charming town of Demetsana, by a citizen of that place who had gone to Constantinople and risen high in the estimation of the Patriarch Polyevktos and the emperor Nikephoros Phokas. This monastery still exists, built in the cliffs on the west bank of the river Lousios; but its property has been confiscated, its library has been mostly destroyed, and its beautiful Byzantine domed church is

ready to fall into decay. The only institutions of civilization in those days were the churches and monasteries, both of which were numerous; and it is probable that in most of the monasteries provision was continually made to have a few men that were capable of reading and writing. Accordingly, in these religious retreats some spark of book knowledge was certainly kept alive.

Although no other foreigners ever exercised so long a sway over the Arkadians as did the Franks, with the exception of their successors, the Moslems, yet when the Frankish domination came to an end, what had happened with all previous strangers happened again—although they left many outward marks and monuments of their dominion here, they had almost no influence whatever on the people as a race. As to the French, after their power in Greece was destroyed, chiefly by other Westerners and especially by the Catalans of Spain, most of them returned to Europe. Those who remained did so because they had intermarried with natives, as was frequently the case in Arkadia. These, adopting the religion and mode of life of the Arkadians, became themselves out-and-out natives. And only their names, preserved even to this day here and there, betray the Gallic origin of their wild offspring.

Of all the Greeks, the ancient Arkadians boasted to be the oldest. Their traditions declared them to have existed before the moon was made. They claimed that they were the first of men to come together and build a city, and that this city was Lykosoura. That Lykosoura was a very old and revered city is evident. It is today sacred to every worshiper of the beautiful in art,

because of the wonderful pieces of sculpture unearthed there a few years ago. These treasures, representing the acme of ancient Greek art, are now kept at Athens in the National Museum. At Lykosoura, in antiquity, Demeter, the mild earth-goddess, and her mysterious daughter, Kore, were especially worshiped. The ruins of Lykosoura may still be located, in virtue of the discoveries referred to, on the slope of Mount Lykæon, which is associated with the oldest stories and theogony of Arkadia. On this mountain Zevs was born, the chief of the deities that succeeded to the old Pelasgian dynasty of Kronos, and here it was that Hagno and her associate nymphs took care of him as an infant. On the top of Lykæon there was a shrine sacred to Zevs, which no mortal ever desired to enter. For whatever living creature passed within it lost its shadow therein and was doomed to die within a year. But this holy mountain possesses a more tangible fame, for even in the days of the periegete Pausanias, when it was not customary to introduce into literature descriptions of natural scenery, this traveler makes an exception in his visit to Lykæon, and records the vastness and beauty of the view from its summit. Lykæon is, in fact, one of those points from which a large portion of the Peloponnesos can be seen rolling itself out in all directions. And the roads that lead up to Lykæon and Lykosoura from the town of Megalopolis, founded by Epameinondas the Theban as a bulwark against inroads from Sparta, pass along wild and interesting mountain slopes.

As being an early and revered center of religion and of other civilization, Mount Lykæon remained impor-

tant even in historic times. In the sixth century before Christ, a beautiful silver coin, with a head of Zevs on it, was minted here at Lykosoura, to be used as the common monetary unit of such cities as, loosely leagued together, formed what is known in history as the Arkadian Confederacy. These early coins, as well as different later ones, that likewise bear the head of Zevs, are still found in the soil and in the beds of the mountain torrents of Arkadia, and thus find their way into the numismatical collections of Athens and Europe.

Not only the sublime Zevs, but also other Arkadian deities had shrines at or near Lykosoura. The high Nomian Mountains that run toward the west from Lykæon were favorite haunts of the shepherd god Pan, a deity that naturally plays an important rôle in the mythology of this land of shepherds and peasants.

The Arkadians of old were lovers of music, and enjoyed widespread fame for their skill therein. The music of the flute, the choice instrument of their beloved Pan, and of the harp, were dear to every Arkadian rustic. He thought, at times, that he could hear the soft distant notes of the flute of Pan, as the god strolled along the cool streams, or sat under the plane trees in the Arkadian groves. And on the slopes of high Kyllene, which in the northeast corner of Arkadia out-tops even the neighboring peaks of Aroania, the twanging of the strings of the harp could be heard, for here it was that Hermes found the huge tortoise, whose shell he took, and by stretching cords across it, made the first stringed instrument of this kind. These Arkadian music myths are interesting when coupled with the historic fact that the Arkadians were really devotees

of music, in its simpler forms. According to the testimony of the reliable Polybios, himself a native of Megalopolis, the Arkadians thought it no great loss to be ignorant of the other branches of learning, but regarded it as a disgrace to have no skill in music. On the great feast days, the young men took active part in representing their national religious dramas by singing the choral odes and by dancing in the orchestra round the altar of Dionysos. To this love of music did Polybios attribute the noble and good characteristics of the ancient Arkadians.

Outside of their skill in music, the Arkadians had no enviable fame in the intellectual line. They were even proverbially regarded as a dull people, and it became common for the later Greek comic dramatists to describe country simpletons by the phrase "blastema Arkadikon," or "Arkadian saplings." And since these comedians of the middle period were followed in this detail, as in every other, by their Latin imitators, the term "arcadius juvenis," applied to some awkward clown, may often have brought roars of hilarious laughter from the audiences of the old open-air theaters of Italy.

But for all that the Arkadians had their scholars, and men of eminent qualities in other ranks of life. Only in dramatic literature, in architecture, and in sculpture do we find a dearth of native Arkadian talent. Yet even in these lines they were not entirely unproductive. Pausanias mentions a noteworthy monument which he saw in the precincts of the Delphian Apollon, representing the Arkadian hero Azan Arkas, with his brothers and relations, dedicated at Delphi by the men

of Tegea, and made by the native Arkadian sculptor Samolis. Among their scholars the most eminent was Polybios, one of the noblest and most philosophical of the long series of writers of Greek history, son of one of the last generals that fought for the autonomy of Greece. This historian is he who as a boy accompanied his father Lykortas to Messenia and brought back to Megalopolis the ashes of the murdered Philopœmen, the great leader whose skill and patriotism won for him in history the title of "the last of the Greeks." And in this sorrowful but sublime procession, with its character of eternity, like the reliefs on some old funereal marble, it was the young Polybios who carried the urn with the dust of Philopœmen in it.

The primitive inhabitants of Arkadia are said to have been Pelasgians. But who the Pelasgians were is still a mystery. They may have been not one people, but a conglomeration of peoples of various origin. In other parts of Greece these Pelasgians retired or succumbed before the influx of the newer tribes, that are thought to have been the ancestors of most of the historic Greeks. But here in Arkadia the Pelasgians were more firmly established, and continued to exist in these mountain fastnesses down to the beginning of historic times, unmixed with other Greeks.

The mythical progenitor of this Pelasgian people, Pelasgos, was, by Arkadian myth, a native of these mountains. Story holds that he was the first civilizer of the Arkadians. He taught them to build huts for shelter, instead of living in caves or in the open air, and to wear clothes made of skins. He taught them to select their food with more care from the products of

the earth, and introduced the habit of eating nuts from a certain kind of oak tree. From this latter circumstance the Arkadians became known in literature as "acorn-eaters." This special kind of oak tree still flourishes throughout Arkadia, and in places constitutes beautiful groves. But the acorns have lost their value as food, and now are gathered before becoming ripe and exported to Europe, to be used as a chemical in the tanning of leather.

Besides these beautiful groves of gnarled oaks, the trees that most attract attention in Arkadia are the extensive pine forests that cover the slopes of many of the mountains. Unfortunately, however, although the Arkadian is highly capable of admiring the usefulness and the cooling shade of a tree just as fully as though he had stepped alive out of the pages of Theokritos, yet he has no mercy for the trees if he happens to be a shepherd. Then the sense of beauty yields to the spirit of personal gain. For the forests, especially those of pine, prevent the growth of grass, and therefore are often ruthlessly set on fire and burned by these shepherds, to increase the extent of the pasture regions on the mountains.

Besides the oaks and the pines there are to be seen everywhere isolated and majestic plane trees, which are especially numerous along the streams and the beds of torrents and by fountains. Indeed, along one stream, which the traveler may see on his way to Lykosoura, there grew such a profusion of these trees in antiquity that the locality was called "Plataniston," or "Plannedell," and, curiously enough, the name is still applicable to that beautiful region for the same reason.

After the mythical but not unreal Pelasgos, the next great benefactor and civilizer of the Arkadians was the hero from whom they took their name, as the instructive myth asserts. This man was Azan Arkas, who taught them how to turn the wool of their flocks into garments through the arts of spinning and weaving, and how to grind grain and bake it into bread, instead of eating vegetable materials raw. Arkas had learned from the mystic Neoptolemos of Attika the cereal art of sowing wheat and making bread.

Another interesting story from these remote days is that Evander, a native of the Arkadian town of Pallantion, after Arkadia had become entirely civilized, wandered away with a band of adventurous followers, eleven hundred years before Christ, and came to Italy, where he established a colony, and gave to his new home the name of his native town, Pallantion. But in time the name changed itself by distortion into "Palation." And from this name came the appellation of the "Palatine Hill." Evander's colony afterward grew, by accessions from the surrounding country, into the great city of Rome. Evander brought to Latium a knowledge of music, as was proper for an Arkadian to do, and the old Greek alphabet, which by slight modifications constituted later the alphabet of the Romans. Thus from Arkadia, according to the story, were the first germs of civilization introduced into Italy.

Although the land of Arkadia constitutes a physical unit when contrasted with the lands lying about it, it is nevertheless, by the smaller mountains within it, divided into a number of vales, which by their nature

constitute so many immense dens, so to speak, within which the rustic inhabitants lived practically in independence of each other. This was the case in antiquity; and in the Middle Ages, when insecurity of life increased, there existed almost no relations whatsoever between inhabitants of neighboring valleys, unless we call by this name the continual little wars of town against town, to settle disputes regarding the right to pasture flocks on disputed mountains. Even in the last century it is a known fact that the inhabitants rarely, and most of them never, visited those villages distant only by a walk of two hours.

The gruff Arkadian was not, and is not, a man to make friends. In antiquity the Arkadians usually had no allies among other Greeks, but always had powerful and merciless enemies, especially the jealous Spartans. They generally knew how to protect themselves, however, and were among the last of the Greeks to see their independence torn away from them.

After Greece became a Roman province, the various Arkadian towns took part in the successive civil wars that divided the Roman empire. And with the exception of the single city of Mantinea, these unlucky Arkadians, out of a spirit of stubborn opposition and praiseworthy bravery, always took sides with the weaker party, and consequently were always doomed to be left with the vanquished. Thus, when Sulla carried war into Greece in order to drive out the armies of Mithridates, the Arkadians stood against the cruel Roman, under the banners of the Hellenized Asiatic. Later, in the war between Cæsar and Pompey, which ended by the victory of Cæsar on the battlefield of

Pharsalos, they fought on the side of the defeated Pompey. And when, after the assassination of Cæsar, Brutus and Cassius tried to stand against the forces of Octavius and Anthony in the passes of the gold mines near Philippi, the Arkadians, spurred on with the promise of being allowed to plunder Sparta if victorious in this battle, partook of the results of the hopeless defeat of Brutus and his associate. And finally, when Antony turned against his former friend Octavius, and was doomed to be defeated in the world-famed naval battle of Aktion, most of the Arkadian towns had taken sides with Antony—fated to be with the vanquished.

This unbroken series of ill-fortune, together with other causes of decay, brought ruin to Arkadia. The geographer Strabon, who, early in the first century of our era, traveled over a good portion of the civilized world, describes other parts of Greece in detail, but avoided going to Arkadia, remarking that its great cities had passed away, and nothing but heaps of ruins marked their former sites, and that the country was desolate.

Although Strabon's sorrowful epitaph over the dead cities of Arkadia was something of an exaggeration, nevertheless it is true that the period of great desolation had begun. This was increased by the frequent inroads of later invaders, beginning with that of Alaric and the Goths in 395 after Christ, and by the destructive assistance of earthquakes and plagues.

After the departure of the French, the betterment in the condition of affairs introduced by them again decayed under the demoralizing rule of the Ottomans, which lasted down to the beginning of the last century.

But a certain spirit of western chivalry, due in part to this Frankish rule, continued to thrive from that time on in the mountain fastnesses. Its votaries were the celebrated klephts, or mountain refugees, who preferred to be roving outlaws and wild adventurers rather than to submit to the rule of the Crescent. And when, in 1821, the war-storm of freedom burst out, it was Arkadia that furnished the most reliable soldiers of the Peloponnesos, and the greatest leader in the war, Kolokotrones.

The present inhabitants are in character much like the ancient—hospitable, as are all mountaineers, but yet not ready or willing to make friendship with others than their own townsmen. They still possess the uncouth and strong wit of their classic ancestors, together with their disregard for much learning. Their famed love of music is lost. For the songs of the peasants and shepherds cannot have the least claim to excellence in that respect.

As in antiquity, so now, the inhabitants never live in isolated houses, but always in groups, forming hamlets or towns. All Arkadia now possesses but one center large enough to be called a city, Tripolis, which occupies a position between the ruins of Tegea and Mantinea, and is the modern successor of these famous cities; and yet ancient Arkadia had at least a dozen cities more important than this modern Tripolis.

Many of the modern villages are very picturesque; all of them are situated most romantically. The principal buildings in every village are the churches. The stranger is often surprised to find such imposing edifices standing in the midst of a village of huts. But

the Arkadian of today, like his ancestors, is religious—more religious than good. He delights in feasts, and in the “panegyrics,” or occasions of dancing, singing, and eating that accompany church celebrations. Every mountain top is crowned with a chapel, and has its analogous feast-day, when all the inhabitants of the village to which the mountain belongs ascend to the little plateau round the chapel, many of them dressed in mountain costumes of kilt and fez, where they first hear mass, and then amuse themselves in lively songs and vigorous dances, and in feastings, in which roast lamb and resinated wine play the chief rôle. It is also common to build chapels near springs of cool water. These chapels are often sacred to the Madonna, under the title of “zoodochos pege,” or “the Fountain that contains the Life-Giver,” referring to the Blessed Virgin as Mother of God, while the chapels on mountain tops are usually dedicated to the prophet Elias or to the Ascension of Our Lord.

That the ancient Arkadians were likewise religious is evident in many ways, and tangibly by the fact that they built most beautiful and costly temples. Two of the noblest temples of the Peloponnesos were in Arkadia; one at Tegea, sacred to Athena Alea, and the other at Bassæ, built in honor of Apollon Epikourios. Of Apollon’s temple splendid ruins are still to be seen; and of Athena’s shrine there exist beautiful pieces of sculpture from the pediments and frieze. What a pity for the artistic fame of Arkadia that these temples had to be built by foreign artists! For the masterpiece at Bassæ is the work of Iktinos the Athenian, who built the famous Parthenon on the Akropolis of Athens; and

the temple of Athena at Tegea was planned and decorated by the equally famous sculptor and architect, Skopas, from the island of Paros.

The villages are often situated at the heads of streams, on the slopes of theater-shaped dells, where the gushing fountains serve both for furnishing drinking water, which the Greek, despite his like for a moderate quantity of wine, regards as the most luxurious of beverages, and for irrigating the gardens that often surround the houses of the smaller villages.

These village fountains are the beginnings of mountain torrents, which flow on until most of them empty into the Alpheios or its tributary, the Ladon. Chiefly these two rivers carry off the waters of western and southern Arkadia. The source of the Ladon is one of the most beautiful imaginable. It rises, a full stream, suddenly out of the earth at the foot of the Aroanian mountains. In this Ladon, as well as in the crystal Lousios, in which the nymphs used to bathe the infant Zevs, the most beautiful of streams, and in other mountain torrents, there is an abundance of finest speckled trout and other fresh-water fish, which would afford excellent sport, but which the natives kill and catch by exploding dynamite in the streams.

These, then, are the wonderful hills and valleys and streams of Arkadia, with their untamed denizens; and here is something of their long and varied history of myth and lore, which make up the poetical land that, on account of its scenery, has been called "the Switzerland of the Peloponnesos."

MEGA SPELÆON, OR THE MONASTERY OF THE GREAT CAVE

In the early years of its existence monastic life was identical in the East and in the West. But this identity rapidly disappeared. For, while the western monk, more active and sympathetic than his eastern prototype, could not hold himself aloof from the temporal and spiritual welfare of his fellow-Christians, the eastern monk became more and more selfish, spent his religious solicitude in caring for no one's soul or body except his own; and while remaining a passionate defender of eastern dogma, never was worried by the duty of laboring either with hand or with intellect for the amelioration of the moral condition of other men.

The western monk interested himself in the daily life of the people and rivaled the lay priest's care of souls. His superiority of learning and austerity of life rendered him more efficient than his secular confrère, and the result was that the lay priest had to imitate him, and practically become a monk, in order not to lose his sway and influence. The western lay priest accordingly accepted the celibacy and office and secluded life of the monk, remaining different only by his not taking up his abode within the walls of a monastery. This influence, however, was mutual, and not all from one side, as is evident. Although each set of clergy, by a kind of natural fitness, devoted itself rather to one kind of work than to another, yet no kind was exclusive property. In reality, therefore, the religious

priests of the West differ from the secular clergy only in the very unimportant accidentals of dress and in routine of life.

While, then, the priests of the West are practically all monks, and the monks of the West have nearly all become secular, this useful amalgamation has not taken place in the East. There the secular priest has accepted almost nothing from the regular; and the monk, although in some countries, as in Russia, encroaching on the domain of the secular priest, has not assimilated himself unto him. This lack of assimilation is as natural in the East as it would have been strange in the West. For in the East the monk has really no qualities exclusively his that would add luster to the life of other men; and the secular has no special virtues distinguishing him from any good member of his flock that the religious might be moved to emulate.

In Greece and Turkey monasticism has essentially remained what it was centuries ago; and what does not change and grow, if a thing of life, is probably in the stage of decline or decrepitude. Monasticism is not on the same level in all parts of the East. In some countries, as in most of Russia, it is still in vigorous activity. In Greece, however, it has become a useless institution, and unless renewed by being thoroughly reformed, will soon lose what little influence it still possesses.

The following historical and descriptive sketch of one of the most noted monasteries of the East, and the most celebrated and popular one of the modern kingdom of Greece, will, at least indirectly, furnish some idea of what monasticism has been here, what it

is, and what the Greeks think of it. My judgments, if not always formed on theirs, agree therewith. They properly respect the monasteries and monks, not exclusively in proportion to their worth today, but also in relation to their historic past. My sketch will follow this idea, and will describe the monastery as it appeals to the Greek, and as it really is.

Mega Spelæon is not the only famous monastery of free Greece. For Hagia Lavra in Arkadia, the Meteora in Thessaly, the Taxiarchs near Ægion, and others also have their peculiar historic reputation. But Mega Spelæon has been more closely connected with the varied life and fortunes of the people, and has partaken of their aspirations more than any of these others. It is also the largest in respect of the number of monks and the most noted in respect of wealth.

Mega Spelæon is located in the northern part of the Peloponnesos and in the province of ancient Arkadia, near to where the mountains of Arkadia join the neighboring ones of Achaia. It is situated high on the slope of a long cliff overlooking the rocky bed of the Erasinios river, which brings down into the Korinthiac Gulf portions of the waters of the Aroanian and Erymanthian Mountains. The monastery stands about one mile above the river, to the east.

Formerly Mega Spelæon was quite difficult of access. It could be reached only on foot or on horseback, as no wagon-road either in ancient or in modern times had been cut across these Arkadian cliffs. The nearest centers of civilization in the late Middle Ages, and up to the present time, were and are the village of Kerpine, where the French chieftains of Charpigny

built one of their fortresses, and which is distant by a walk of two hours; the town of Kalabryta, distant to the south more than two hours; Korinth, sixteen hours away toward the rising sun; and Patræ, twelve hours toward the west. Now, however, a pilgrimage to Mega Spelæon involves no unpleasant toil of journeying whatsoever. In 1895, a military railroad was built through the gorge of the Erasinós, and thus easy communication now exists between Northern Arkadia and the Korinthiac Gulf. This railroad is of the toothed kind. The ascent is in some places dangerously steep, as can be suspected from the fact that the station in Kalabryta, although distant only twenty-one kilometers from the station near the gulf, is two thousand, one hundred, and seventy-five feet higher. The ride up this incline is wonderful. The train, consisting of an engine and one car, creeps up along its steep path, over high and short bridges, under overhanging ledges of rock, over waterfalls, through tunnels, under cliffs so tall that one cannot see their tops from the car at times, with the Erasinós rushing and surging alongside. Just below the monastery is a small village with the foreign name of Zachlorou, where the cars stop. Zachlorou is nineteen hundred and fifty feet high, although it is distant only eleven kilometers from the gulf. From Zachlorou to the monastery, which is about ten hundred and fifty feet above the station at an angle of about forty degrees, the ascent is made by donkey along a zig-zag path. About half an hour is required to make the ascent.

The history of the monastery has been written by one of the most noted of modern scholars in the Greek

church, *Œkonomos ex Œkonomon*. It was published in the year 1840, under the title of *Ktitorikon, or Proskynetarion of the Mega Spelæon*, in Greek. But the early centuries of the history of the monastery are so enveloped in obscurity and pious story that they cannot be clearly examined. Its later history, however, and the part it took in the stirring events that occurred in Greece at the beginning of the last century, are well known.

It seems probable that the original monastery was established on the exact site of the present one, that is, in the cave from which the institution takes its name. The custom of founding monasteries and churches in caves was frequent during the early and middle ages of Christianity. It came in part from the habit which the anchorites had, of not surrounding themselves with anything that resembled intentional luxury or even ease. To such men these caves afforded a natural, ready, and sufficient shelter. In many places throughout the East may be found monasteries that originated from a cave and a cave-dwelling anchorite.

It is this spacious grotto, then, that furnished to the monastery its name of *Mega Spelæon*, or the Great Cave. Ecclesiastically it should rather be called "the monastery of the Assumption," since it is sacred to the Blessed Virgin, and celebrates with special pomp the feast of the fifteenth day of August in her honor. But the other name is the only one in official as well as in popular use. And a precious image of the Blessed Virgin, which is kept here, is known everywhere throughout Greece, in its copies, as the "*Panagia Megaspelæotissa*," or the Madonna of the Great Cave.

The cave itself is about ninety feet high and one hundred and eighty feet long. It is in the mountain side, at the foot of a towering and perpendicular face of solid rock that rises about five hundred feet straight in the air above it. It is quite deep, so that the principal building of the monastery is entirely within the cave. A stone rolled from the summit of the cliff above will fall clear of this cavity and the monastery.

From a distance the monastery can be seen only from the mountain heights west of the longitude of the cave. Mysteriously picturesque does it appear from the top of the ruined citadel of the Frankish knights of La Tremoille near Kalabryta, and from a few points along the banks of the Erasinós, especially from a place called "the Maiden's Fount," and from the higher parts of the opposite village of Zachlorou. But from a distance it is very difficult to find a point from which all the buildings are visible, because from most of the neighboring lookouts a portion of the group of curious buildings, and oftenest the principal one, is hidden behind some intervening mountain top. Most often only the old tower on the edge of the cliff above the monastery can be seen, the tower built as a defense against the Egyptian army of Ibrahim Pasha in 1827.

The principal building is mostly seven stories high. The lower portion is built of stone and the upper stories of wood. Most of this stone portion is about four stories high; but since its various sections do not all begin from the same ground level it does not all rise to the same horizontal line at the top. Indeed one could easily think that irregularity in lines and lack of

symmetry were intentionally provided for by the successive architects of the buildings. The façade of this central building forms not a straight line, but an irregular segment of a circle, following the contour of the cave. It is the custom here in Greece to cover the roofs of houses with brick tiles. This, however, cannot be done at Mega Spelæon, because in winter gigantic icicles form on the rocky side of the cliffs above, and fall with tremendous force upon the monastery. These roofs have therefore to be made of thick planks, capable of resisting the violence of the falling ice.

A characteristic of the Greek is that he seldom makes repairs. This fact is well illustrated here at the monastery. Nothing after being once constructed is ever restored, and injured parts are never renewed becomingly until progressing decay necessitates complete demolition and reconstruction. Accordingly, the various buildings with their crooked lines and unsymmetrical shapes are made even more picturesque by their rickety and dilapidated appearance.

In front of the monastery, toward the Erasinós, the higher slopes of the mountain side are all carefully terraced and cultivated. Vegetables and fruits are raised here by the monks, each of whom, assisted by his famulus, tills a small patch, from which he supplies his table. These terraces and hanging gardens are separated off from each other by supporting walls of stone and by irregular rows of trees and flowering shrubbery. The walls are covered with masses of ivy and wild vines in most luxuriant profusion. A number of these enchanting gardens can be seen from the windows of the monastery. Nightingales and other

sweet-voiced birds fill the air with music morning and evening. The monks have the good quality of being lovers of the beauties of nature. The slovenliest of them will cultivate a few flowers in his garden, and perhaps have a song bird in his cell. Having once climbed to the top of the cliffs that overhang the monastery to the tower where Ibrahim's Egyptians were repulsed, I came suddenly upon a priest wearing cassock and kalimavki standing statue-quiet among the bushes, and on inquiry learned from him that his lonely posing was due to his watching some young bullfinches which had just left their nest. He had already caught one and had it imprisoned, chirping and fluttering, in the pocket of his cassock. He said that he wanted them for his cell, as the bullfinch is an excellent songster. But when I met him again, a few days later, he hastened to tell me with sorrow that his prisoners of melodious hopes had died.

The story which the monks narrate as to why this site was selected for a monastery is that within the cave an image of the Madonna was discovered by a native shepherdess of Zachlorou, a pious girl named Evphrosyne, and that in consequence of this discovery two monks from Thessalonike, Saints Symeon and Theodoros, built a church and cells in the cave, and took up their abode in it. That the monastery is extremely ancient is beyond all doubt. And the tradition which asserts that it was founded by these two saints in the fourth century is perhaps not widely incorrect. The tradition is confirmed by the office which the monks sing in memory of its reputed founders, Symeon and Theodoros, who along with Evphrosyne

are commemorated as local saints on October 18. Archaeological methods of reasoning bring the researcher back toward that period. And since the fourth century saw monasteries founded in many other parts of the Christian world, we do not yield much to tradition by not positively rejecting for the origin of Mega Spelæon a date so early.

In the year 1641, a terrible conflagration visited the monastery and consumed everything—the buildings, the church, the library, and the archives. Nothing of importance within the buildings escaped the flames except the image of the Madonna, which the monks carried off to a place of safety. This annihilation of all older monuments and the destruction of the records is what renders the early history of the monastery so obscure. Fortunately a few important documents were saved because they happened to be kept at that time, not in the monastery, but in one of its various “metochia” or succursals. Among these were three golden imperial bulls from Constantinople.

Documents have been preserved which show that the church which was reduced to ashes by the conflagration of 1641 had been rebuilt or renewed from still older foundations in the year 1285 with money sent from Constantinople by the emperor Andronikos II. One might suppose that since the Peloponnesos was at that time under the rule of the Franks, it was strange for an emperor of Constantinople to become the benefactor of a monastery within their dominions. But there could not have been much difficulty in doing so, for Villeharduin and his successors, who since the Fourth Crusade in 1204 held most of the Peloponnesos,

never cut the church of their Greek subjects loose from Byzantine influence. The gift of Andronikos need indicate no imperial sway over the country. And moreover at that time the emperor could hope for the return of the Peloponnesos to his dominions, for it was just then very carelessly governed from the West. It had lately been added to the possessions of Charles of Anjou, king of Naples. The king of Naples died in this year, and his successor, Charles II, was a prisoner in the hands of the king of Aragon. And his viceroy, Robert, provided temporarily for the Peloponnesos by placing it under the care of the duke of Athens, Guillaume de la Roche. But Guillaume had nearer and more vital interests in his own dukedom, and the Frankish possessions of the Peloponnesos were open to continual attacks from the garrisons of the Byzantine forts of Monembasia and Lakedæmon. It is also well known that Andronikos was a religious man. He followed the views of those that had opposed the ikonoklasts, being in favor of the images, and therefore would be well disposed toward a monastery where was venerated a picture of the Madonna reputed to be from the hand of the apostle St. Luke. He also sent to the monastery one of the three golden bulls mentioned above.

The Megaspelæots, after this fire of 1641, immediately set about rebuilding the church and monastery. Within the following year a good portion of the work was completed. And in the year 1653, the church, which had already been entirely rebuilt, was frescoed, as is shown by an inscription over the great door of the narthex.

This new church, which dates from 1641, is a good specimen of the late Byzantine style of ecclesiastical architecture. The church is not visible from without, as it is on the third floor of the principal building, and has no separate façade of its own. The main part of the church is in the form of a square, in the middle of which four pillars support a beautiful dome. As is usual in the East, the sanctuary is separated from the body of the church by a wall called the ikonostasion. Three doorways lead through the ikonostasion from the body of the church into the sanctuary. This ikonostasion is extremely rich, being of wood intricately carved and covered with gold. When looking at it one cannot fail to recall the luxurious rococo ornamentations so much favored by the Jesuits in Italy and other parts of Europe. The ikonostasion receives its name from the fact that it is decorated with the ikons or images of Christ as King of Kings, the Blessed Virgin, the Apostles, St. John the Baptist, and the patron saints of the church.

To the right of the worshipers, in this ikonostasion is the great treasure of the monastery, the image already mentioned, the Madonna which was saved from the fire of 1641, and which the tradition of the monks attributes to the hand of St. Luke. It is not a painting on canvas or on a flat surface, but is a carved image in high relief, made of wood and representing the Virgin holding the Child in her lap. It is probably a very old work. That it was, however, made by the apostle is merely a bit of pious credulity which adds to the income as well as to the fame of the monastery. The image is covered with a kind of wax,

which the monks profess to know to be mastic. It has become very black with age and with the smoke of incense. The image may possibly be technically classed with those called "kerochyt," and finished by a process called "kerographia."

The decorations of the church of Mega Spelæon are rich and heavy. The effect is added to by the fact that the overhanging cave shuts out almost all the light of day from the little windows in the dome, allowing the church to be illuminated only by the softened light which streams in from the narthex through the open doorway, and by the candles and olive-oil lamps that burn in front of the ikons. The walls are one solid mass of frescoes in heavy colors. These frescoes represent prophets and apostles and martyrs and saints and holy persons hundreds in number, who seem in the dimness to be standing behind the stalls of the monks and listening with mysterious attention to the chants of the Holy Office. In the middle of the floor beneath the dome is carved in marble the two-headed eagle of the emperors of Byzantium, which the tsars of Russia have appropriated. It may be seen in many Greek temples of importance that were built while the Greek church here was subject to Constantinople. The entrance into the main portion of the church from the outside narthex is through a doorway which is closed by two massive doors of brass, made in 1805. They are covered with figures and groups of figures in low relief, not of good but of pleasing art. Outside of these gates is the outer narthex, or vestibule, where those who come to visit the church may sit till the doors be opened.

Besides this church there are several small chapels. The church is called "katholikon," or "katholikos naos," because into it gather the "entire" community for such services as are intended for "all." The smaller chapels are five in number, one of them being sacred to St. Luke, as the painter of the miraculous image, and another to St. Evphrosyne, to whom the place of the hidden image was revealed. Sick persons are often brought to the monastery to be relieved of their sufferings, and are placed in the chapel of Saint Evphrosyne. It is so small that no more than three or four persons can enter it at once. As a rule these chapels are used only when more than one mass is to be said; for, according to the canons of the eastern church, not more than one mass may be celebrated at the same altar on the same day. Such a necessity, however, is not so very frequent. For the priests usually celebrate mass only when they have "intentions."

This monastery of Mega Spelæon belongs to the class called "stavropegiac." Stavropegiac churches and monasteries are entirely independent of the authority of the bishop and other local ecclesiastical authority in the diocese where they are established. They depend directly on the patriarch of Constantinople. The local bishop cannot interfere in the appointment of the abbot, in the admission of novices, or in the administration of the property of the monastery. Nor is he specially commemorated in the office and mass. But these privileges are here in Greece now merely an empty historic title, for shortly after the establishment of the kingdom of Greece the church

was declared to be independent of the patriarch, and Constantinople now has no authority whatsoever over this and other such monasteries.

In consequence of its fame and high protection, Mega Spelæon became very wealthy. By legacies and other gifts it came into possession of property in every part of the Hellenic world, in European Turkey, in Asia Minor, and in North Greece, besides its numerous possessions in the Peloponnesos. This wealth and property were secured to it repeatedly by imperial and patriarchal bulls. A number of the later patriarchal bulls referring to the monastery and its property are still in existence and are kept in the library. Of the imperial bulls only one is still in the possession of the monastery, that of John Kantakouzen, written in 6856 *anno mundi*, that is, 1348 after Christ.

Peculiar circumstances later occasioned the loss of two of these imperial bulls. In 1684, the Republic of Venice declared war anew against the sultan; and her armies, under the leadership of Morosini, succeeded in liberating the entire Peloponnesos from his yoke. By the treaty of Carlovitz in 1699, the Peloponnesos was accordingly declared to be a Venetian possession. This new change of masters occasioned disputes as to the legal ownership of certain lands which the monastery claimed. And, to vindicate their rights, the monks in the year 1713 sent, for inspection and confirmation, to the government of the doges three imperial bulls in order that the republic might renew the privileges therein granted. Venice, however, did not pay much attention to the affair, probably foreseeing that her

hold on the Peloponnesos was but temporary, and that it would not seriously benefit either the monasteries or Venice to restudy the questions at issue, as the possessions in dispute were liable at any time to fall again under Turkish rule. And in fact war soon broke out afresh. Then Zacchæos, the monk who had brought the bulls to Venice, returned to his monastery so as to be with it in the dangers of war. In his hurry to depart from Venice he deposited the bulls with one of the secretaries of the Venetian government. The result of this war was that in 1715 the grand vizier Ali Koumourtzi had easily reconquered all of the Peloponnesos. After peace was restored, the monks, being no longer subjects of Venice, asked for the return of their valuable parchments. The request was not readily complied with. And after much delay they were glad to recover the latest of the three, that of Kantakouzen; but even from this one the golden medallion or seal had been removed. Where this medallion now is, as well as the fate of the other two bulls, is not known.

The wealth of the monastery was so great that not many years ago the income annually was more than four hundred thousand dollars. This made a yearly allowance for each monk of about fourteen hundred dollars. In those days the number of monks approached to three hundred. Now they are not more than one hundred and fifty. Of late years the entire income is not greater than perhaps twenty thousand dollars. There is no way of discovering the exact sum, although the abbot and counselors are supposed to render to the government a detailed account every

year. There has, however, undoubtedly been a great decrease in the revenues of the monastery, both because it has gradually lost much of the property that it possessed outside of the Peloponnesos, and also because of the increasing laziness of the monks. The government of Greece, which is always hard pressed for funds, taxes this and all other monasteries quite severely, making it necessary for the monks either to become industrious or else to suffer somewhat by privation. Most of the monks prefer the second of the two evils.

A great portion of monastic property has been confiscated. Indeed it is quite probable that the government would mercilessly confiscate all valuable monastic property, were it not that by doing so it would commit the diplomatic blunder of giving the example to the sultan. In Turkey there is a great deal of property in the possession of the Greek monasteries. And these monasteries in Turkey have not lost their usefulness to Greece and the Hellenic cause. It is to the interest of Greece to be solicitous that the monasteries within Turkish territory be not interfered with by the government of the sultan. And therefore it cannot give the example of high-handed confiscation of similar property at home. Still confiscation quietly does go on. The ground on which stands the American School of Classical Studies in Athens once belonged to the Monastery of the Angels. Mega Spelæon, however, will not be confiscated, for the entire nation would deplore such an act.

The life of the anchorite has always had a great fascination for the Christian Greek. And monasteries

have always been numerous in Greek lands. In Turkish times they were in many respects useful. The monasteries then were places where more or less of Greek and Christian learning was diffused and where Christians could occasionally assemble and feel that they were not under the eyes of spies. The monks continued to care for the treasures of literary antiquity, or at least to sell them to Europeans, thus preventing their complete loss. Ambitious men became monks because few other professions then brought any kind of personal security together with a little honor. The Turks nearly always respected the monks.

The Greek church has almost ceased to be a teacher. She no longer can be regarded as laboring intelligently in directing or forming the morals of the people. She presents herself to the Greek as a serious and energetic authority in no other domain than that of religion and religious rites. Every historian knows that at times there exists a divorce between morals and religion, and that people become careless or unaware of the connection between the two. The Greek is not a bad man by any means, but it is not evident that he owes his virtue to his church. The Greek who becomes a novice in a monastery is attracted not so much by the morality of monastic life as by its religiousness. It may happen that he brings with him only the most ordinary virtues, and all of these he is by no means sure either of cultivating or of increasing.

At Mega Spelæon each monk may, if he chooses, keep under his direction one or more young boys, who, after reaching the age of twenty-five years and spending three years in their patron's service as novices, may

receive tonsure and become monks. The monastery as such rarely accepts novices. But the individual monks, as individuals, according to their own absolutely free choice, take these boys, who, known as "hypotaktikoi," that is "famuli," act as servants to their patron, and at the same time learn how to live a monastic life. They also often become the inheritors of his personal property. A not entirely unfounded belief prevails that sometimes these famuli have reasons by paternity as well as by this spiritual adoption to be regarded as the proper heirs of their patrons.

The monks of Mega Spelæon belong to the class called "idorrythmic." As such they are to be distinguished from those others of the "kænobiac" type. Kænobiac monks live a life in common. All are under the direction of the abbot and the council, and must labor for the common good of the monastery, according to the will of their superiors. All eat at the same table. Food as well as clothing and other necessities are supplied from the common funds of the monastery. The idorrythmic life, however, is very different. Each member of the community is to a great degree independent. He is indeed subject to certain general regulations, but can direct and employ most of his life as he wishes. At Mega Spelæon each monk receives from the common income and property of the monastery an amount of bread and wine and cheese sufficient for his support and that of his famulus. A small garden is also allotted to him in which he raises fruits and vegetables and salads for his table. He eats in his own cell, attended by his famulus, who prepares his food. There is no common table whatsoever.

Since wine and bread are common property, each monk is obliged to be ready to assist, either he or his famulus, in the cultivating of the fields that produce the wheat, in the irrigating of these fields and the vineyards, in the harvesting of the wheat, and the gathering and pressing of the grapes. But as most of the lands are tilled by hired men or are pacted out to farmers, these labors occupy but a small fraction of the monks' time. If a Megaspelæot holds any office in the monastery or performs any duties other than those mentioned he receives a proportionate salary. The religious exercises in the church go on regularly, but the monks may attend or not almost as they please. And surely except on Sundays or feast days they are absent much more frequently than they are present.

The bread and wine and cheese, which are doled out free to all, are produced from the farms and vineyards and pasture lands of the monastery. In the wine cellar there are two famous old wine casks called "Stamates" and "Vangeles." Stamates holds twelve thousand okes, or nearly four thousand gallons. Vangeles formerly was much larger than Stamates, but one end of the cask decayed and had to be sawed off, so that Vangeles now contains only nine thousand okes, or somewhat less than three thousand gallons.

Monastic life in the East, as in the West, has been carefully legislated for in detail by the canons of various general and local councils, and these canons have been explained and amplified by the regulations of the greater and model monasteries, especially those on Mount Athos. The rules of these model monasteries are known in the East as the canons of St.

Basil, and all monks in Greek countries are regarded as being "Basilian." But these careful rules now exist for the Megaspelæot, as for other Greek monastic communities, rather in theory than in daily application. Perhaps the only regulations which they rarely violate are those concerning fasting. And this is to us the more remarkable, as the fasts in the Greek church are exceedingly severe. The monks, like a good portion of other Greek Christians, observe four separate lents every year, namely the quadragesimal fast of winter which they keep in common with the Catholics, a lent of two weeks before the feast of the Twelve Apostles which is celebrated on June 30, another of two weeks before the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin in August, and one of four weeks during the Advent of Christmas. These are all lents of very severe abstinence rather than of fast. Besides, the monks never fail to abstain similarly on all the remaining Wednesdays and Fridays of the year, avoiding all use of meat, fish, eggs, butter, cheese, and oil.

The management of the community has at its head the hegoumenos, or abbot. Among all the abbots of the monasteries of Greece he of Mega Spelæon ranks first. He is a mitred abbot and has the privilege of carrying a crosier and of wearing robes similar to those of a bishop. He is elected for a period of five years, the monks of the monastery being the electors. Their choice, however, must be confirmed by the Holy Synod at Athens. Only such monks as have lived for six years in the monastery can have a vote in this election. The privilege of electing the

abbot is conceded not only to Mega Spelæon, but to all monasteries where the number of monks is more than six. Where there are not six monks the abbot is appointed directly by the Synod at Athens.

In the management of affairs the abbot is assisted by two counselors, who with the abbot constitute a body called the "hegoumeno-symboulion." In case this body fails to arrive at a decision in regard to important matters, they call to their assistance such of the monks as have been previously abbots, and others who belong to the category of "gerontoteroi." The ex-abbots are usually two or three in number, and are known as "prohegoumenoi." The gerontoteroi are the aged monks that have spent a long and edifying life in the monastery. And if this larger body cannot settle the difficulties, then another class of monks called the "senators" is summoned to take part in the deliberations. The senators are monks of good standing who have arrived at the age of forty-five. Whatever be the decision of this congress consisting of abbot, counselors, ex-abbots, gerontoteroi, and senators, it is final. There is no higher authority within the monastery.

The monastery possesses quite a valuable library. It contains about twenty manuscripts of the gospels. Of these the oldest one is written on parchment and dates from the eleventh century. The others are not so old. There are also specimens of rare editions of the classics and old editions of the fathers. These books and manuscripts are chiefly gifts. How interesting so ever they be to the bibliophile or to the palaeographist or antiquarian, they have but little

value, comparatively, as books for an ordinary library and for daily use. This fact is immediately evident to anyone who visits the library, in spite of the repeated assertion of the librarian that the monks are very fond of reading. The monastery buys no new books as a rule. Individual monks may in this matter, as in others, follow their own inclination. The printed books in the library are mostly ecclesiastical and theological. Besides serving as a library, this room is a general cabinet of historical relics and curiosities. There are miters of mediaeval bishops, crosiers, jeweled crosses, relics of saints, rich old vestments, vellum manuscripts, patriarchal bulls, in profusion and confusion.

In general it may be said that just as real holiness is not much in vogue among the monks, so also is deep learning a lost art. A number of novices from Mega Spelæon have been sent to the higher schools to study; and at present there may be counted at least a score of Megaspelæots who have taken a course in theology or philology. Nearly all of these have studied in the University of Athens, a few of them in Germany. But after completing their studies, if they receive no appointment calling them to labor as priests in some foreign mission, or as teachers or professors in schools, they quickly forget their scientific habits and lose their inclination to study. Mega Spelæon, however, has good men engaged in professional duties outside of the monastery. Several of the bishops of Greece are from Mega Spelæon, including the Metropolitan of Athens, the head of the Hellenic church.

The monastery has always been a popular shrine

for pilgrims. They come so frequently and regularly that the monastery provides special "xenons" or hotels for them. No visitor is entirely excluded from the hospitality of the monastery. These pilgrims go there to light a candle before the image of the Madonna, or to perform some other religious act, or have a mass said, or make a confession and receive Holy Communion. Many come in consequence of a vow, having promised that if certain hopes of theirs be fulfilled, they would make a pilgrimage to the monastery. One can often see such people, especially peasants and women, performing these pilgrimages barefooted, through a desire to do penance.

But also a number of persons go to Mega Spelæon simply to enjoy the pleasant outing. There are two "xenons," one for the poorer and the other for the richer visitors. Those that have relations or friends among the monks, especially if they be friends of the abbot, are taken to private rooms and entertained elaborately. All visitors must arrive before sunset, as at that time the outer gates are barred, and it would be difficult to get near enough to persuade the man in authority to open them. Likewise all weapons must be left with the watchman at the entrance gate. This is a relic of the days of Turkish sway.

In Turkish times the monastery, on account of the protection which its sacredness afforded to the "rajahs," was regarded as a proper place for the Christians to meet once every year and hold a kind of fair, each visitor bringing whatever he had to sell and purchasing such objects as he had need of. Little merchants from afar came and exposed their wares

and trinkets. But after the wars of liberation were over this practice was discontinued and the fair was transferred to the neighboring town of Kalabryta, where it is still held annually, at the same time of the year, the week preceding the feast of the Assumption, in August. At Mega Spelæon, however, the name still remains attached to a hill in front of the monastery, called "the hill of the fair," and on its top is a chapel called the "Madonna of the fair" or the "Panegyristria."

The monks of Mega Spelæon on account of the manner in which they are recruited are from among the people of the neighboring provinces of Achaia, Arkadia, and Korinthia. Being children of the people, they have always sympathized with the struggles of the people, and this at times when it was a sacrifice to do so. When in the year 1819 the Philike Hetæria, which had been organized in Odessa in 1814, and whose object was the liberation of the Christians of the East from Moslem rule, began to be more freely propagated in the Peloponnesos, Hierotheos, the abbot of Mega Spelæon, together with three other monks, was among the noted Peloponnesians that joined the society. And after the patriotic convention of the leading Christians at Ægion, five hours distant from the monastery, this Philotheos, being regarded as one of the most reliable and patriotic priests of the Greeks, was commissioned to travel through the Peloponnesos and communicate with the other rajahs and prepare them for the approaching strife by giving advice and collecting funds.

On account of its impregnable position the mon-

astery was a frequent place of refuge for many during the awful wars of annihilation from 1821 to 1828. In 1821, at the outbreak of the struggle, when the Christians massacred the unfortunate Turks of Langadia, Kanellos Delegiannes, one of the most prominent Christians of that town, hurried his wife and children off to Mega Spelæon, in order that he might feel more at ease in fighting for his country. Likewise the family of the old hero Zaimes took refuge here more than once.

In spite of the benefits conferred on the cause of the Christians by the monastery and monks, it escaped all serious damage from the Turks. Only in the last year of the war, in 1827, was it threatened with impending destruction; but the danger was averted. The sultan of Turkey failing of being able either to suppress or annihilate the Christians, after six years of fire and sword and assassination, called to his aid the bloody Ibrahim Pasha of Egypt, offering him the country in fief if he could subdue it. Ibrahim came with an army of Arabs and destroyed everything in his way. In July of 1827 he came to Kalabryta, three hours distant from the monastery. He was full of triumph, for he had captured and destroyed the immortal town of Mesolonghion, had ravaged and burned most of the Peloponnesos, and had made many of the rajahs kiss his hand in submission. He brought an army of fifteen thousand men against the monastery. But Kolokotrones had by his wonderful skill succeeded in sending a band of his palikars there, who, uniting their strength to that of the monks, formed a defending body of about six hundred men. They

dragged two or three old cannon to the top of the rock above the monastery, located them in the fort there, and prepared to resist.

Ibrahim to save himself the trip to the monastery sent three successive letters calling their attention to his proximity, to his large army and his artillery, and advising them to surrender and acknowledge his authority. According to a copy preserved in the monastery, the answer of the monks was as follows:

Most high ruler of the army of the Othmans, hail. We have received your note, and we are aware of what you mention. We know that you are as near as the fields of Kalabryta, and that you have all the means of war. But for us to submit to you cannot be done, because we are under oath by our faith either to get free or to die in war; and according to our belief it is not right to break our holy oath to our country. We advise you to go and fight somewhere else. Because if you come here and conquer us the misfortune will not be very great, as you will merely rout some priests. But if you be kept at bay, as we surely expect with the help of God, because we have a good position, it will be a blame to you, and then the Greeks will take heart and will hunt you down from all sides. This is our advice; look you to your interests like a knowing man. We have a letter from the Boule and from General Kolokotrones that he will under all circumstances send us palikars and food, and we will soon all be free men or will die true to our holy oath of country.

Damaskenos the abbot, and the priests and monks with me. June 21, 1827.

Kolokotrones' aid-de-camp Chrysanthopoulos commanded the monks and palikars that defended the monastery. For two days did Ibrahim rage against it with infantry and artillery and cavalry. But he had to withdraw, concluding that the monastery was im-

pregnable by its position and its defenders. He went back to Arkadia to continue his devastations elsewhere. Two months later his ships were sunk in the harbor of Navarino by the united fleets of Europe, and the Greeks were free.

Otho loved the monks of Mega Spelæon. Twelve of them did he especially honor, and with his own hands pinned the medals for bravery on their breasts. The room is still shown at Mega Spelæon where he slept. And the monks still love to tell of how he hugged some of the old heroes that had fought in the war of liberation; for many of the older monks still remember the great-hearted king, Otho the Bavarian.

THE GAMES AT OLYMPIA

From a racial point of view, what constitutes a people? This is a mere academic question which, if solved, would bear no strong influence on our public life. Men are today catalogued not generally by the race from which they trace their descent, but rather by the state whose power controls and protects them. Such words as "fatherland" and "Irishman" could not be created today, with their original strength and significance. Following the example of the Romans, we are citizens or subjects of our respective governments, and nothing else. And when we wage successful war we now fight, not for "our altars and our fires, and the graves of our ancestors," but for the political ideas of our government.

The ties which bind us together into a powerful unit, into a state, are very different from the liens which kept the old Greeks in touch with each other. The Greeks were indeed united, just as closely as are the citizens of any modern state, but the union was of a totally different kind. To the mind of the Greek, the existence of any voluntary subjection which would make him humbler than having to submit to the laws and regulations of one sole city was not logically tolerable. According to the best Greek teaching, no government might reasonably extend beyond the fields that surround each city. The "polity" or city-state, as the Greek "polis" has been translated, was to their minds the only philosophical form of governmental power.

Accordingly, when under Makedonic inspiration, great states were created by conquest, the subjects were for the most part not Greeks but "barbarians." Indeed the old Greeks did not have in their language a word corresponding to the expression "state." And when in the last century their descendants, the Romæan Greeks of today, gained their independence and organized themselves into a state, they had to adapt an old word to the new idea, and their little state is called a "Kratos." One of the characteristics that heighten the resemblance between the present inhabitants of Hellas and their classic ancestors is the immense pride which they feel for their race and descent and native towns, and their comparative lack of sympathy for a powerful and widely extended state. This is one potent reason why the Greeks have not succeeded in uniting all the peoples of the Balkans into one great commonwealth, under Hellenic leadership. Phyletic union is certainly nobler than the equality of fellow subjection. But statedom is now required as a condition for racial existence.

Racial union among the old Greeks, based on the belief that they were all descended from the same stock, and were therefore all of kindred blood, manifested itself in various ways. They spoke all of them the same language, a fact which then was much more remarkable than such a phenomenon would be today. They worshiped the same or similar gods, for their religious and cosmological ideas were the same. Their common religion was perhaps one of their strongest bonds of union. They came together and celebrated periodical panegyrics at the more noted shrines of their common deities. At these meetings they also

often settled disputes existing between neighboring tribes. Thus were established the well-known "amphiktionic assemblies" or courts whose function it was to decide political and religious and similar other questions that were of general interest. At the panegyrics they also indulged in their love for physical sports and athletic emulation, and thus were established the great national contests, such as those at Delphi, Korinth, Nemea, and Olympia, where, after performing the religious ceremonies due to the gods, they turned themselves to manly rivalry in the primitive sports of running and leaping or hurling the spear and throwing the diskos.

Of all such noted games, those celebrated at Olympia were then the most universally patronized, and ever since have been most honored by the memory of posterity. Here it was that the idea of Hellenic unity most forcibly and largely presented itself. And when some leading men began to think that Hellenism could not continue to be supreme unless it convert itself into a great political power, into a kind of confederated league of city-states, it was from here that patriotic orators like Isokrates wished to imagine that their views in this respect had been expounded, and that here they had delivered their imaginary orations before audiences composed of men from all parts of the civilized world.

For the Greeks in general the chief motive that brought them together at Olympia was the desire to witness the gymnastic and hippic contests. Nevertheless Olympia was more essentially a religious shrine than an arena for sports. The daily worship of the

gods continued here uninterrupted, while the games took place only at intervals of four years. Religious worship was instituted earliest, and the contests were added later. A portion of the Olympiac field, the holiest part, was reserved exclusively for the shrines and altars of the gods and heroes. This was the Altis or Sacred Grove. Not even the priests who ministered to these deities might reside within this wall-surrounded precinct. The learned tourist Pausanias mentions many of the altars within the Altis. He enumerates more than thirty-five. On all of these altars the priests of Elis performed sacrificial worship at least once in every month. Their ceremonies were according to an antique ritual. At the grand altar of Zeus and at the hearth of Hestia the solemn rites were performed every day.

Olympia was not a city. It was not even a town. No inhabitants permanently resided there save the priests and their attendants. It was a vast sanctuary. During most of the ages whose events are recorded in Peloponnesian history, the territory within which lay the sanctuary belonged to the city of Elis which stood about twenty miles distant. The men of Elis usually had the sanctuary under their control. The priests were citizens of Elis, as were all of the other men of authority who directed the contests and rites. Olympia was a noble vista of temples and shrines and altars and statues and votive offerings and agonistic arenas. It lay in a small plain east of where the swift Kladaos throws its noisy waters into the silvery Alpheios. The plain is inclosed on all sides save the

west by low mountains which are the last outrunners of the high ranges of Arkadia.

How this site came to be chosen for these pan-Hellenic contests no tradition knows; yet many are the mythic stories that undertake to supply this defect in history. Like Delphi, the primitive glory of Olympia was partly due to prophetic information that used to be distributed to worshipers here. At the shrine of Zeus the pious and tremorous men of aforetime could get mystifying glimpses into the obscure region of futurity. Among the oldest shrines seem to have been those of Zeus and Earth, and Hera. Later came the erecting of gorgeous temples on the sites of these primitive shrines. Of those temples whose remains can still be traced among the débris of Olympia, the most primitive is that of Hera. Seven hundred years before Christ this Heræon already existed. So sacred was it regarded that it was never torn down, although built of wood; but occasionally, as portions of the wooden building decayed, repairs were made with masonry. Thus by degrees the original wooden structure was turned into a more permanent one of stone. But one hundred and fifty years after Christ, one of the original wooden columns still was in its place. It had not yet decayed to such an extent as to have been necessarily removed.

This primitive temple contained a primitive cult-statue. But it also contained newer works. Within it Pausanias saw a statue of Hermes which had been made by the master-hand of Praxiteles. The excavations made by German archaeologists found the statue lying in the earth within the ruins of the temple, in

front of the base on which it had originally been erected. It is thus clearly authenticated as being a genuine work of the great sculptor, and as there are but few such originals, it is highly prized. This Hermes and the beautiful statue of Victory which came from the chisel of Pæonios, justly form the pride of the rich museum at Olympia.

The noblest fane in the holy Altis was the colossal House of Zevs, a Doric structure of poros stone, two hundred and thirty feet in length, surrounded by massive columns, and ornamented in its metopes and gables by plaques and groups of archaic statuary. In the metopes were represented various exploits of Herakles, the strong hero, because myth asserted that he had visited Olympia and had contested there. In the front gable of the temple was the legendary chariot-race between Cænomaos and Pelops, whereby Pelops won Hippodameia as his bride. Cænomaos had promised his daughter to him who would outrun her father in a chariot race. This feat did Pelops accomplish though thirteen before him had tried and failed, and had forfeited their life as a result of their failure.

Within this temple was the proudest ornament of Olympia, the statue of Zevs, which Pheidias of Athens had constructed entirely of gold and ivory. When asked what model he proposed to follow in making this statue, Pheidias said that he intended to express the lines of the *Iliad* where Zevs is described as giving irrevocable assent to a prayer made to him by Achilles' mother:

As thus he spake, the son of Saturn gave
The nod with his dark brows. The ambrosial curls

Upon the sovereign One's immortal head
Were shaken, and with them the mighty mount
Olympos trembled.

So magnificent was this colossal statue of gold and ivory, almost forty feet high, and so majestic did it appear that when he had finished it Pheidias prayed to the great father of the gods to reveal his pleasure if he was satisfied with Pheidias' work. Thereupon did Zevs from the heavens thunder his approval, and hurled a saluting lightning-stroke to indicate his acceptance of the sculptor's creation. In front of this statue hung in the second century after Christ an ancient curtain of oriental workmanship, a piece of art worthy of this statue and this temple. It is not entirely improbable that this splendid piece of tapestry was the curtain which had once been the veil of the temple of Yahweh in Sion, and which had been confiscated by the plundering king of Syria, Antiochos Epiphanes. What became of the gold-ivory Zevs of Pheidias is unknown. Toward the end of the fourth century of our era it seems to have been brought to Constantinople, and may have been placed in the palace of Lausus. This palace was destroyed by fire in the year 475, and thus the statue may have perished.

Outside of the Holy Grove were many other buildings and monuments; treasure-houses of different Hellenic cities, bathing establishments, the prytaneion where the priests and other functionaries had their rendezvous and where public guests and the victors were officially entertained, votive memorials from kings and potentates, solitary columns, innumerable statues of marble and bronze and occasionally of

costlier material such as electrum or ivory. Such was Olympia.

Long centuries ago the buildings of Olympia were overturned by earthquakes, and the sand from the Kladaos gradually covered up most of the ruins. Olympia lay buried. About two centuries ago the learned Benedictine priest Montfaucon conceived the hope that Olympia might be unearthed. He wrote to the Latin archbishop of Kerkyra, Cardinal Quirini, advising him to make excavations, and especially recommending this site as a place where research would be richly rewarded. The learned Benedictine's advice did not have much effect. Later Winckelmann, the pioneer student of ancient art, attempted to awaken enthusiasm for the recovery of what the débris and alluvium at Olympia were hiding. In 1829, the archaeologists of the French scientific expedition to the Peloponnesos began excavations, but soon were forced to stop. In 1875, the German government received from Greece the permission to uncover what remained of Olympia. The work was immediately begun, and was ended in 1881. The results have been honorable to Germany, and satisfactory to scholars, as can be seen by a visit to the ruins of Olympia and the adjacent museum, or by reading the magnificent volumes which the German savants that conducted the work have published.

Our knowledge of the nature of the contests that here attracted visitors from all the Hellenic world is based both on literary sources and on the results of the German excavations. The contests were in origin such as became a sturdy primitive people, a people

where such men as had not bodies fit for raids and tribal war were rather cumbersome on the community. The contests were almost exclusively gymnastic and equestrian. Literary and musical contests took place elsewhere in Greece, but not at Olympia. Nevertheless how could Greeks entirely exclude the intellectual even from their most savage practices? Though not a part of the official program literary feats were intermingled with the feats of bodily prowess. Here Herodotos read his wonderful history to appreciative audiences. Here the proud and invincible sophist Gorgias appeared in his most gorgeous academic gown and showed the eminence of his rhetorical art by demonstrative harangues.

These contests, although beginning from uncouth physical acts of rivalry, finally became worthy of the Hellenic spirit and Hellenic culture. Originally they were accidental performances attached as an appendage to the religious rites that were panegyrically celebrated at the altars here. But in the height of the classic period, the contests had become more widely known and more nationally important than the cults which occasioned them. What more essentially contributed to the development and fame of such contests as these was the fact that the training of the body by means of gymnastic exercises always continued to be an integral part of Hellenic education. A healthy and well-developed body was the natural desire of every Greek. But the body which the Greeks developed was the ensouled body, the incarnate spirit, rather than the mere muscles and sinews and limbs. The teachers who instructed the young men in the art of perfecting

their corporeal structure also taught them simultaneously the laws of good deportment, both of body and of soul, respect for parental and civic authority, patriotic love of country and willing readiness to defend it, emulous esteem for the chivalrous deeds of their mythic ancestors, and reverence for their homes and hearth-gods, and native religion. In a word many of those best virtues which today are taught by taking the "humanities" as a starting-point and occasion were then taught well and nobly by taking the gymnastic training of the body as the basic lesson.

The Olympic contests took place every four years. They were events too official and grand for more frequent occurrence. On the approach of the season for the commencement of the contests, olive-crowned heralds were sent forth to all Hellenic lands to proclaim the holy truce. All wars and hostile strife were suspended. From every noted city of Hellendom the noble devotees traveled across mountain and sea to the Olympic shrines. Men who a month previously had been antagonists in opposite hostile armies here contended against each other in even manlier valor, or sat side by side as they watched and cheered each his favorite champion or landsman. None save free-born Greeks of pure descent might witness these sacred trials of manliness or take a part therein. This was one of the greatest triumphs of phyletic pride. An ancient king of Makedon had to show that the myths traced his origin to a pure Hellenic root before he was allowed the freedom of Olympia. When the Greeks ceased to be free and independent, then their conquerors the Romans took part here. Appearances were

saved, however, by placing proper emphasis on the mythic traditions which taught that the inhabitants of Rome were the offspring of Greek colonizers. Such honorific myths were not unacceptable even to the Romans. The noblest Latin felt his glory increased by permitted participation in these gymnastic rites. Nero the royal maniac, on his mad tour through Greece, enrolled himself as contestant in the Olympic games. He personally attempted to drive in the hippodrome his gilded chariot, harnessed to ten young horses. He tumbled out; but after a second attempt and second fall, he was carried victoriously off the field, and received the prize. Despite the folly of this exceptional man and the criminality of those who awarded him four crowns of victory at the Olympic contests, the games continued to be both respected and prized by all who under the broad title of "Roman" might participate. Finally Olympia became free to every "Roman," that is, to every Hellenized and free-born citizen whom the Latin imperial government acknowledged. Thus the last man whose name graces the long list of Olympic victories, the list which is authentic back to 776 years before Christ, was a native of Armenia. His unhellenic name was Varaztad. A Roman was this Varaztad, like all other men who had accepted the civilization of Athens and the empire of the Cæsars.

But the wideness of the empire and its troubles were not favorable to such panegyrics as those of Olympia. Besides, the new and holier religion, which had begun gloriously to triumph, was not in full sympathy with Olympiac rites, for they were connected with heathen

traditions. In the time of Hadrian the games were still in good repute. But after him the prestige of the fête began to diminish. The celebrations still attracted multitudes; but they came rather through curiosity and the desire of making a pleasant excursion. Their piety was gone. They no longer understood the gymnic art as a part of humanistic education. In fact education itself was falling into neglect. Such as were Christians had chosen a higher cult than the Olympian. Such as still were pagan were irreverent and disrespectful. The past no longer charmed them. They had become "practical." The contests were held for the last time in the year 393. In the following year Theodosios the emperor abolished them by a royal decree. And in the year 426, Theodosios the Second issued an edict against all the temples and shrines of the old gods. The sacred Grove of Olympia with its temples was afterward burned by fire. Then a small community of Christians settled among the ruins, and erected a beautiful church whose foundations still can be seen. These in turn gave way to a tribe of shepherds who built their cabins on the top of their predecessors' ruins. Then some tribes from the far north, from the steppes of Russia, wandered into this holy precinct and built their huts in the Altis. The jargon of Slavonian herdsmen was heard at the foot of Kronos hill. But they also disappeared. Long after them, the Frankish knights, the chivalrous conquerors of the Morea, became acquainted with this beautiful spot and placed a castle here. They, too, disappeared. Then all grew still. The place was deserted, and the

Kladaos began to entomb the glorious ruins in beds of sand.

The various contests were not all instituted at once, naturally. According to common repute, the most ancient prize had been given as a reward for running. Finally, contests were sufficiently numerous to cover a period of five days, including the preparatory and closing exercises. They took place in early autumn, or toward the end of summer. The rites and sports were such as men only were expected to enjoy. This opinion was made a law of strict enjoinderment. No married woman was allowed within the sacred region during the time appointed for the games. It is not certain to us that this prohibition extended to unmarried girls. But the number of maidens that would have taken advantage of such liberty, if conceded to them, must have been comparatively small. Those from Elis and other near towns might possibly have gone there occasionally with their fathers or brothers. On the statutes was a decree enjoining that if a woman were ever found present at the games she should be hurled to death from the top of the neighboring Typæon Mount. The priestess of Demeter, however, might always assist. She was the only exception. Only once was this ordinance against women violated. For the sake of her son who had no other reliable friend to direct him, Kallipateira disguised herself as a man and entered the holy precincts. But when her son gloriously won, she showed her exultation in such a profuse way as to reveal her motherly pride and her womanliness. In her case, however, the stern law was not enforced, for the judges recalled the fact that

her father, the famous Diagoras, had formerly been several times crowned with the sacred wreaths, and that likewise her brothers, and now her son had won. She was not thrown from the Typæon Mount. No other woman ever risked the danger.

Each day the contests were preceded by religious processions and sacrifices to the gods. On the first day Zeus was propitiated by a mighty hecatomb of bulls. Other sacrifices likewise pompous were performed at the altars of the other gods. Then the judges and trainers and contestants all went to an altar which stood within the senate-house, and there each one uttered the oath prescribed. The contestants stated in oath that they had conscientiously prepared themselves for their respective trials of skill by a scientific training of ten months; that they were not under any thralldom but were free Greeks; and that they were not deprived in any way of their political rights. They also promised to contend justly and according to the regulations of the contests.

The second, third, and fourth days were occupied with the various contests. Of the different successive feats of skill and manliness, the series that constituted the "pentathlon" was the most highly esteemed, because the feats of the pentathlon were a series of exercises that were thought to require the activity of the entire body harmoniously and evenly and employ all the limbs. The five constituent exercises of the pentathlon were a run, a leap, a javelin-throw, a disk-throw, and a bout at wrestling. The contest least admired was that of boxing. Witty and sarcastic are the numerous epigrams in verse that have been preserved

describing the mutilated faces and unrecognizable features of the victorious pugilists, some of whom were so badly different from their former appearance as to frighten their own dogs when they returned home. But the pugilists were plucky, however; and it is related of Evrydamas that when his antagonist struck him in the mouth and broke off his teeth he purposely swallowed them so that his antagonist might not see his discomfiture and thereby gain greater confidence.

The most stupendous spectacle was that of the chariot-races. These took place on the fourth day. The prize for the race went not to the charioteer but to the owner of the outfit. Even women were allowed to send chariots and contend by proxy. Agesilaos, the king of Sparta, in order to prove that no virtue of a manly kind was required for the acquisition of this crown, persuaded his sister Kyniska to send a chariot and steeds to Olympia. She did so, and won. Each chariot was drawn by four horses. Quite a number of chariots might contend at once. Sophokles describes such a race at Delphi, wherein ten chariots dash over the sands of the hippodrome at once. Pindar in one of his grand odes mentions forty-one chariots as participating, but of course not all at once. Accidents were naturally numerous, and not all who fell were so fortunate as Nero.

On the last day of this quinquidial festival, the crowns were awarded, sacrifices of thanksgiving were offered to Zevs and the other gods, the various official embassies from the different Greek cities organized pompous processions in honor of their prize-crowned

townsmen, banquets were given to the victors, and songs were sung in their praise. The crowns were made of boughs all from a special holy tree which grew within the precinct of the Altis, near the great fane of Zeus. The tree was a wild olive, which, according to the legend, was brought to Olympia by Herakles from the distant land of the Hyperboreans. The branches were cut from the tree by a boy both of whose parents should be living, using a golden knife. Each victor heard his name sung out by the herald, who added the name of the victor's father and his natal town. He walked up to the table of gold and ivory where the crowns were resting, and the oldest of the judges placed the olive wreath on the victor's head.

After the sacrifices of thanksgiving, after the feasts and songs and carousals were ended, then the victors went home escorted by their proud townsmen. The greatest poets composed their best cantatas in their honor. Pindar's unequalled odes are nearly all written to exalt the praises of victorious contestants at the various great games. Simonides and Evripides used their best skill for the same purpose. The returning victors often re-entered their native town drawn in a chariot by four white steeds, and not through one of the gates of the walled city, but through a breach intentionally made, to teach the belief that a city need have no strong walls when it has Olympian victors among the citizens that are ever ready to defend it. The victors might, if they desired, erect a commemorative statue in Olympia. Their crowns they dedicated to the deities of their native town. When Exænetos came back to Akragas after his victory at Olympia in

the year 412, his fellow-citizens escorted him into the city in a chariot with three hundred spans of white steeds. But the hero most highly honored in antiquity was Diagoras, who had won victories at the four great shrines, at Delphi and Korinth and Nemea, as well as here. Pindar's ode in honor of Diagoras was copied in letters of gold and dedicated in a temple of Athena in the native town of Diagoras, in Lindos of Rhodos. According to the notion of every Greek, the fanatical Lakonian spoke the truth when on seeing Diagoras borne triumphantly on the shoulders of his two sons at Olympia, who also were crowned victors, uttered an exclamation which conveyed the meaning that Diagoras could not receive honors any higher than these, save that of becoming a god.

THE PHÆAKS' ISLAND

Kerkyra is the great entrance gate to Greece and the near East. A never-ceasing stream of tourists and other travelers passes by Kerkyra year after year from all parts of Europe on their way to the many places of historic interest on the shores of the eastern Mediterranean.

Kerkyra is not simply the first stopping-place for voyagers to the Levant; its attractions are among those that may possibly have strongest claim on the pleasure seeker, or the historian, or the antiquarian, and may entice him into prolonging his stay on the island.

Of the English tourists who visit Kerkyra for a brief stay, a good proportion consists of men who come down and make their headquarters here in order to hunt wild game in the Albanian and Akrokeravnian mountains, which lie just opposite along the coast of Epeiros, and form the eastern horizon to the bay of Kerkyra.

This Kerkyra is an island lying in the Ionian Sea, a few miles west of Albania, and ten hours by steamship east of Brindisi. It is the northernmost of all the Ionian group. Like its Ionian sisters, it first became familiarly known to northern readers through the war-news in the time of Napoleon. Up to 1797 Kerkyra constituted a most valuable portion of the possessions of the great republic of Venice. But in that year it was captured by the French, shortly after the young Napoleon had forever abolished the aristocratic gov-

ernment of the doges. From 1807 to 1814 it constituted a portion of the empire created by Napoleon. Kerkyra may always be mentioned with honor in connection with the stirring events that group themselves around the career of this conqueror. For of all the heroic and unusual acts of war which glorified that first empire, the grimly unyielding bravery of the imperial garrison of Kerkyra is one of the most admirable. In the wars between the French and the other powers, this garrison held out for six entire years, against an English blockade. General Donzelot, who commanded here, and who for these six years had been cut off from all communication with the mother country, agreed to abandon the defense only after he had learned from the blockaders that his emperor for whom he was fighting had been deposed by the treaty of Paris, and that Kerkyra had by that same treaty become an English possession. The English, who sometimes know how to appreciate a hero, sent Donzelot with honors back to France.

The island is long and narrow. From its northernmost point to its southernmost, the distance is about 35 English miles. Its population is about eighty thousand. It is dotted with small white towns, interesting and pretty, as they stand out on the hill-slopes and mountain sides, among the vineyards and olive groves. The chief city and capital, which bears the same name as the island, is situated on the eastern shore, on the bay and narrows that separate the island from Albania.

In appearance this town is not unlike other towns of the Ionian group. Its general aspect is Italian.

This is not strange; the Venetians held it for four hundred years. Were it not for the eternal unchangeableness of the oriental peoples, they would long ago have become out and out Venetians. East of the town, a narrow tongue of high rock juts out one hundred yards into the sea. This rock has for centuries been the site of the chief defenses of the town. It still bears its Venetian name of *Fortezza Vecchia*, but now serves only as a military storehouse and military school.

From the top of this old fortress-covered rock, the view is grand. With the telescope of the watchman, who willingly offers it in order to receive a few soldi in return, one can trace the line of snow-capped Albanian mountains indefinitely far. *Hagioi Saranta* or the town of the "Forty Saints," which the Greek fleet shot into during the war of 1897, can be seen, and the dismantled houses easily distinguished. Beneath one's feet lies the entire city of *Kerkyra*, with its high Venetian edifices, showing off their white walls and green window shutters. The Venetians fearlessly built their houses three and four, and even five stories high in *Kerkyra*, because fortunately the island lies just north of the usual earthquake region. Not only do the Venetian houses, some of which still retain the romantic *jalousie* windows, recall the rule and influence of the proud old government of the doges, but everywhere, on the ramparts of the fortifications, over various gates and doors, and in many other public places, may still be seen sculptured in stone the lion of St. Mark, holding with his forepaws the gospel of the patron apostle of Venice. This ensign of the

queen of the Adriatic may be seen wherever she set her authority. But many of these lions were mutilated, if not entirely chiseled away, by the French republicans, who in 1797 took possession of Kerkyra. Since these lions were the symbols of an aristocratic, if not also tyrannic power, the victorious Frenchmen, who in the public square of the city had planted the tree of liberty, could not indifferently behold the mediaeval lions frowning and grinning at them from the ancient bastions.

The Fortezza Vecchia is separated from the town proper by a large open square, not smaller, and for the Kerkyræans not less important, than the *champ-de-Mars* of Paris. Along the west side of this esplanade stand the high Venetian houses of the city, and on the eastern side is a water-filled moat which is crossed by an arched bridge, that connects the esplanade and the fortress. At the north extremity of this esplanade is a huge building erected by the English as a dwelling for the Lord High Commissioner, who, during the English protectorate over the islands, from 1815 to 1864, represented England here. It was also the place of meeting for the Ionian senate, which then legislated for the Ionian states, of which Kerkyra was the capital. The palace is now merely an array of deserted halls. It is a cold and unsympathetic, heartless structure, built of gray stone brought here from the island of Malta. Perhaps few strangers ever visit it, except the archaeologists who go there to see an ancient marble lioness, perhaps as old as those that guard the entrance to the fortress of Homeric Mykenæ, and as curious.

This lioness was found in 1843, in one of the suburbs south of the town, in a place which must have been a cemetery more than 3,000 years ago. Near to where the lioness was found, there is still to be seen one of the ancient tombs of this ancient burial-place. It is a round, solid mass of masonry, about ten feet in diameter, and about six feet high, built of stones carefully hewn and neatly fitted together. Round the upper edge of the circular outside wall is engraved the inscription in old Doric dialect, written more than five hundred years before the birth of Christ, and stating that the tomb was erected in memory of a certain Menekrates, who had been drowned in the sea. He lived in Kerkyra as consul to that city from the commonwealth of Eantheia in Greece. And the monument was erected to him by his brother.

By the treaty of Paris in 1814, Kerkyra, with the other Ionian Islands, was declared to be free, but under the protection of England. As a matter of fact, she became an English possession out and out. Such did the Ionian Islands remain until 1864, when in a moment of unavoidable generosity, created in part by Gladstone, England freely yielded to the desire of the inhabitants, and presented Kerkyra with all the other Ionian Islands to the kingdom of Greece. But while England held Kerkyra, she took excellent care of it, proving herself here as elsewhere to be a proud and relentless mistress indeed, but nevertheless sufficiently just, as matters go. She interested herself in the generalization of education—chiefly in that of elementary instruction, without, however, neglecting the importance of providing for higher training. She

it was who founded the academy, usually known as the "University of Kerkyra." This university, the first modern institution of higher learning destined for students of the Greek race, and the forerunner of the present National Hellenic University of Athens, was quite complete, and in it were educated many men who afterward proved useful for the new State of Greece. Higher education at their own door, such as the English furnished, was a marvelous novelty to the inhabitants of Kerkyra. During the four hundred years of vassalage to Venice, such luxury was not to be thought of. Venice took good care that her leading citizens and subjects be educated, if at all, either in the schools of Venice itself, or in the University of Padua, in order that no spirit of separation might be bred into them. The regulations of Venice forbidding citizens from sending their children to schools not recognized by the government of the doge, especially to Jesuit schools, applied also to the inhabitants of Kerkyra, whether Catholic or Greek.

After Kerkyra became a portion of the Greek kingdom, the Ionian university was closed, in conformity with the destructive tendency of the Greek government to concentrate all power and influence at Athens. And now the only successor in Kerkyra to the old university is the public gymnasium or national college. It still contains the excellent library of forty thousand volumes which the English gathered for the university, and which is now one of the most important collections of books in all of Greece.

Up to the coming of the French in 1797, the Kerkyræans like their masters, the Venetians, were divided

into three classes; the nobles, the citizens, and the populace. The nobles were of a mixed breed, being, however, chiefly Venetians and Greeks. The citizens were likewise a mixture of both these elements, with a preponderance of the Greek; while the "popolani" were quite pure Greek, with but a slight admixture of Italian, and perhaps, Albanian blood.

Of these three classes each wore a special style of dress, distinguishing the social condition of the wearer. The French republicans, notwithstanding all the abuses and excesses they occasioned, conferred the lasting benefit of contributing to the perpetual abolition of the dress-distinction between the social castes here. Since that time, the two upper classes, no longer having a recognized separate existence, abandoned their distinguishing habiliments and took to wearing the ordinary costumes of the rest of the world. The "people," however, who change less readily, have not yet entirely given up their mediaeval styles, and especially the women in the more distant villages can yet be seen wearing them. This dress is noticeable, like ancient styles in many other places, from the fact that much use is made of color and demonstrative decoration, and embroidery. The material is heavy and costly. A woman's outfit once made used to be worn by her on all important occasions from the day of her marriage to her old age, and was then bequeathed to her daughter to wear likewise for her lifetime.

These ancient highly decorated dresses of the women of Kerkyra can be seen chiefly on popular feast days, when the peasants gather round some

church, whose saint's birth or death is being commemorated. There they perform their ancient dances, sing their ancient songs, and show off their rich dresses, to attract some suitor from their townsmen. It is an attractive dress when worn by an attractive Korphyotissa. But, unfortunately, the unfavorable circumstances in which most of the women of this class have to live, in toil and privation, does not allow the development and charm of womanliness that one would like to see. Nevertheless, there are wonderful exceptions. At times one sees forms that can be matched only in the statues of classic antiquity. Especially are such to be seen occasionally in the two towns of Gastouri and Benizze. Gastouri is merely a collection of peasants' hovels in a lovely region near which the empress Elizabeth built her country palace. Benizze is a fishers' village on the bay, near which fresh springs tumble their waters into the sea, and round which the best oranges of Kerkyra grow. Benizze is a perfect picture of southern country luxuriousness.

Benizze is a favorite place of resort for the stray tourist. But it is not the only compensating excursion beyond the suburbs of the capital. Of these excursions I mention only the longest one, that to Monte San Salvatore. San Salvatore, or as it is now better known by its Greek name, Mount Pantokrator, is a fine lookout three thousand feet above the level of the sea in the northern part of the island. A mountain which lifts itself no higher than three thousand feet is usually not a very wonderful object. But the Pantokrator rises on three sides right

out of the sea. No gently ascending slopes for miles and miles insensibly absorb a portion of this height. While an inland mountain of this height might not be really many hundred feet taller than the surrounding hills and vales, this sea-shore giant shows every foot of his stature from his base at the water's edge to his rock-crowned head.

To make the ascent of the Pantokrator is not so toilsome an undertaking despite the mountain's height. On August 6 of every year, when the small monastery which nestles on the summit celebrates its feast-day, the paths and top of the mountain are covered with pilgrims. Whoever makes the ascent at any other time must have a good guide. The entire island of Kerkyra is only a portion of the panorama that lies round the feet of the beholder. In favorable weather, afar off to the northwest, the dim coast of Italy, more than one hundred miles distant, can be descried here and there from Otranto to Monte Gargano. To the east, measureless tracts of mountain and valley in Albania and Epeiros lie spread out in wild grandeur as far as the eye can reach.

No one who visits this island can separate in his imagination this Kerkyra of today from the mythologic Kerkyra of the past. Kerkyra recalls to us Homer and his immortal poems. Tradition, which loves to localize favorite stories, asserts that this island was the home of the Phæaks, and therefore the scene of much that is beautiful in the *Odyssey* of Homer. Homer relates that when Odysseus started back to his home in Ithaka, after his associates and he had by a ten years' siege destroyed the mighty city

of Troy in Asia Minor, he was driven hither and thither in the sea, and, after all of his companions had perished, was thrown shipwrecked on an island belonging to the nymph Kalypso, who long kept him a captive, so that only after twenty years of absence from his family, did he finally reach his Ithaka. Among the other places which he came to during his wanderings homeward, was this country of the Phæaks, where he met with unwonted hospitality. He was washed ashore by the waves after the raft which bore him hither from Kalypso's isle had been wrecked by the storm-god Poseidon. The Phæaks clothed and feasted him and loaded him with princely gifts, and provided a crew and ship to convey him on to Ithaka. The Phæak seamen swiftly bore Odyssevs over the waves to his home, but after leaving him on his native soil, they, in returning to their own island, were destroyed by the grudgeful Poseidon, who did not wish Odyssevs to have obtained their hospitality and assistance on the sea. Their ship he turned into a rock as it was about to re-enter their harbor after its voyage with Odyssevs to Ithaka.

Tradition has not forgotten these myths nor has it forgotten to find a localization for each and every one of them. The island where the goddess Kalypso kept Odyssevs a prisoner for so many years, is pointed out from the top of the Pantokrator, and may be seen lying innocently in the blue water northwest of Kerkira, being one of the group of the so-called Othonian Islets.

The prettiest place associated with the mythological topography is the petrified ship. The harbor of the

ancient city of Kerkyra was not identical with the modern one, but lay about half an hour's walk to the south from the modern city, and is now called the "Lake of Kalichiopoulo." With time it has become filled with silt, and now cannot be entered except by flat canoes. In the deeper water at its mouth is a small island not more than one hundred feet in diameter, a soil-covered rock about fifty feet high, with a little Byzantine church on the top, and planted thick with ten or twelve high cypress trees. The peasants call it Pontiko Nesi or "Mouse Island," possibly on account of its diminutiveness. But every Kerkyræan who has heard of Odysseus will gravely bring you to a promontory called "the One-Gun-Battery," overlooking the ancient harbor and island, and show you Pontico Nesi as the petrified ship of Odysseus. It is also called "Monk-Island," from the fact that one or two caloyers live in a hut by the little church, of which they have the care. On the walls of this chapel are two bilingual inscriptions, in Greek and Italian, commemorative of visits to the island by the empress Elizabeth of Austria and her son, the Archduke Rudolf.

The One-Gun-Battery lies on the north side of the mouth of the ancient harbor. And just opposite it, on the south side of this entrance, is a spring of beautiful water, which runs down in a small stream to the bay. This spring, mythic tradition has also identified, calling it the fountain of Kressida, where Odysseus was cast ashore, and where he met Navsikaa the king's daughter, who had gone thither with her attendants

to wash the royal linen, and who directed Odysseus thence to the palace of her father.

To show how steadfast a matter tradition is, and at the same time to show that tradition may shift its localizations, I mention the fact that this tradition about the petrified ship existed thirteen hundred years ago, as firmly as it does today. For in the armies of the Byzantine emperor Justinian was the historian Prokopios, who came to Kerkyra and there was shown the petrified ship. But it was then localized not where now, but farther north, at a point where once stood a shrine of Zeus Kassios, and which now is sacred to the Panaghia Kassiope. Prokopios examined the so-called petrified ship, and found that it was not genuine. But he thought it worth while to record the fact in his books on the Gothic war.

Speaking of the traditions of the island, it is worth while to mention another one, of a different nature. One might think that the above-mentioned traditions are kept alive chiefly because they add a kind of prestige to the country, and are a matter of local pride. But what can be said about the following? An old English chronicle-writer, John Brompton, relating facts concerning Kerkyra and appertaining to the twelfth century states that on the coast of Epeiros just across from Kerkyra there was a deserted town which was known to be the native village of Judas Iskariot, the betrayer of Christ. Brompton, although he connected the myth with the stories about Kerkyra, located the ill-reputed town on the opposite side of the bay. But the later Greeks, if not those contemporary with Brompton, located it within the island of Ker-

kyra. In the year 1614, the celebrated humanist Pietro della Valle visited Kerkyra, and among his notes which he published, he wrote:

Here lives a man reputed to be of the race of Judas. The man himself denies the relationship, and I do not know whether it be a fact or not. But I do remember a servant of ours who formerly had resided in Kerkyra affirming that one of the apostate's descendants still existed there, and that a house was pointed out as the one in which he lived.

This myth mentioned by Brompton and della Valle still exists. There is in the island a small village called Skaria, of which the inhabitants are called Skariots. And every peasant today believes that these Skariots are the offspring of the Skariot or Iskariot Judas. Often, when a Kerkyræan wishes to cast a slur on his countrymen, and to indicate their faithlessness, he says: "Wasn't even Judas one of us?" The tradition is certainly a peculiar one. It has not passed unused. For the German novelist Zschokke has woven it into his story, *Die Creole*.

Reliable and proven history for Kerkyra begins in the eighth century before Christ. At that time there came to Kerkyra a colony of Korinthians who established themselves in the island. The colony rapidly grew, and soon became a fair rival of the parent country. At last this rivalry developed into open war, a fact important in history because it occasioned the first datable naval battle of which we have any record in the history of European civilization. The battle was fought in the waters of Kerkyra, 665 years before Christ, and the colonists won.

From that time Kerkyra continuously flourished.

But when antagonism grew up between the East and the West, Kerkyra, being in the middle, had to suffer. In the fourth century before Christ, it was captured by Agathokles, who came eastward from Sicily, and forty years later it was captured by Pyrrhos on his way west from Epeiros against Rome.

When Rome began to take interest in the affairs of the Greek nations Kerkyra became an ally of the Latins, and at first gained thereby. But when, beginning with Cæsar, that long series of civil wars broke out in the Roman empire, Kerkyra usually was an active participant, and always was with the side destined to lose. In the war between Cæsar and Pompey, the men of Kerkyra embraced the cause of the latter. After Pompey's forces had been utterly routed on the battle-field of Pharsalia, Kerkyra became the rendezvous of his scattered followers. The last surviving leaders of the defenders of republican Rome met here to decide on future plans. In the party were Cicero and Cato. Cicero returned to Rome to crave mercy from the leader of the imperialists, but Cato followed his defeated chief to Egypt. "*Victrix causa diis placuit, sed victa Catoni.*"

Again civil war broke out in the empire, with Antony and Octavius against Brutus and Cassius. The republican-spirited Kerkyræans took part with Brutus and Cassius, and again were doomed to learn that their favorites had been defeated, at Philippi.

A third time civil war raged, when Antony with his ally Kleopatra pitted himself against his former friend and companion, Octavius. The Kerkyræans took sides with Antony. This time they did not escape

without serious consequences. After the battle of Aktion, from which the ships of Kleopatra took first refuge in Kerkyra, Octavius, who thus became grand commander or emperor of the Roman army, punished them severely and cruelly.

After the division of the Roman world into two portions under Constantine the Great, Kerkyra became part of the eastern empire.

When the crusades began, Kerkyra was again destined to be a position of importance. It came into more especial notice at the time of the Fourth Crusade, when the barons who had gathered at Venice for a united expedition against the Moslem infidel, finding themselves without means to continue their holy enterprise, sold their services to Venice in order to raise funds for the transporting of their troops and the continuance of the crusade. Venice set them against the town of Zara in Dalmatia, which belonged not to the Moslem, but to other Christians. While encamped at Zara, there came to them Alexios, son of the deposed Greek emperor of Constantinople. The barons, under Venetian pressure, patronized his cause and resolved to place him on the throne of Constantine. Kerkyra was appointed to be the rendezvous. The Crusaders came to Kerkyra and remained three weeks in this rich and bountiful island. From here, on a bright and cheerful day, and with winds that were soft and favorable, they spread their sails and turned their prows toward Constantinople. Their stay in Kerkyra and their departure thence is poetically described in the *Chronicle of Villeharduin*.

Having arrived at Constantinople these Crusaders

took possession of the city first for Alexios and then for themselves and divided the city and its domains. Kerkyra constituted part of the allotment given to Venice. But Venice did not finally come into complete possession of Kerkyra until the year 1386. In the meantime it was chiefly under the kings of Naples and the adventurers that represented these kings in the East.

During the Venetian control, Kerkyra flourished comparatively. It withstood two famous sieges by the Turks. The first of these took place in the year 1537. It was conducted by the world-famed janissar Khair Eddin Barbarossa. The story tells how the siege was long and terrible, but that finally the Turks withdrew. They did not go empty-handed, however. They led off as slaves thousands of the inhabitants, men, women, and children. These Kerkyræans were brought to the market of Constantinople, where they were publicly sold at auction, after a proclamation was heralded that whosoever desired to buy at a low price good Christian slaves could be suited in the Kerkyræan captives. Moustoxydes, a Kerkyræan who in the last century was noted as a historical investigator, narrates the following characteristic though unproven and somewhat inconsistent story. He says that among these ill-starred slaves was one who afterward became famous. Kale Kartanou was her name. She and her mother and brother were carried off. In captivity they were separated, and no one knew the fate of the others. Years afterward the mother was redeemed by some Christian, and wandered back to her native Kerkyra. The brother of Kale also succeeded in gaining his

liberty, and returned. But Kale when carried off was a mere child seven years old. She was brought to the palace and kept there, and became the property of Sultan Selim, and the mother of his successor on the throne of Constantinople. In the Ambrosian library of Milan there is still preserved an official copy of a letter which was forwarded through Venetian diplomats to Kale Kartanou, after she had become sultana, a letter from her mother asking that the sultana take her to Constantinople. Together with this letter is preserved a note from the sultana, ordering certain officials to aid her mother in reaching Constantinople. We have no information as to whether the mother actually succeeded in again seeing her daughter or not. The wisdom of Kale was regarded as wonderful, and became proverbial in Constantinople. Being carried off so young, she did not keep her Christian faith, at least openly. But a tradition states that she baptized her son, through a dim remembrance that it was proper to do so. She was buried near the great mosque of St. Sophia, at the command of Sultan Murat, by the side of his father Selim.

The other great siege was that sustained in 1716. Kerkyra was defended by a garrison under the command of a German officer in Venetian service, Count von Schulemburg, brother of the woman whom George the First of England made duchess of Munster in Ireland and countess of Kendall in England. Von Schulemburg armed and organized all the men of the city, even the Jews. The Turks remained for seven weeks. Then, seeing that their efforts were futile, they sailed away. Venice was grateful to the brave

and successful German, and erected a statue to him at the entrance to the fortress. The statue is still in position. But to appreciate the value of this mark of honor to Schulemburg, one must know that the Venetian government had but shortly before ordered that several other honorary statues, erected by the obsequious nobility of Kerkyra to representatives of the Venetian government in the island, be thrown down.

The long rule of the Venetians left deep and characteristic impressions on the men and women of the upper classes. In language most of all can the casual observer remark this influence. The two upper classes had almost forgotten the Greek language. They always conversed in Italian, and as many of them as could read and write wrote in Italian and read Italian. But the language of the people remained Greek—I mean the language of the lowest class, the “popolani.” But these popolani were mere serfs, and had no hopes of ever rising to a more comfortable level. Italian is still spoken more frequently than Greek, and more correctly, among the older people of the better class. Their Italian is of the Venetian dialect. But it differs considerably from the language spoken as dialect in Venice today. For while the Venetians have greatly modified their language, their former subjects, the Kerkyræans, have kept the older Venetian dialect intact. In Kerkyra one hears such language as might have been heard more than a hundred years ago in Venice, but is now heard there no more.

Since the Greek dialect of Kerkyra was spoken only by the lower classes, and was not usually taught in the few schools that existed, it became quite a

patois. But it was regarded as sympathetic and expressive, and especially suited for light songs and serenades. Goldoni in his comedy called *The Family of the Antiquary*, represents Count Anselmo as having bought a Greek manuscript, which he, not knowing Greek, but thinking to be an important work, shows to Pantalone. Pantalone, as the play goes, had lived in Kerkyra, and had learned the dialect of the street gamins there. He sees at a glance that the manuscript, which, according to the supposition of the self-styled antiquarian ought to treat of a historic affair between the Athenians and Spartans, is really only a leaf from a songbook of some Kerkyræan serenader, and reads "Mattia mou mattachia mou, cali spera mattia mou," which he translates "vita mia, dolce vita mia; bona sera, vita mia." But the "antiquarian," who is determined to believe that it is a valuable manuscript of former ages, snatches it from its trader, asserting that it is written in good old Greek, but that Pantalone does not know how to read, and as a proof that it is good, he says that he paid ten zecchini for it, and that it is worth a hundred.

The upper classes of the Kerkyræans who showed such readiness to throw off their language and habits and other national characteristics in order to conform with their masters, the Venetians, and who united with the Venetians in oppressing their kinsmen, the serfs, or even outdid the Venetians in acts of oppression, drew the line at religion, and kept their own rites, in common with the serfs. They remained true to the eastern church, and true to their ancient religious practices. However, they had no special

distaste against the religion of the Latins, and did not object to taking part in the Latin services.

Of their churches the most noted one is that sacred to St. Spyridon. This bishop was one of the Fathers who took part in the Council of Nikæa. Since he lived and died before the schism of the churches, he is recognized by the Latins as well as by the Greeks. And here in his cathedral the mixed ceremonies, in which the two antagonistic sister churches took official part, used to be very interesting. Now, however, since the Catholics have withdrawn, only Greek services take place. The Greeks have a story of how it thundered and lightened, and how a powder magazine was blown up when the Latins for the last time, more than a century ago, attempted to erect an altar in the cathedral. I am personally acquainted with one of the most authoritative of Greek historical researchers, who lives away from his native Kerkyra perforce, because he had the temerity to write a pamphlet attempting to explain the blowing up of the magazine by other causes than the saint's rage.

The holy relics are kept in a magnificent silver casket. Ever since the year 1630, when, by the saint's intercession, a plague that was afflicting the city ceased, his remains are borne on his feast day in solemn procession through the principal streets and esplanade.

The Kerkyræan, like his kinsmen, the Italians and the Hellenes, loves religion indeed, but chiefly loves the pompous part of it. In his mind religion has no more to do with morality than has fishing or singing.

After the churches, which are out of all proportion to the number of church-goers, come the monasteries. These monasteries were most useful in the past. Now they are practically nothing more than delightful and odd places of hospitality and curiosity to which one goes for an outing, or makes the terminus of a walk or drive. The most popular one in Kerkyra is situated near the west shore of the island, on a rock standing high out of the water, and surrounded by wild trees. But others more interesting to the scholar are closer to the town. In one of these, the monastery of Jason and Sosipatros, was interred the body of Katharine Palæolog, consort of the last despot of Sparta. In the monastery of St. Paul, the last of the long line of historians of the Byzantine empire, Georgios Phranzes, wrote the description of the fall of Constantinople, as he had seen it with his own eyes.

With regret we sail off through the purple Ionian Sea from this beautiful island. In places it is still as luxuriant in vegetation as were the gardens of Alkinoos, king of the Phæaks. Homer's rich description is still true. Cactus swells up here in tropical luxuriance. Magnolias, poppies, papyrus plant, bewildering varieties of deep-colored flowers, vines entangled into all kinds of queer shapes, fig-trees and orange-groves and lemon trees, somber cypresses, standing among the rich undergrowth like monuments of the older ages, high banana trees—all can be found here. Gigantic olive trees, sometimes alone, sometimes in bunches, sometimes in groves, are spread over the island. These fine trees, together with the

stately cypresses, give a peculiar peaceful appearance to the island. The Kerkyræans do not trim their trees. Accordingly these olive trees rise usually to a height of thirty or forty feet. Examples can be found even sixty feet high. They are truly noble.

This richness of scenery is enhanced by the fact that nowhere is this beauty rendered prosaic by fences or other careful and orderly divisions. The entire island is one vast domain of beauty. But of all lovely spots the most lovely is the one chosen for a summer palace by the king of Greece, and called by the French name of "Mon Repos," as though the language of his adopted country had no word to better express the beauty of the place. Nowhere better than in Kerkyra can we quote from the "Bride of Abydos" the lines in which Byron sang of an eastern world:

The land of the cedar and vine,
Where the flowers ever blossom, the beams ever shine;
Where the light wings of Zephyr oppressed with perfume
Wax faint o'er the gardens of Gul in her bloom;
Where the citron and orange are fairest of fruit,
And the voice of the nightingale never is mute;
Where the tints of the earth and the hues of the sky
In colors though varied, in beauty may vie,
Where the virgins are soft as the roses they twine,
And all save the spirit of man is **divine**.

THE KINGDOM OF ODYSSEVS

The name of Ithaka is one of the few names of places that have been known and revered throughout all ages of our civilization and in every part of the Hellenized world. Ithaka enjoys this broad reputation because it happened to have constituted the celebrated domains of the wily chieftain who was selected by the poet Homer to be the grand hero of one of the earliest pieces of romance ever composed in European literature. Ithaka has become known along with the *Odyssey* and its hero Odyssevs. To Homer is due all the fame of the island, for if his poems had never been written this island like so many other charming places would have remained in oblivion for all save its own inhabitants. Places, like men, may have intrinsic excellence but may never become known if not for the master-songs of praise that make the one and the other attractive. Achilles without the *Iliad* would have gone down to Hades a brave but unknown captain, and our Ithaka without the *Odyssey* would have been merely a remote isle of beautiful scenery. Indeed the *Odyssey* is sufficient to secure the everlasting fame of its hero and his home. For although the *Iliad* and this *Odyssey* stand earliest and most antique in all European fictional literature nevertheless they are regarded as also among the best of their kind and perhaps have remained unequaled. The excellence of these poems secured for them in antiquity a pre-eminence which the succeeding ages have not

seriously disputed. They have become the most respected even if not the most popular poems of all our literature. And the name of Ithaka, through these poems, has become a name familiar to us from our very childhood.

But though Ithaka has in this way acquired world-wide celebrity, it nevertheless is not really a well-known place, even in our times which have surpassed all preceding ages in critically conducted historical and antiquarian research. If we except the English and the German scholars, very few are the tourists that visit Ithaka.

All of our interest is centered in Ithaka of the Homeric civilization. If the later fortunes of the island attract us, it is mostly because we desire to know the after-fate of the kingdom of Odyssevs. The manners and customs described by Homer may loosely be called prehistoric for they are a picture of affairs in the island centuries before "the father of history," Herodotos, first with something like scientific care recorded for posterity his quaint accounts of important events.

Homer's descriptions are so peculiar, and the events he narrates are so charming, that the localization of them is an enticing task. To the phil-Homeric traveler every hill and valley, every rock and tree, every fountain and well and grove seem alive with the whisperings of the songful past, and call back the itinerant troubadour and his rhapsodies.

Ithaka, if judged by its size, would be very unimportant. Odyssevs, however, struggled against countless intercepting dangers and resisted most se-

ductive impending temptations in order to return to it after an absence of twenty years. Indeed he had left Ithaka unwillingly, and only at the call of most impelling duty. The witch Kalypso, to whose word he had no reason for refusing implicit belief, offered to place him among the immortals if renouncing his determination of returning to Ithaka he would become her husband. But Odyssevs loved his native castle too well, that "nest among the cliffs," as Cicero calls the palace of this hero. He loved it "non quia larga, sed quia sua." Indeed the entire island is less than fifteen miles long and its greatest width is not more than four or five miles. In shape it resembles two mountains standing in the sea, united by a narrow isthmus less than half a mile wide.

Its population, now as well as in the days of Odyssevs, is small for the size of the island. According to the census of 1889, the inhabitants numbered 8,821 souls.

Of the two poems traditionally and conveniently attributed to Homer, the one which deals chiefly with Ithaka is the *Odyssey*. The *Odyssey* is a collection of ballad-like songs, patriotic and social, which may first have been composed in the Peloponnesos, or possibly by exiled Greeks who lived in Asia Minor or on the Ionic Islands near to the Asiatic coast. These songs, if they were of exiles, re-echoed the remembrances of a former life in Greece, and of a united naval or military expedition which the Peloponnesians and their allies had once made against some mighty town, which age-dimmed tradition identified with Troy, a once powerful city whose site was near the

new homes of such Achæans as had taken up their abode in Asia Minor. Living in exile many were the beautiful and plaintive as well as glorious songs which these Achæan refugees composed, like the children of Israel in their huts of slavery along the banks of the Euphrates. But most of these songs, not having been collected and remolded into better artistic shape and recorded in books, perished utterly. None have survived except the *Iliad* which describes some of the events of the war, and the *Odyssey* which deals with the return of the heroes, especially of Odysseus. From these poems we get a picture of life, such as it then was. We have to hesitate before calling it ancient, after all; for in the great space of the ages, what happened in Ithaka only thirty centuries ago may be regarded really as events of a very near past.

Ithaka is dear not only to brave and true men who seek and find in Odysseus a model for some noble qualities, but dearer perhaps to woman as being the home of Penelope. Odysseus though a hero worthy of imitation had his eminent imperfections. But Penelope with all her greatness of soul had no notable defects. The virtue which Homer most exalts in Penelope is her steadfastness in believing against probability and hoping against almost certain fate that her heroic husband would finally return. Though two decades of years had rolled away, Penelope up to the very day of the unannounced return of the disguised wanderer did not fail morning by morning to lament his absence, and to hope faithfully that perhaps he might return even before the nightfall of that very day. And this unalterable love was so much the more

remarkable because she, as an opulent queen and of surpassing beauty of body and soul, was for years importuned with offers of marriage by a crowd of suitors who, confident of the death of Odyssevs, sought each her hand and wealth.

These primeval suitors have in their way become as famous as the steadfast queen whom they tormented. Every castle in Ithaka and the surrounding islands furnished its young adventurous hero who claimed attention from the object of his suit. Each suitor, on finding his advances politely refused, did not depart from the castle, but remained and combined with all the others to harass the queen into accepting some one of their number, secretly hoping to be the lucky selection. They came and resided in the spacious palace of the absent king, and ate and drank and made merry at his expense.

But their audaciousness did not remain unpunished. And they themselves had not lost all sense of the wrong they were enacting. Most appalling are those verses of the *Odyssey* which describe how the seer Theoklymenos, who had come to Ithaka from Pylos, foretold dimly to them the dishonorable punishment of death awaiting them, and near at hand. The suitors while gluttonously tearing from the bones and devouring the half-cooked meat of the sheep appropriated from the flocks of the king, grew excessively riotous and boisterous. But when the prophet stood up, all suddenly seemed to turn from boisterousness to lamenting. Tears of laughter had filled their eyes. But immediately the feeling of joy fled from each man's heart, and while his visage retained the contorted out-

lines of excessive mirthfulness, his open mouth became rigid with an indefinite dread of unknown but threatened danger, and the tears of laughter, as each one saw them glistening on the whitened faces of his companions, seemed tears of terror. No other passage in literature may, for its intended reader, portray a scene so dread-inspiring to the actors, except, perhaps, that in the Book of the Prophet Daniel where is described the handwriting on the wall foretelling the impending death of Belshazzar, king of the Chaldeans.

Not only did the suitors waste with impunity and destroy the property of the absent king, but they even decided to do away with his only son, Telemachos, who had grown up, and who, as they began to observe, was not pleased with their actions. When he made a voyage to distant Pylos and Sparta in hope of learning tidings about his father, they lay in ambush to kill him on his return. But their plan failed, and with the assistance of Athena, his tutelary goddess, Telemachos eluded the assassins.

The audaciousness of the suitors was naturally sustained, if not occasioned, by the consciousness of the strength which they possessed. They were the sons of the powerful men of the land. They were one hundred and eight in number. But, to make their crime the greater, it happened that nearly all had occasion to feel gratitude toward the family of the king. Penelope reminded Antinoos, the chief leader of the suitors, that his father had come to Ithaka a refugee from death at the hands of men whom he had incensed, and that his life had been spared, owing to Odysseus. But

the wily and gallant courtier only replied by telling the queen that if suitors were a cause of pain to her, she ought to be thankful for never having been seen in other parts of the Greek world, because in that case the number of importunate suitors lured and tempted by her beauty would have been much greater.

Odyssevs was a brave man and fond of toil and wiles. But, nevertheless, it was against his will that he had joined the great expedition against Ilion. He loved his native land and his near surroundings too intensely to willingly be separated from them. He was an exemplary patriot in the more genuine sense of the word, the narrow sense. The rocky and somewhat barren quality of the island has been a motive for giving high praise to Odyssevs for this wonderful love of his fatherland. When the witch Kalypso, as above stated, offered to make him divine and free from death forever if he would renounce his determination to return home he felt that he would be willing to die at once if only he could be allowed to see even from afar the smoke rising up from the altar-hearth of his home.

But once that circumstances made it imperative for him to participate in the expedition, from that moment he became in it a leading spirit. During the ten years of the mythic siege, his cunning and wisdom and strong arms were incessantly employed for the good weal of his Achæan countrymen. After the war was over, he set out to return home. But adverse winds and repeated shipwreck and various thrilling and wonderful adventures and hardships kept him roving over unknown seas for ten weary years. The gods

had become vexed with him, and the gods were punishing him.

Finally, after these twenty years of enforced absence, the wanderer wakes up from a heavy sleep, and finds himself in a country which he cannot recognize, although it is his own beloved Ithaka. His eyes have been purposely covered with a mist by his protectress, the goddess Athena. He had been brought hither by the honest Phæak seamen, who had promised to bring him to his native kingdom. They had placed him and his treasures ashore while he was asleep, and had returned to their own land. From the lips of the goddess, disguised as a sprightly shepherd, he heard the blissful fact that the land where he is disembarked is the beautiful Ithaka. The bay where Homer localizes this arrival of the returning king was called the harbor of Phorkyn. Sober scholars like Partsch have been willing to conjecture that the harbor of Phorkyn was no other than the port of the modern capital of the island, the town of Bathy. This place would then have been merely a country district, some three or four hours distant from the castle of Odyssevs. The wonder is that in antiquity this bay was not more frequented. But as appears from the yet existing signs of ancient habitations, the towns of Ithaka were on the western shore, while this bay is on the eastern side of the island.

Then Athena allowed Odyssevs to divine her personality. Aided by her he concealed in the cave of the Nymphs the valuable presents that the Phæaks had given to him. Then he set off to return to his castle and to Penelope and his son and father. In order not

to meet with any untoward fate at the hands of his enemies, he went disguised as a mendicant.

He first came to the strong keep where his faithful henchman, the swineherd Evmæos, had his huts, and guarded the herds of royal swine. Here he spent the night, well entertained by the hospitable boor, and here he met his son Telemachos, who had just returned from an eventful journey to the Peloponnesos in search of his father. Here Odyssevs learned from Telemachos the conduct of the suitors. Father and son planned out the process by which they hoped to destroy the revelers and to reobtain the kingdom for its rightful sovereign.

On the following day Telemachos proceeded to the town. After a short interval the disguised Odyssevs followed. When he arrived the suitors were enjoying themselves at one of their usual revelings. Among all the proud guests assembled not one, not even Penelope herself, recognized the disguised sovereign. Only his decrepit hunting-dog, Argos, which lay in the sun at the entrance to the palace, pierced the disguise of years and habiliment, and knew his master. Sympathetic and touching are the gentle lines of the poet, where is described how the faithful old dog, on seeing his long-absent master approach, knows him immediately, although clothed in rags, lifts up his head, wags his tail, tries to crawl to Odyssevs, but dies in the emotion of the effort. Odyssevs, noticing the glad recognition of the feeble but true old dog, began to cry, but hid his tears, because the moment for him to reveal himself had not yet come. Odyssevs entered his ancestral halls, where he was greeted with insults

of all kinds, but had the sympathy of Penelope, who called him and asked him if he could tell her anything about her absent lord, and if he had ever met him in his mendicant wanderings. The disguised king awakened strange hopes in her heart by telling her many things which showed that he knew something about Odysseus, and then prophetically added that on that very night Odysseus would return to Ithaka. Penelope did not believe this, but, nevertheless, was consoled to hear such statements, even though not destined to be true.

Night came on and the hospitality of Penelope furnished to Odysseus the privilege of sleeping in the palace. A maid, an ancient servant of the house, who came to bathe him, sees an old cicatrix on his foot and recognizes her dear master. But Odysseus, by putting his hand on her mouth, prevented her cry of astonished joy, and warned her not yet to reveal his identity. Odysseus and Telemachos then stealthily carried to an upper room all the weapons that were in the great hall, so that on the following day, which was to see the suitors' doom, they might not find wherewith to defend themselves.

After various other events on the following day, the suitors again gathered into the great hall for a new feast. The disguised king was present as the guest of Telemachos. In spite of his being thus under the protection of the heir apparent of the castle, he was derided and insulted anew.

Then the queen Penelope entered the convivial hall and addressed to the suitors a strange speech. She declared that at last she would yield to the wishes of

the suitors, and would accept for her husband from among them him who would send an arrow through the eyes of a row of axe-heads, using the bow which Odyssevs had left in the palace when he went off to Ilion. In her heart she knew that none of these polished youths could bend that bow. The axes were placed in position, and the suitors received the arrows and bow from the hands of Penelope. None of them succeeded in using the stiff bow. Then Antinoos, the haughtiest of the suitors, tried to cover their discomfiture by saying that they were engaged in the enjoyment of a festive day, and that such contests should be postponed for the morrow. Odyssevs then asked for permission to try his strength. The suitors naturally refused with insults to give to a beggar permission to participate in their trials of manliness. But Telemachos and Penelope gave him their permission, and the swineherd who was present as a servant handed to Odyssevs the bow before the suitors could prevent. With an easy pull Odyssevs opened the bow wide out, and sent an arrow straight through all the axe-heads.

Before the suitors could recover from their surprise, he had again fitted an arrow to the string, and had sent it through the heart of the insulting Antinoos. Then in terrible voice he declared his identity. The suitors rushed against him, but all were either shot down by Odyssevs or dispatched by the swords of Telemachos, Evmæos, and Philætiος. None were spared save the minstrel Phemios and the herald Medon. Then the bodies were carried out and purificatory rites and sacrifices were performed. Thus did Odyssevs regain possession of his little realm.

Before this bloody scene began, Penelope had retired to her own apartments. The nurse who had recognized Odysseus from the old cicatrix then hastened to her and told her of the doom that had befallen the suitors, and that the valiant mendicant who had accomplished the feat was none other than Odysseus. Penelope was anxiously incredulous. But by a conversation with Odysseus she was convinced. Odysseus was then by Athena's power restored to the bloom of youth.

On the following day Odysseus and his son went out into the country to where his father, the aged Laertes, lived the life of a gardner, passing his aged days in mourning over the loss of Odysseus. Odysseus disclosed himself and the rejoicing was great.

In the meantime the kinsmen of the suitors rose up in insurrection. A battle ensued which was brought to an end by mighty thunder sent from the sky by Zeus. The opposing parties concluded a peace. And thus ends the story of Odysseus.

It is quite probable that the poet of the *Odyssey* had no intention whatsoever of describing Ithaka as it really was. Accordingly, it is futile to try to recognize and identify the many places which he mentions. There is indeed no difficulty whatsoever in finding on the island sites that correspond most singularly with his descriptions. But the reason for this is because his descriptions are very indefinite. It is not difficult to recognize, as do Professor Manatt and others, the sheer precipice of Raven Rock, near which Evmæos' herds used to fatten themselves on acorns, or Phorkyn's harbor, where the Phæak sailors disem-

barked with Odyssevs, or Black Water fountain, or the cave of the Nymphs, where Odyssevs concealed his treasures, or the Garden of Laertes, or the site of the Homeric town and Castle of Odyssevs. Enthusiastic Homer-lovers have found congenial spots for all these scenes and sites of the poem. Only the island Asteris, back of which the impudent suitors secreted themselves when they waylaid Telemachos in order to assassinate him, only this island puzzles all who try to find its site. Where is it?

In purely historic times Ithaka played no part in the events of the world, and therefore the island is seldom mentioned. The earliest historic appearance of the name is on coins. But these coins are not older than the fourth century before Christ. The immense gap from Homer to the minting of these coins is filled by no positive information. In later times it is true that occasionally the poets could not refrain from mentioning Ithaka, but they always referred to the mythic Ithaka of the past. Thus, for example, Virgil, in describing a portion of the route of Æneas through the Ionian Sea, sings that

Effugimus scopulos Ithacæ Laertia regna,
et terram altricem saevi execramur Ulyssi.

Outside of the poets, Ithaka is mentioned by Strabon, and in two inscriptions found in Magnesia on the Mæander, and by Heliodoros, who wrote the *Æthiopic Adventures* in about the fourth century of our era. After Heliodoros the name is found in the writings of Emanuel Komnenos and of the Arabian geographer, Idrisi. After the twelfth century the

name no more appears in books until comparatively modern times.

On account of the great gaps in the written tradition, and on account of the fact that modern Ithaka does not geographically bear to the mainland exactly the relations that are given to it by the poet's description, some Homeric scholars have wished to doubt, or even deny, the identity of modern Ithaka and that of the *Odyssey*. The doubt is almost gratuitous. But, nevertheless, once that it has been seriously expressed, no amount of investigation may ever be able either to confirm it or to disprove it. The testimony is, at least at present, entirely too slight to give scientific value to any attempted solution. Tradition holds that here is Ithaka. Such tradition is to be revered. Dörpfeld, a master mind in kindred matters, thinks that Homer's Ithaka was the island which is now called Levkas. But until he proves his opinion, Ithaka should remain where Ithaka now is.

IN LEVKAS

The island of Levkas is reached four times a week by steamers from Peirævs, the port of Athens, and once a week by freight vessels from Kerkyra. It also has overland communication with the outside world by means of pack-donkeys to the towns of Agrinion and Bonitsa in the province of Akarnania.

Both for its history and its charming quaintness, Levkas is an attractive nook of Greece for such as chance to wander into it through love for the not yet commonplace, and have disposition and leisure to revel in its restful life.

Levkas like the other Ionian Islands, and in common with many other countries of Greece, has had a prehistoric period in the history of its inhabitants. It came into local importance long before its first denizens or their neighbors had learned to write their history. No monuments and no records narrate the vicissitudes of the people who first lived here. Were they the sons of Shem or were they of Japhetic origin, or what were they? We do not know. In the north-west corner of the island, along the ridge of a high and rocky hill, stretch the remains of a once mighty town and citadel, built, as story loves to repeat, by a race of giants, the Kyklopes. Placing myth aside however, these walls represent a civilization that flourished here in comparatively modern times. They are not older than four or five hundred years before Christ. But by the recent German researches, it has

been proven that cities existed on this island in the remote ages when the "Mykenlanders" lorded it over Greece. In literature we possess venerable mention of this country, if the Homeric names of "Akte Epeirou," or, as others think, that of "Doulichion" are ancient appellations of this island or portions of it. Professor Dörpfeld, one of the foremost of archaeologists, has suspected that Levkas is the country which Homer describes under the name of "Ithaka," a supposition which if possibly true, can never be proven. At any rate, it is perhaps with the history of the heroic age in which the Trojan War was fought that this land first makes itself known in literature to posterity.

Levkas is quite small, its area being something less than one hundred square miles. Physically it has the peculiarity of having been more than once not as it now is, an island, but a peninsular projection, an "akte epeirou," of Akarnania. Its successive changes from promontory to island and from island to promontory are explained by the fact that the narrow strait which separates Levkas from Akarnania has the habit of silting up with sand that keeps forever rolling down into it from the hills on either side. There is no tide or other regular current to wash the channel clear again. Twice does history record the renewal of the channel artificially in the ages before the birth of Christ. And in our own days the work has been done again.

In the sixth century before Christ, Dorian colonists from the rich and enterprising city of Korinth, sent out by the famous prince Kypselos, came into Levkas and established themselves as merchants and artisans.

Through their superior activity, commercial intelligence, and bravery, they soon became masters of the island, and reduced the older inhabitants to a state of subjugation. They were the first who were known to have cut the island loose from the mainland. They opened a channel deep enough for their largest ships of commerce, and thus made it possible to communicate by water with Korinth and the other important cities of Greece without having to trust their ships to the storms that rage in the open Ionian Sea along the west coast of Levkas. They built a new city close to the new-cut waterway, or at least extended Nerikos, the city of the aborigines, from its citadel heights down to the water front. The name of Levkas was brought to the island and to its new city by these Dorian settlers. With them does the name first appear in documentary history. Why they called the island so, and what the meaning of the name may be we do not surely know.

This colonial town, founded more than twenty-five hundred years ago, makes its last appearance in ancient history in the year 197 before Christ, when it gloriously withstood a protracted siege, keeping at bay a well-equipped army of Roman soldiers, until, as Livy relates, some Italian exiles that resided in the city treacherously opened an entrance for their besieging countrymen. Careful and repeated examination of the site of this ancient Dorian colony of Levkas revealed to me nothing of the old city save a portion of its walls, together with substructures and architectural fragments of buildings erected after the city had become a Roman possession. My examinations, how-

ever, were necessarily not thorough. German archaeologists have since my visit carefully examined all the ruins on the island. Even the cemeteries have kept but scant and unsatisfactory account of these busy merchants of yore. For the few epigraphs still to be easily found commemorate not the old Korinthian settlers but their successors, native and adventitious, who lived here under Roman sway after the year 197 before Christ. Among these sepulchral inscriptions are some which contain Latin names. None of the stones are such as would indicate that the individuals buried near them were of high rank. Still many a celebrated Roman visited Levkas, and possibly not a few distinguished exiles, or others who found it necessary to live at a distance from the eternal city, may have taken up their permanent abode here.

After the Roman Italians became a people of culture and lovers of tradition, the scholars and poets of Italy loved to seize every clue which tended to show truly or speciously that their nation was closely connected in tradition and fame with the historic east. An illustration is furnished us here. For in Levkas just outside the walls of the town there stood in classic days a fine Doric temple sacred to "Aphrodite Æneias." And many a famous Roman, including Cicero, proudly visited this shrine, because their poets and historians informed them that this temple had been built by the mythological founder of Latin nobility, Æneas, the son of Anchises. Livy narrates that Æneas in his long flight to Rome from the lost city of Troy was obliged to make a pilgrimage to Dodona in Epeiros in order to discover his future fate by consulting the oracle of

Zeus, who there had a most sacred place of prophecy. On his way to Dodona, Æneas passed through Levkas and tarried long enough to erect this shrine to his mother, the goddess Aphrodite.

The modern town is situated a few minutes' walk northwest from the site of the ancient Doric city and citadel. From this modern town one can look across the bay to the promontory of Aktion, in former ages famous for its temple of Apollon, but forever to be famous because here in the year 31 before Christ the fate of the Roman empire and of the world was decided in the well-known naval battle where the young Octavian won for himself the irrevocable authority of emperor and the title of Augustus, by defeating the fleets of Antony and his Hellenic ally, Kleopatra. A little farther to the north glitter under the sun the white houses and dirty barracks of the Turkish town of Preveza. It is the modern successor of old Nikopolis, "the city of victory," which this same proud emperor built from the spoils of the neighboring Hellenic cities, including Levkas, as an everlasting monument to his stupendous good fortune. But the inroads of Goths and Vandals and Bulgarians, followed by the microbes of malarial fevers, have been more powerful than the mighty will of Augustus, and the well-built walls and edifices of Nikopolis now stand deserted, ruined, and haunted in the marshes west of Preveza.

On the island of Levkas, besides the modern town, there are several prosperous villages; but none of them can boast of ancient age. The present capital now bears the same name as the island itself, but when first founded it was called Santa Maura. It is not

even the oldest of the modern settlements. At its beginning in the year 1445, it was simply a group of fishermens' huts. It then took its name of Santa Maura in honor of the virgin saint who was patroness of the Venetian fort which commands the entrance to the harbor. It has also been called "Hamaxike" or "wagon-town," since it and its suburbs are the only portions of the island sufficiently non-mountainous to admit the use of vehicles drawn by horses. These two names of Santa Maura and Hamaxike are still in popular use, especially the former; although the name employed in official documents is always "Levkas."

No one thinks of Levkas without associating therewith the name and fame of the most renowned poetess of all antiquity, and perhaps of all time. As has been expressed by one of her most devoted admirers and at the same time most competent critics, the late Byzantios of Triest, "while she ranks not so high as a specimen of woman noble and true, yet she stands on the very pinnacle of fame as a singer of love sublime."

Toward the south, the island of Levkas ends in a long promontory of light-colored stone, extending out into the sea in the direction of Ithaka. The west side of this promontory is almost perpendicular, rising to the height of about one hundred and ninety feet above the water. It is on this rock that tradition locates the spot from which Sappho flung herself into the sea. In geography the promontory is called Levkata, or White Rock, but in the language of the natives it is known as "Sappho's Leap." The story of her death is well known but is always misinterpreted. Following By-

zantios, it may merely be remarked that this myth was created by such of her unhistoric admirers as instinctively felt that the woman who had so wonderfully described the mysterious phenomenon of love, and had herself raved under the tortures of Eros was doomed not to die after the manner of ordinary women wrinkled with old age or robbed of her beauty by sickness, but that her fervid and restless life should be fitly closed by a mysterious and extraordinary death. However, the original form of the myth did not at all teach that by leaping into the waves of Levkata Sappho sought to die, but rather that she hoped to rise again from the dripping foam cured of her affection for Phaon.

It is said that the prehistoric Levkadians, like the Jews and other primitive peoples, believed in the efficacy of vicarious atonement. But more inhuman than the Jews of Moses' time, who heaped all the sins of the people on an unfortunate goat, destined to be driven away and compelled to wander off with his load of others' crimes upon him, these men of Levkas chose a human victim. This fated man they selected from among those convicted of crime. If the story has any truth in it, they used cruelly to hurl these vicarious atoners from the top of Levkata into the sea, ages before the story about the Lesbian poetess made the place more romantically famous. The friends of the condemned victim had the privilege of trying to diminish the rapidity and fatality of his fall by fastening artificial wings upon him, and by tying doves and other birds to him. If he escaped death in his plunge,

his friends in boats below rescued him and he was allowed to live.

Sappho was not a native of this island. The myth locates here not her life as a poetess but merely her death as a victim. As a matter of fact, however, it is probable that she never visited this promontory of Levkata at all, but died in her own native land of Lesbos.

One has to descend to modern times in order to hear the words of song again associated with Levkas, but is rewarded by finding that the island has become the home and nourishing-place of new-born poetry, and not merely the storied scene of a romantic poet's death. Two excellent modern writers of lyric verses were natives of Levkas. These are Zampelios and Balaorites, men of high rank among the poets of modern Greece, poets who have the privilege and ability of composing their verses in the language of the gods—the language of Sappho and Pindar and Homer.

Zampelios, who died in 1856, was in sentiment an intense patriot in the cause of Greek independence, and at the beginning of the present century was even a member of the well-known Philike Hetæria. He wrote poetry of a kind suited to express his hopes and to awaken and comfort the patriotic aspirations of the oppressed rajahs of the Turkish empire. He wrote chiefly dramas. Among these are *Marko Botsares*, *George Kastriot*, and *Diakos*, the titles of which sufficiently indicate the patriotic nature of the compositions.

His fellow-townsmen Balaorites, though born in Levkas, was descended from a family whose original

home was in a wild town of continental Greece. The family came as refugees from Turkish power into Levkas, in the sixteenth century, when Levkas was a Venetian possession. The Venetian government allotted to these exiles certain tracts of land which the survivors of the family still retain. The Venetian government even recognized the family as "noble," and since 1702 the Balaorites were recorded in the "golden book" of Venetian aristocracy. But the poet was not merely a gilded aristocrat. He was an intense lover and admirer of the simple peasants of the country districts of Levkas, and spent much of his time among them, collecting their traditions, their folk-lore, and songs, and studying their rugged language. His poems, mostly lyric, break forth in praise of the wild and uneasy life of this class of people here and in the neighboring mainland, especially during the days of servitude. His poems are worthy of his struggling country whose woes and virtues and follies he sings. It would indeed be praiseworthy in his countrymen to honor his memory visibly as emphatically as they do in their hearts by erecting a suitable monument to him either in Levkas or in the little sland of Maduri, where he used to spend much of his time. His grave in the old and abandoned cemetery behind the church of the Pantokrator is marked by a plain marble slab with no other information than the date of his birth and death.

Levkas, after having been successively independent, subject to the West, and subject to Byzantion, became, like its sister islands of the Ionian group, a Venetian possession in the thirteenth century, and remained now

Venetian now Turkish down to the year 1797. Then it was rapidly shuffled from master to master, until finally in 1815, it came under English control. So did it remain until 1864, when the Ionian Islands all became a portion of the kingdom of Greece.

During the Greek war for independence, Levkas, being under the comparatively humane government of England, served, as well as the other islands, as a place of refuge for many a hounded patriot from the swamps of Bonitsa or the mountain gorges of Evrytania, for whose head some Pasha had promised money and favor.

But even before the coming of the English, Levkas was, under the Venetians, a haven of safety. Many, like the Valaorites, came and abode here permanently. Others, however, much more numerous used temporarily to cross over the narrow separating straits, remain under cover while their pursuers were near, and return to the fastnesses of the Agraphiot mountains and Akarnanian marshes when the pursuers withdrew to a convenient distance. This ease which Levkas afforded to the klephts, more than once enraged the Pashas of the mainland. And in 1807, the infamous Ali, Pasha of Ioannina, whom Byron so often mentioned, determined to capture and destroy the city. With an army of five thousand Albanian savages, on horseback, lured hither by Ali's promise that the wealth and women of the Levkadians would be divided among them, Ali came to the ford. But seeing that the inhabitants had been advised of the raid, and under the leadership of a young Kerkyræan, John Kapodistrias, who later had the honor of being the

first president of free Greece, had put themselves into position for successful defense, he withdrew.

The entrance to the modern town from the sea was protected in Venetian times by what was then a formidable fort—*la fortezza di Santa Maura*. It still stands, but today is useless as a defense. It serves simply as a storehouse for material of war, and as barracks for the small company of soldiers stationed on the island. It is built on a rocky shoal in the shallow waters north of the town, and is joined to the town by a road built through the water, half a mile in length. In this fort the local Venetian government used to stay, and from here the Queen of the Adriatic ruled this island. It was not the policy of Venice to come into close and unrestricted familiar contact with the peoples over which she had control.

This modern town of Santa Maura, or Levkas, is a peculiar one. Perhaps of all the Ionian towns it is one of the most prosperous, although from its unpretentious squatty appearance one might suspect the opposite. The island lies in the earthquake region and often suffers seriously thereby. Damage from earthquakes is greatest in places where the soil beneath the buildings is not solid, as is the case with the town of Levkas. Most of the houses are built not upon hard soil or rock but upon a sandy earth formed by deposit from the surrounding mountains, or created artificially by filling up a portion of the shallow bay. For this reason even a slight shaking of the earth affects the houses here, and for the sake of security it has been found necessary to use two precautions, first to build the houses low, and secondly to use stone for the lower

story only. Accordingly in the entire town there are not a dozen houses higher than two stories, while at least one-third of all the houses are only one story high. Of the houses that have two or more floors, the stories above the first are always built of wood. And since neither wood nor carpentry is of the best quality, and paint is rarely used, lime colors however occasionally being resorted to, the crooked rows of houses, ranged along the narrow streets, present a shaggy appearance, and the casual observer might think that they would not resist much of a shaking. My American fellow-traveler who roomed with me in one of these *sui generis* houses, had been sincerely wishing to experience here a classic but gentle earthquake. The quake came one morning before the professor had said his morning prayers, and the untimeliness of the visit of Poseidon, together with the peculiar rubbing sound of the moving brick tiles on the roof over his head probably caused him to desire no continued acquaintance with the earth-shaking god. These anti-seismic houses were first built here by the practical English. And the sensible mode, once set, has ever since sensibly been followed.

But wooden architecture does not easily adapt itself to Hellenic styles. And on this account the antiseismic style of architecture so commonly adopted in Levkas has not yet found favor in Zakynthos and other places equally subject to serious earthquakes. There are even here in Levkas a few houses where, instead of using wood, attempt to withstand the shocks has been made by building the walls of heavy and well-hewn stone. This plan was adopted by the "resident," who,

under the English protectorate, represented the government. He undertook to erect an imposing temple to the patron saint of the island, Santa Maura. In the outskirts of the olive grove east of the city he determined to build a cathedral sacred to her. The work began. But the idea only half pleased the native Levkadians, who began to dislike the fact that a "heterodox" Christian should have the honor of erecting the proudest church in the city, and to their special patron. Moreover the "resident," in place of having new stone quarried out of the mountain side for this structure, found it easier simply to appropriate the colossal stones from the fallen walls of the ancient city. This "profanation of antiquity" occasioned tumults and riots. The work was interrupted, and the building remains and will remain an uncompleted conception. And every Levkadian as he passes by remembers the text, "this man began to build, but could not finish."

The Levkadian of today is an industrious and quiet man. He never stays out late at night, unless he be of the "higher class." Then he is accustomed to devote the evening to social pleasures, especially during the "opera" season, and at carnival time. Otherwise he enjoys no more violent amusement than a cup of Turkish coffee and a cigarette in mid-afternoon, or after supper in the evening. If he has sufficient leisure, he invariably takes an hour's gentle walk every afternoon at five or six o'clock. And this walk, in winter time, if the colder season here can be called by the name of winter, almost invariably brings him through the magnificent olive groves that surround

the town, to a café of great local renown, Kouzoundeli. In summer he strolls down along the road which leads through the sea to the old Venetian fort, to be cooled by the evening breeze which unfailingly at four o'clock every afternoon begins to blow from across the Mediterranean, and to enjoy the view of the sea and mountains and setting sun.

At Kouzoundeli he sits for half an hour with one or two friends and discusses politics, like a true Greek condemning everything without however expressing or even possessing an opinion of his own on the matter under discussion. During this quiet debate he drinks an enormous glass of water and the above-mentioned tiny cup of coffee. The water is from a special well, to which the Café Kouzoundeli owes its fame and success. A true oriental in this respect, he regards water as the most glorious of all beverages—indeed it is in the East often the scarcest. On Sunday afternoons and on feast-days, when the ladies of the town accompany their husbands and brothers in this stroll, the picture at Kouzoundeli is quite attractive.

A further word must be said about the olive groves here. The immense forest of olive trees, although not divided by fences or ditches or walls, is however not the possession of a single owner, but belongs by inheritance to a large number of individuals, each one of whom owns a certain number of trees. The life of an olive tree is practically everlasting. And just as land or other immovable property remains an inheritance in the same family for generations, so here in the East an olive tree or a well may be deeded down through centuries as a private possession without any reference

to the field in which the tree or well may be. Here in Levkas these olive trees date from the fifteenth century, and were planted in response to a circular which the Venetian government issued, giving a prize in money for every olive tree that anyone might plant, in any of the Ionian Islands. Besides the prize, the planter became the owner of the trees, and could sell them or bequeath them to others, independently of the land. He might under certain circumstances plant the trees in another man's field, or in lands belonging to the public domain. All the splendid groves in these islands are due to this interested patronage of the Venetian republic. Each tree in this extensive grove has the initials of its owner cut in the bark. As the custom of attaching dowries to marriageable daughters exists here, one may often hear that the dowry of some dark-eyed Penelope or Terpsichore consists of a certain number of olive trees. So inviolable is this tree-ownership, that over in Kephallenia, where the same custom exists, a case came to my attention where a single tree standing in the middle of a garden was owned by a person different from the proprietor of the land. The owner of the garden, after having long tried in vain to purchase the tree by offering an exorbitant price, resorted to the violent plan of burning the tree. When proven to have burned it, he was compelled to suffer a term of imprisonment, pay fines, remunerate the owner heavily, and he dare not now uproot the charred and blackened stump and trunk of the tree, which still stands in his garden, and makes him an object of the jokes of his neighbors.

The evening stroll in summer time is, as has been

said, down along the road which connects the town and the fort. Parallel with this road the shallow sea has been deepened into a good canal about one hundred feet wide. At the extreme end of the road, near the fort, are located cafés, and bathing-houses. Many who do not wish to walk so far, choose to be carried up and down in little barks which, with the zephyr from across the Adriatic, shoot along propelled by one large sail, and guided straight as an arrow by the easy skill of these best and surest of boaters. From the fort they look across the Adriatic at the setting sun, than which in all his life the writer saw but one more glorious—in the Bay of Kerkyra. To the north they see, behind Preveza and the Gulf of Arta, the rugged tops of the mountains of Epeiros, and to the east the hills of Akarnania and the outshoots of lofty Pindos. Nor are the mountains of Levkas herself, rising south of the city behind the olive groves, less beautiful with their darker hues, caused by the shrubbery that grows on them.

Over toward the northwest, like a blue bubble on the blue sea, is the larger of the two islands of Paxos, a sweet and quiet place worthy of a visit from anyone who wishes to see what real seclusion is. It was while sailing in the waters between Levkas and Paxos that a certain crew of sailors heard the wonderful voice calling out at the moment at which Christ expired on the cross, announcing that Pan, the Universal God, had died. Plutarch tells the story in his *de Defectu Oraculorum*, and Elizabeth Barrett Browning has put it into song:

'Twas the hour when One in Sion
Hung for love's sake on the Cross,
When his brow was chill with dying,
And his soul was faint with loss,
When his priestly blood dropped downward
And his kingly eyes looked throneward—
Then Pan was dead.

Levkas is quite a productive island, not so much, however, on account of the suitability of the soil as of the industry of the peasants. The chief products sent off to outside markets are wine and olive oil. The wine is dark, and is so full of color that one could easily write with it. Perhaps few other wines in all the markets of the world are dark to such a degree as is this. It is sent to northern Italy, and sometimes to France, to be used there in giving color to other wines. It would command a high price in the markets were it not that the natives, not knowing how to preserve it otherwise, put gypsum into it, which injures it seriously. It is sold here by the producers for the incomprehensibly low price of about two pennies a gallon, and is retailed in the wine shops of the town at the price of two glasses for a penny. The peasants bring it into town in sacks made of skins, two sacks being strapped to the sides of the wooden saddle on a donkey, which trudges along as lazily as possible with his load of purple nectar.

The Levkadians, though now a well-behaved people, have in the past been sufficiently wicked and sufficiently dangerous. In the last century when piracy still flourished in this part of the world, the island of Levkas was one of the places where the vessels of the pirates used often to hide, and many a

friend did these pirates have among the inhabitants of the smaller villages of the island. Today of course this is merely past and pleasant history. The old pirates' ships are now, however, in a measure represented by the cunning little craft that succeed in eluding the government patrol boats, and landing cargoes of contraband goods from Turkey and elsewhere. Duty on all imports is extremely high, and the daring adventurer who succeeds in occasionally bringing in a boatload of sugar or coffee or other necessary commodity, can live comfortably on his gains. And the numerous small bays around the island, together with its nearness to the Turkish frontier and the Turkish ports of Parga and Preveza, make this running past the patrol not so extremely difficult. This contraband practice is not regarded as a matter of dishonesty here. The government, for reasons that cannot be briefly explained, instead of collecting its customs itself, sometimes sells this privilege to the highest bidder. Accordingly the common feeling of the simple but yet wily inhabitant who deals in contraband articles is, not that he is cheating his country, but merely outwitting those who set about robbing him. Even one of the most respected citizens of the island, a venerable clergyman, thinks it no sin periodically to cross over to Preveza, the Turkish frontier town, and bring back under the concealing folds of his ample cloak supplies of coffee and sugar and cigars—these last for his friends—and when he wishes to give a modest dinner to a few guests, under his cassock he bravely imports live chickens and other contraband articles just as wonderfully concealed. And no Lev-

kadian who knows of his skilfulness blames him for it.

In the last short war between Turkey and Greece, in 1897, Levkas was not wanting in patriotism. But unarmed peasant patriotism, how brave soever it be, cannot stand against Krupp guns and Mauser rifles. The few untrained Levkadian volunteers who stationed themselves on the promontory of Aktion were absolutely of no use, but yet deserve not to be forgotten. The school boys who dragged a cannon from Levkas to the earth works opposite Preveza have also earned the right of being remembered. Nor should I allow it to be forgotten that in this fiasco of a war Levkas had her phil-Hellene. For the first gun which here blazed across the line, boldly even if vainly flashing and roaring a hope of future freedom to the Christian slaves over in Epeiròs, was fired by an Irish student, Burke.

THE FLOWER OF THE EAST

"Zante, Zante, Fior di Levante."

Of all the Ionian Islands, Zakynthos has for centuries enjoyed the reputation of being the most beautiful. Poets and travelers have long known and praised it as the Flower of the East. But natural scenery is usually not attractive except when associated with the history and acts of man. So it is with Zakynthos, as with every nook and corner of Greece. Its beauty is magnified by the long history of the nations who have from time to time dwelt in its vales and on its hills.

Zakynthos never ceased, from prehistoric times down to today, to be a choice and frequented center of population. Although, like its sister Ionian Islands, it suffered frequently and severely from pirates and invaders, it never became desolate. This continual presence of inhabitants has made Zakynthos a fruitless field for the archaeologist and antiquarian. Few are the ancient walls, few the foundations of buildings destroyed centuries ago, few the inscriptions and works of ancient art that are here visible. It is chiefly abandonment and desolation that preserve to posterity the signs of the remote past. In human progress, civilized man continually busies himself with destroying the past in order to create something that is better, or at least more necessary to him in his new surroundings. But the very hills and valleys of Zakynthos

speak, for they are still instinct with the past life of the men who once trod across them.

Zakynthos is a small island, containing not more than 295 square miles of surface. The island is long and narrow, running from north to south. It lies but two hours distant by steamer from the west coast of the Peloponnesos of Greece, and in antediluvian times constituted a part of the mainland. It has been violently separated from the mainland by earthquake. In shape, the island consists simply of two rows of mountains, one along the east coast, and the other rising from the edge of the sea along the western shore, and between these two mountain chains is stretched out a beautiful basin of a valley, which has been formed by ages of soil washed down from the mountains that flank it on the east and on the west.

The western mountain range is much the more extensive, and fills almost one-half of the area of the entire island. The grandeur of these mountains is due not so much to their size, as to the fact that they rise almost from the edge of the water. The loftiest top of this imposing range is about 2,275 feet above the level of the Mediterranean.

While the hills of the western half of the island are grand and rough, those of the eastern range are soft and green. All, except the citadel-hill and a portion of Skopos which is the southmost peak, are cultivated with olive trees and vineyards, or at least are fit for cultivation. In the middle of this eastern range stands out the hill on which, from prehistoric times down to the beginning of the last century, stood the citadel of the city. The city itself, the capital of Zakynthos,

stands along the narrow shore between this citadel and the sea.

The plain that unites these two ranges of mountains is quite low and flat. In winter time I have seen a large portion of it flooded by the vehement rains which the African and Arabian winds gather from the Mediterranean and pour out in deluges on these islands. These floods come so regularly that the part of the island chiefly subject to inundation is honored by the name of "lake," and is usually not tilled in its entirety, as the waters do not dry off early enough for the beginning of cultivation in spring.

This central valley has a length of not more than eighteen or twenty miles, and in width is from eight to ten. Its fertility is most extraordinary. It is covered with vineyards of grapes and currants and other such luxuriant vegetation of winterless climes.

The quality and quantity of currents here produced have been so well known, especially in England, as to give the name to the entire species; and in trade, when small dried raisins are spoken of, they are frequently called by the name of "Zante currants," although they may be not at all from Zakynthos. The entire plain is dotted with white farmhouses and villas of the land-owners. The proprietors of these villas are for the most part descendants of the old Venetian aristocracy of the island, and live in the city, except in the summer time, when they move out to their cool and pretty villas.

Only by considering the richness of this plain can one understand how so small an island can support a population of about 45,000 inhabitants, without any

other considerable source of wealth save that which is connected with the produce of this valley.

On account of the lowness of the plain it is not in all respects free from malarial dangers, although serious fevers are very rare. The unpleasantness, however, of an occasional chill, together with the desire to keep away from earthquakes, has caused the farmers to live chiefly in villages situated on the slopes of the western range of mountains. As is easy to understand, earthquakes are most destructive where the soil is soft and liable to become easily unsettled, when Poseidon, the god of quakes, bestirs himself. A house built upon a rock will withstand a fearful earthquake before it falls, while one standing on sand or looser earth will be affected by a comparatively light shock. This seismic fact the natives of earthquake countries very soon learn from bitter experience. And therefore these Zakynthiac farmers build their villages like nests on the rocky slopes of the western mountains. Some eighteen or more of these beautiful white towns can be counted perched among the dark green sides of the slopes, and all within easy view from any one of the opposite heights of the eastern hills. These farmers, however, go down to the valley to live in summer time, in roughly built white houses standing among the vineyards.

It is hardly necessary to explain further why these farmers prefer to live huddled together into villages, instead of dwelling much more comfortably in isolated farmhouses, at a distance from each other, as the farmers often do in America. Along with the other reasons that elsewhere induce men to prefer to live

in villages rather than among the fields must be added that of personal safety, when it is a question of such places as Zakynthos. For in past centuries Zakynthos owing to its flourishing condition and its wealth was open to continual attacks of sea-robbers, and the farmers, if they did not live protected by grouping themselves together, would have been always in danger.

As one comes into Zakynthos from the sea, the city opens out before him in the shape of a long half-moon, of orange-colored houses, against a background of green hills. In the middle rises the bold Venetian citadel. It is an enchanting picture. But perhaps even more than by this fairy view of the city the eyes are caught and held by the stately mountain Skopos which stands off to the left, and whose sloping ascents begin just beyond the small river south of the modern city, which served three thousand years ago as a harbor for Phœnikian traders.

To visit the top of this strange hill not more than a good half-day is required, if the tourist is able to stand some fatigue. The summit may be reached by donkey, with the exception of the last few minutes' journey which must be made on foot.

On the top is a monastery. In Greek countries no prominent mountain top remains unconsecrated to some saint or to some attribute of the Deity. This top of Skopos is sacred to the Panaghia, the Blessed Virgin, under the special appellation of the "Panaghia Skopiotissa." The monastery is located on a small plateau almost at the summit of the mountain, at a height of about 1,365 feet. Just east of it rises to the height of ninety feet, like a colossal tower, a mass of

gypsum stone which from its shape is called "the Tourla," or "the tower," and which from a distance, especially from the sea, seems to every stranger to be really a colossal watch-tower built by the fabulous giants of the past.

The past history of Zakynthos is so obscure that we cannot discover with certainty what name this remarkable hill bore in olden days. Its present name of "Skopos," which simply means "the Lookout," comes from the peculiar shape of the Tourla or tower-like column of gypsum on its top. Pliny the Roman writer refers to a mount Elatos, or the "Mount of the Pines," in Zakynthos, and many think that he meant this hill of Skopos.

The monastery of the Panaghia Skopiotissa has an interesting history, if not a very useful one. But now the monastery and its surroundings are merely a private piece of property. The old cells are deserted, and the long-bearded monks of St. Basil chant here no more the wonderful "salutations" to the Virgin patron. The government long ago took the property unto itself, and presented it to a friend, a count Logothetes, who now owns it and its tradition. The wonder-working Madonna picture now adorns one of the city churches. And the beautiful Byzantine chapel on the summit is crumbling to ruins. One strange fact which immediately is observed by everyone who visits this old church is that, side by side, there are located in it a "holy table" of the eastern church of Constantinople, and a consecrated "altar" of the Latinists of Rome. Here under the same dome the two religions which elsewhere employed their heavenly powers in condemning

each other, peaceably offered worship to the same God side by side, one in the Latin of the western Fathers, and the other in the Greek of Chrysostom and Basil. This fraternal worship actually used to take place on this secluded hilltop, as it did in other parts of the Ionian Islands, for ages, while the devotees of the two persuasions tore at each other's souls in more civilized countries.

Just above the door of the monastery is a stone on which is recorded a mediaeval inscription, which the most eminent of epigraphists, the German academician Bœckh, did not hesitate to transcribe into his mighty tomes. This inscription reads that "envy brings destruction upon itself by its own weapons." One might think that it referred to the general disposition of the two ancient Christian churches to each other, and to the spirit of mutual toleration which prevailed between the eastern monks here who grouped themselves around the Holy Table and the western *frati* who worshiped at the altar. But popular tradition has kept a different interpretation of the inscription. The tradition states that there once existed on the slopes of Skopos two villages, between which there arose a feud, which ended in each village completely destroying the other. As a matter of fact, the inscription is probably a formula for averting the fascination of the "Evil Eye."

A good portion of the mountain is made up of gypsum. And high on the sides of the ascent are spread here and there glittering white patches of this gypsum, inlaid as it were in the other darker stone of the mountain. These patches when seen from afar

seem to be white linen spread out in the sun to dry. And popular story has produced a beautiful legend, which a sweet singer of Zakynthos, Stephanos Martzokes, has put into a short poem called "*ta aspra pania tou Skopou*" or "the white linens of the Skopos." The story describes how on the vigil of St. John's feast a rash woman dared to break the holiness of the day by spreading out her fresh-washed linens on the rocks. But the saint, with a certain amount of spite, angered at her impious disregard for his feast, walked about and pointed his finger at the linens, which thereupon immediately cleaved to the rocks, and ever since have remained stuck to them. Every year, when the saint's feast recurs, the unfortunate sinner of a washer-woman rises from her grave and pounds all night with her washing-paddle, punished like a Tantalos or Sisyphos of old, to atone if possible for her sin; and the women of the surrounding country, when they imagine that they hear the strokes of the paddle, shudder and cross themselves to avert a similar folly from their intentions.

The large plain that lies between the eastern and the western hills is, as has been said, filled with alluvial soil, washed down from the mountains. How deep this soil is has not yet been determined. And how the soil beneath the alluvial has been formed is also yet undetermined. However, it is clear that the island has not come into existence independently of volcanic action. Along the coast of Zakynthos can be found at all times small pieces of pumice stone evidently thrown out from some volcanic opening. But like stones are found also along other coasts of Greece, and

do not necessarily indicate that active volcanic eruptions are now taking place in any near locality. But, however, numbers of such stones found during the earthquakes that desolated the island in 1893, and observed to be glazed by recent action of fire, make it probable that under Zakynthos, or in the sea not far from the island, the old god of earthquakes is still busy, and keeps his fires hot.

On the south coast of the island is a semicircular bay, which the best geologist of Greece, Metsopoulos, basing his opinion on information furnished to him by the local scholar and geologist De Biasi, declares to be the sunken crater of a volcano, which has not yet become extinct.

Apart from the many and violent earthquakes that periodically pay their fiendish visits to Zakynthos, the other signs of the presence of volcanic fires beneath the surface of the island are the gases that sometimes are seen to bubble out of the water in the bay of Keri.

But the best-known natural phenomenon of Zakynthos is that of the wells of pitch. These wells are likewise thought to be an indication of volcanic activity. No stranger visits Zakynthos without driving to these curious and historic wells.

They are historic because Herodotos, writing twenty-four hundred years ago, described them, and mentioned the uses made of the pitch gathered from them. His description is in general as accurate for today as it was for the time of Herodotos. He describes how the pitch was collected by tying a bunch of myrtle branches to the end of a pole, and dipping them into the wells. The pitch thus collected was put into

jars and used for different purposes, among others for caulking the seams of ships.

The wells at present are not more than three feet deep. They are filled with fresh water which rises from the earth and flows off in streams. There are a number of such wells, but only two or three are easily approachable, on account of the swampy nature of the surrounding land. The water has a strong taste of petroleum. The pitch rises out of the earth along with the water, and deposits itself in the bottom of the wells. The guides dip it out with bunches of leaves tied, as Herodotos has described, to the end of a short pole. They set fire to it for the benefit of the visitor. It seems that at present it is not collected except in small quantities and is not an article of commerce. The entire surrounding marshy land is covered with the black pitch.

The history of Zakynthos is a varied and absorbing one. Whence came the first inhabitants is difficult to say. It is recorded in the old myths that the first colonists were emigrants from the Peloponnesos of Greece, Arkadians, who were afterward succeeded by other Peloponnesians, from Achaia. But the only certain fact is merely that the original inhabitants were Greeks. The island remained independent until the year 91 before Christ, when it became a Roman possession. It is frequently mentioned by ancient writers, but never at length. Zakynthos enjoyed a life of tranquillity and prosperity under the Romans until the time of the invasions of the northern barbarians into the Roman kingdom. With the coming of the Vandals in 466, began days of trial for the island. From that

time its fertility and riches made it a continual prey to all kinds of invaders and robbers. But nevertheless it passed through all these dangers and devastations and continued to flourish. Under the Venetians who possessed it for centuries, it enjoyed comparative tranquillity.

An incident connected with its history is that during the discussions which preceded the celebrated treaty of Campo Formio, by which Napoleon secured to France the fruits of his victories in northern Italy, he proposed that Zakynthos should become the property of the duke of Modena. Napoleon, when it was suggested that some remuneration should be given to the duke who was destined to lose his possessions for the benefit of Napoleon and France, wrote to the Directory, which then administered in Paris the affairs of the republic, saying that to remunerate the duke of Modena was a difficult affair, unless the island of Zakynthos be given to him, and the duke accept. This suggestion of Napoleon, however, was not carried out. Zakynthos instead of being presented to the Italian nobleman, partook of the fate of the other Ionian Islands, and became for a short period a French possession.

The Venetians have here as in the other islands left enduring reminders of their four hundred years of domination. To the superficial gaze of the tourist, the most striking Venetian remain is the strong and spacious fort on the hill of the citadel, west of the modern city, and connected with the city by old Venetian zig-zag ascending streets, paved with cobble-stones. A more circuitous modern carriage road also leads up to

the fort. But the Venetian fort, in its day impregnable, is now tumbling to pieces, and in two or three generations its mighty walls will be a thing of the past. Earthquakes and the rain of centuries have eaten off a good corner of the hill, and have begun to undermine the walls. The hill is of pliocene clay, and not of stone. This destruction by the forces of nature have been so strong as to render useless one of the entrance gates to the citadel, and accordingly this fine gate was long ago walled up. It looked toward the southeast, while the present entrance is at the north. The closed gate is still recognizable, with the names in Latin of the doge of Venice and his representatives in the Orient, when the gate was first opened, in 1646.

Inside the fort there are but few remains of classical antiquity. With the exception of two or three pieces of sculptured fragments of architecture, one from the entablature of a Doric temple, and the other a drum from an Ionic or Korinthiac column, there is little to show that the civilization of ancient Hellas once held sway here.

I copied a few broken inscriptions that showed where rest the bones of the bishops who represented the Church of Rome in this island. The Catholics once possessed at least two large churches within the walls of the citadel. One of them, the cathedral, still can be seen in its ruins, and the paintings still can be traced on the curved walls of the apse. Just below the gate to the citadel is another ancient church, which was rent into dangerous ruins by the earthquake of 1893. I may have been the first to enter it since the earthquake. There are also ruins of the old Byzantine

cathedral, and other churches of the Greek rite. On the walls of the Byzantine cathedral near the entrance to the sanctuary is still to be read an inscription of a citizen of the year 1562, who, as an accompaniment to the offering he had placed in the church, wrote his gratitude for some favor, in the words "*deo et patriae omnia debeo.*" While the grateful thanks of this reverent patriot are still witnessed to by the inscription, his own name is not known, since he wrote it only in abbreviation.

Among the Venetian families that lived in the citadel in Venetian times, one of the prominent ones was that of the Pozzo di Borgo. This family has rendered many services to state and church. Some years ago a survivor of the family, a citizen of France, and a member of the Chamber of Deputies, sent to Zakynthos one of the keepers of the public archives of Venice, to find the old graves of the Pozzo di Borgo family, and erect a new monument to them. Through the archaeological skill of De Biasi, the graves were found beneath the ruins of the monastery of Saint Francis within the old fort. They were opened, and the remains were transferred to the modern Greek cemetery, and the new site was marked by a marble monument brought from Paris. The monastery of St. Francis no longer exists. In the middle of the space where once stood the church of the monastery flourishes the largest fig-tree of Greece. Its trunk measures about eleven feet in circumference. Under the shade of this tree the remains of the Pozzo di Borgo were found.

The Venetians, being like all Italians of their day

admirers of art, brought and propagated that instinct wherever they went. Of all the islands of the Adriatic, Zakynthos possesses most works of modern art, especially paintings. A few pictures even older than Venetian influence are to be seen here. One of these old pictures is regarded as a valuable treasure. It is an ikon representing the Panaghia, and bears an inscription which however is of disputed authority, stating that the ikon was painted in the year 840, by a painter named Panisalkos. This antique ikon is preserved in the church of the Chrysopege. According to the custom in the East, it is covered with a sheet of gold, so that only the face of the Panaghia, which is allowed to remain uncovered, can be seen.

Another ikon equally curious, if not so ancient, is kept in the church of the Phaneromene, in the modern town. As its style of art clearly indicates, it was painted in Krete. But the remarkable fact is that it bears great similarity to the famous miraculous picture kept in the church of the Redemptorists in Rome and venerated under the name of "the Mother of Perpetual Help." This ikon has historical value, for it is inscribed with the name of the painter, Emmanouel Zannes. Moreover it bears a date, the year 1641. The church of the Phaneromene, in which hangs this ikon, is a fine specimen of later ecclesiastical architecture. It is a church of the eastern rite, built in the form of a basilica. The entire ceiling, and the upper part of the walls are decorated with magnificent paintings representing scenes from the Old and New Testament. Among these frescoes are the twenty-four prophets of the Old Law, painted by

Plakotos. Plakotos studied in Venice, and his style is Venetian.

In the church of Saint Dionysios the patron of the island there is a painting representing a popular religious procession, as it used to take place under the Venetians. It is by a celebrated Zakynthian artist Doxaras, and shows the peculiar and picturesque dresses of the three classes of citizens in Venetian times.

This patron of Zakynthos was, like many of the saints, peculiar in his history and fortunes. Although canonized in the eastern church he was a Frenchman by descent. By birth, however, he was a Zakynthian. He was a bishop, but was never at peace with other ecclesiastics, and being without a see was buffeted about from place to place. He spent many years of his episcopal life living as a simple monk, as abbot of the Anaphonetria monastery in the mountains of the western part of the island. The monastery is now, like that of the Skopiotissa, the property of a private family. Shortly after his death he was proven to be a saint, a fact perhaps not grateful to those who were inimical to him while he lived. For the past two hundred years no Zakynthian doubts the sanctity and the power of Saint Dionysios. A rascal might easily forswear God, but not the patron of Zakynthos. His remains are kept in a church sacred to him, in a magnificent casket of silver and gold and precious jewels.

On the occasion of the saint's feast, his body is placed for veneration in a conspicuous part of the church, and then is carried in grand procession through the city. His fame is broader than the bounds of

Zakynthos. Often pilgrims come from a distance to receive some favor from him. Those who care for his church do not hesitate to profit from such confident faith. They positively are known sometimes to tell the worshiper who has come from beyond the seas, and who wishes to return home with the next steamer, that his visit to the shrine of the saint is untimely, as "the saint is out." Then they finally consent, softened by gifts given for the honor and glory of the saint, to say certain prayers to him, and he then returns to the church hastily as a special favor to the pious pilgrim. Then the priests open the shrine and show to the awed worshiper signs of fresh seaweed on the feet of the withered body, thus proving that the saint has just returned from a long journey over the water.

Since the beginning of the last century, Zakynthos has been one of the most prolific centers of literary activity in Greece. Its poets and scholars and writers have held respected rank among their colleagues of the East. They, like most of the writers of the Ionians, have been generally warm advocates of the popular dialects, that is, they believe that writers should always imitate the language spoken by the people instead of studying literary models. The opinion is a strange one, but nevertheless has found defenders even outside of Greece, among scholars who are unacquainted with the points at issue here. In this dialect-language, however, the Zakynthians have produced many a gem of literature, just as have those who have written in dialect elsewhere. The most reputed of all these Zakynthian poets that took the common speech as their medium, was Solomos. He was in his prime

when the war of the revolution broke out in Greece in 1821. Solomos, being a citizen of Zakynthos, was then by circumstances an "Englishman," but his soul went out in heroic songs to his kinsmen the Greeks who had determined to regain the freedom of their fathers. His most renowned poem is his "Hymn to Liberty," written in Zakynthiac dialect. It is regarded as one of the masterpieces of all literary war songs. All attempts to translate it into other languages have completely failed. An English translation of portions of it was made by an educated Zakynthian, Kanales, who lived for years in Boston, a friend of Longfellow's. But the song, in his translation, is not fit even for an advertisement. During the disturbances in Greece in 1897, this song was sung in America at various philo-Greek gatherings, in Kanares' or others' translations, and surely the effect never was to increase the enthusiasm in favor of the unfortunate Greeks. The kinship between literary and dialectic language is yet unknown. A masterpiece in the one kind can never be put into the other.

But perhaps even more than in Solomos, the Zakynthians can take pride in another of their poet children, the writer of the "Sepolcri," one of the masterpieces of Italian literature. Foscolo, however, was a Zakynthian not otherwise than by birth and early education. His higher training was received in Italy and he died in London. The house where he was born is one of the pious relics of the city of Zakynthos. But his grave is in Florence of Italy, in the great church of Santa Croce, whither his body was transferred by the Italians in 1871.

As has been said, Zakynthos offers but few attractions for the antiquarian who chiefly seeks remains of ancient monuments. The most interesting matter for the amateur in this line is the story about the tomb of the great Roman orator Cicero. Cicero is supposed to have been beheaded near Rome by order of Antony. Accordingly it is to be supposed that the body was buried in Italy. But in the year 1544, the Franciscan monks, to whom one of the churches of the city, Santa Maria delle Grazie, belonged, made excavations in order to lay the foundations of a new building for their monastery. In doing so, they found a tomb with an inscription commemorating Marcus Tullius Cicero and Terentia Antonia. Report of the discovery was first made in printed form in the year 1547 by a Dominican friar, in a treatise published in Venice. Several travelers later saw the tomb, and the ancient inscription. Chateaubriand was the last to mention it. Then the monument and its inscription disappeared, and no one knows what has become of it. It is not wrong to suspect that in some way or other the inscription was not genuine.

Another grave in Zakynthos possesses greater merit in veneration from mankind. Its site is unknown but it is in Zakynthos. It is that of the celebrated anatomist Andrew Vesalius, who for his discoveries and devotion to his art began to be suspected of being a magician, and was condemned by the Inquisition in Spain. Some narrate that he was obliged, to atone for his misdeeds, to make a pilgrimage to Jerusalem. Others say that the pilgrimage was one of pure desire

and not a penance. But at least, on his way back to Europe, the ship which carried him was thrown upon the rocks of Zakynthos, and his body was buried there.

KEPHALLENIA

Strong and strange recollections returned to me as our smutty little steamship the "Epeiros" glided into the fine bay of Argostolion in the island of Kephallenia. Kephallenia is now in almost daily communication by sea with Athens and Kerkyra. My Capuchin companion and I chose the route by Kerkyra, coming, as we were, from Sappho's island of Levkas. Kephallenia is distant only about twelve hours from Kerkyra, and therefore only about twenty-four hours from the nearest port of Europe, Brindisi.

During my stay of five months in Argostolion the only other travelers that manifested themselves were one life insurance agent from Triest, one salesman representing manufacturing firms of Vienna, a company of three geologists from the university of Parma, and one American clergyman from Maryland, for whose coming I was responsible, and who probably has not yet forgiven me. It need not be mentioned that this enumeration takes no account of the native travel and traffic between this island and other portions of the kingdom of Greece. The travelers here named were those from foreign countries.

Like the other Ionian Islands, Kephallenia has been a portion of the Greek kingdom since 1864. Its external history is indeed closely linked throughout all the ages with that of the other septinsular communities. But nevertheless Kephallenia has had a peculiar career of its own.

The name of the island is extremely old. No one can furnish an authentic interpretation of it; but it is certainly younger than the name "Kephallenes," by which the inhabitants are designated; for "Kephallenia" simply means the "land of the Kephallenes."

It is only of late years that there has appeared a hope of discovering the primeval history of the Kephallenes. Hitherto they were known to us only through the poems of Homer. Homer's picture of life is quite correct for his time. But his references to the Kephallenes are in the newest parts of the poems, and cannot describe a period earlier than the eighth century before Christ. A few years ago there were unearthed here tombs belonging to a race of men who had flourished and declined ages earlier than Homer. The culture which these men created and developed is known in archaeology as the civilization of the Mykenæan period. This period began at least two thousand years before Christ, and continued for about a thousand years. The civilization of the Mykenlanders is now known to investigators in many of its details. In some respects it is scarcely more difficult to describe in general outline the manner of life in those remote days than it is to narrate the life of our grandfathers. The unearthing of these ancient tombs is merely the beginning of archaeological research in Kephallenia. Future excavations and discoveries will reveal to us the extent and quality of this oldest phase of civilization in these islands.

Passing over the successive prehistoric, Mykenæan, and Homeric ages, we find that Kephallenia enjoyed an active and flourishing importance in the times of

the historian Thoukydides, in the fifth century before Christ. There then existed in Kephallenia four chief cities, which this historian designates not by the abstract names of the cities themselves, but by the ethnic name of the collection of the inhabitants, calling them the Palians, the Kranians, the Samians, and the Pronians. This fact is so much the more noteworthy because in Kephallenia the custom exists even till today, of naming the numerous villages from the chief group of families, or the clan, that inhabits it. In the time of Thoukydides Kephallenia was a free island, or rather there existed in it the above-named four separate and independent city-states. Of these cities nothing now remains visible save their decaying walls. One can stumble over jagged rocks and labor his way through briar bushes for hours amid these ruins without meeting anyone except an occasional shepherd or a stray peasant.

When the Ionian Islands, along with the rest of the Hellenic East, fell under Roman sway in the second century before Christ, Kephallenia, notwithstanding the tenacious bravery of its inhabitants, was unable to prove itself an exception. After having thus become a Latin possession, the entire island was given as a gift to Gaius Antonius, an exiled Roman. This rascal, who about the middle of the first century before Christ had to leave Rome for the benefit of that city, was not only allowed to dwell in Kephallenia, but also, as a gift from the Roman people, to own the island and its revenues and to exploit them as he wished. The manner in which he did exploit the Kephallenes would possibly have made him infa-

mous even if his other public acts were not taken into account. But he did not go unpunished. For Strabon, the ancient geographer, who has kept for us this bit of local story, adds that having obtained a repeal of the sentence of banishment against him, Gaius Antonius went back to Rome, only to be assassinated there by the henchmen of a more powerful demagogue.

After the miserable subjection of the four strong and powerful cities which once were so proud that they would not recognize even mutual dependence on each other, they rapidly crumbled into decay. In the vicinity of each one of them there sprang up a new town, more insignificant and more graceless than its arrogant predecessor, but perhaps just as proud. It is not pleasant to believe that the descendants of the great-souled Kephallenes of Homer ever became reconciled to their fate as subjects. Nevertheless a modern Ionian, Postolakkas, who made a collection and catalogue of the coins of this part of Greece, had in his possession a coin of the once powerful city of Krane, whose walls still astonish the archaeologist by their massive greatness—a coin of the time of the Emperor Augustus, which, instead of the old and beautiful head of Zevs that usually was in exergue on such coins, bears the portrait of a contemporary Roman noble, Gaius Proculus. But this act of adulation and humiliation may not have been voluntary on the part of the Kranians.

Some decades of years later, the island was again disposed of by its high owners as a simple gift, as we learn from Dion Kassios. This time the humiliation may not have been so oppressively cruel, but yet was

such as could be made only when there was question of a land of conquest. The emperor Hadrian presented it to his beloved city of Athens.

For a thousand years after this event, the Kephallenes lived so insignificantly that this life of theirs is not continuously recorded in the pages of history. We can only say that from the year 395 down to the year 1185, Kephallenia constituted a portion of a province of the great and curious mediaeval Roman empire of Byzantion. During this time plundering barbarians roved over many other parts of the domains of the empire, near Kephallenia. In 466, Geiserich the Vandal ravaged Zakynthos, which lies south within easy sight of Fort Saint George on one of the hills of Kephallenia; and in 522, the Ostrogoths plundered Kerkyra, which also lies so near that sometimes it can be seen from the top of Ænos, Kephallenia's loftiest mountain. It is hardly probable that with such destruction to the north of it and to the south, Kephallenia could have remained unscathed.

But at all events the island continued to possess a certain amount of strength. In the year 810, we find it fighting against the naval forces of Venice, which at that early age had already become the strongest power on the shores of the Adriatic. We cannot clearly learn why this struggle took place against the Venetians, nor do we know what was the outcome of it.

During these hidden centuries, Kephallenia surely did not always enjoy a life of peace. A brief notice tells us of an inroad of the Saracen pirates in the year 867, and another notice records a similar raid in

1032. Perhaps even settlements of Saracens were attempted on the island. There still exists an antique village on the eastern shore called "Sarakenika."

During all this period we have to accept the supposition that the people often suffered, that they were often decimated by raids of various enemies, and that frequently new supplies of inhabitants came over from the Epeiros and other parts of the mainland of Greece to occupy the lands left vacant by those who perished or were carried off into captivity by the successive bands of raiders. These immigrant inhabitants have also left traces in the topographical nomenclature of the island as well as in the language. Their history will be better known in the future.

The inroads already mentioned were chiefly from the north and east. To these were soon added others from the west. The western enemy was not transient, but came with the intention of making permanent conquest. The earliest of these western invaders were the Normans. After they had conquered Sicily and Southern Italy, Kephallenia did not escape their knightly greed. Their great leader, who conquered so much for them in Europe and who undertook to win for himself the ancient kingdom of Constantine the Great, came conquering into the waters of the Ionian. But the only lasting memory of him in Kephallenia is the name of the northern promontory of the island, near which this ambitious conqueror died, Cape Guiscard, or the Cape of the Wizard.

From the time of Robert Guiscard, Kephallenia remained almost continually in the hands of some western prince or other. Toward the end of the

fifteenth century, however, the Turks obtained and held the island for about twenty years. But on Christmas day of the year 1500, they withdrew forever, and the flag of Saint Mark of Venice was floated from the heights of the town and castle of Saint George. From that day down to 1797, Kephallenia belonged to the doges.

With the coming of the Venetians begins a period of abundant matter for the constructing of the later history of the island. The Venetians governed their possessions in the eastern sea by representatives who were obliged at regular intervals to present to the Venetian council detailed reports about the condition of the subject countries. Besides these reports which were forwarded to Venice, and are still preserved there, each island had its local archives, and the records in these archives have not been entirely destroyed. In Kephallenia there is preserved a great quantity of such documents, relating to events that happened between the year 1500 and the beginning of the last century. These valuable documents are now piled up in a damp room of the customs house, and their historic value has not even been suspected by the managers of the Greek government. The history of Kephallenia even for this period, although better studied than that of the other islands, is yet capable of the greatest improvement.

Under the rule of Venice the island prospered to a certain extent. It certainly would have prospered more were it not for the continual destructive feuds and clan enmities. These feuds took more threatening shape from about the middle of the seventeenth cen-

tury. From that time they kept the country in turmoil as long as the Venetian dominion lasted. The feuds were chiefly family affairs among the more powerful clan-leaders. The Venetian government never regarded these domestic feuds as serious. They rendered the islanders more surely unable to throw off her yoke. Only in 1760, when the whole island of Kephallenia seemed about to be deluged in a feudal war of annihilation, did Venice resort to drastic measures, and hanged two of the clan-leaders in front of the palace of the doge in Venice.

Even after the departure of Venetian rule the evil continued, under French and Russian government. Only when the more resolute and perhaps juster hand of England took the guidance of the islands was an end put to these feudal wars forever.

Since 1797 French and Russians and English dominated here successively. Of all these masters none but the Venetians and English left results hard to be effaced, lasting mementos of their domination. The Venetians left their stamp on the customs of the upper classes of the people, and on the common language. The nobles here as in Kerkyra had almost ceased to speak Greek. Italian was the language of their conversation and of their reading and writing. Reassertion, however, of the influence of the people at large has put an end to this degrading betrayal of what belongs to the life of the country of one's hearth. Not so with the mementos of English domination. The English handled the Kephallenians in a way not liable to make friends. Although England generally sided with the Venetian nobles against the people,

until she finally discovered the unprofitable injustice of doing so, yet she did not allow the nobles to act as they pleased. What made England become a benefactor to the Kephallenians forever was not only the destruction of feudal strife, but the material improvement of the island. Previously but few roads existed. England cut the best of roads in every direction. She built public establishments, founded a prosperous bank, and regulated the police service.

The road-system which the English protectors built on the island is the greatest and most lasting result of their domination. What a gigantic piece of labor it was to make these roads is apparent only when one sees by actual observation that most of the island is simply a bunch of rocky heights. The glory of planning and making these roads belongs to Sir Charles Napier and his engineer Kennedy. Napier was a man of humanity as well as of phil-Hellenic sentiments, and could not endure to see the peasant class of the island oppressed and wronged at every turn by the chieftains and their followers. The impassable quality of the wild island, through lack of roads connecting the various valleys, made it difficult for the government to interfere with the doings of the chieftains in their fastnesses. One of Napier's designs, when he opened roads in every direction, was not only to make an exit for the despised peasant to bring his fruit to market instead of giving it as a serf's gift to his landlord, but also to enable the government to reach the feudal chieftains in their strongholds. Besides, the mountains were full of refugees, who, having committed some crime or other, forsook the well-policed villages

and lived as banditti among the secure recesses of the rocks.

These refugees were practically above the power of the law. Both landlord and peasant found it advantageous and safer not to molest but rather to assist them. Often, however, these refugees were originally not real criminals, but men who could not pay their taxes and bribes to the petty authorities. Venetian rule had tended to destroy all respect for conscientious law by often punishing severely for technical and small offenses as well as for large and heinous crimes. This policy had made nearly all of the inhabitants of Kephallenia more or less criminal, in a technical sense. The idea of being a criminal brought with it no indelible shame. Accordingly real crime increased, especially crimes of violence. The archives of Venice contain a sober report sent to the government in the year 1776, in which it is stated that it would be difficult to find in the entire island one man who had not at least three times been punished in some way or other by law. This state of affairs Napier undertook to remedy by his roads, and his plan did not fail of good result.

One of the most interesting roads built by Napier leads from Argostolion, the capital town of the island, to the pine forests on the high slopes of Mount Ænos. Napier built the latter half of this road in order to bring the grand forest of pines within the reach of use and protection. The pine that grows on this mountain is sufficiently different from other varieties as to merit in botany a name of its own, being known as *abies Cephalonica* Loud. The forest begins on the

mountain slope at the height of about three thousand feet, and extends upward to about five thousand three hundred feet. As this mountain is the only one in the island that possesses large trees, it has from a distance a peculiar dark color which contrasts sharply with the lighter colors of the limestone island, and which occasioned the Venetian name of Monte Nero, or Black Mountain. Ænos is about 5,325 feet high. On account of its imposing appearance it was in remote antiquity sacred to Zevs. On the top of the mountain there was an altar dedicated to this deity. Travelers who have ascended to the summit absurdly declare that round about where the altar stood are still to be seen heaps of bones, remains of the ancient sacrifices.

The view from the top of Ænos is indescribably sweet, and at the same time grand. From the height of 5,325 feet, one stands on a mountain top which on two sides seems to rise almost out of the water. In almost every direction the view is clear as far as the eye can carry. There are no sharp contrasts of color as seen among the Alps, but each soft shade blends imperceptibly into its nearest different hue. Still there is a sufficient variety of landscape. Sea and land, island and water and sky, valley and crag, green vine-hills and diminutive yellow wheat-fields all blend in enchanting harmony. Toward the west is the boundless sea which rolls off toward Italy and Africa. Toward the south in the blue waters is Zakynthos with its green and violet shades. Beyond Zakynthos in the misty distance winds the crooked coast of the Peloponnesos from the mediaeval fort of Clarence to

the port of Navarino where the united fleets of Europe under the guidance of Admiral Codrington destroyed the Turkish fleet in 1827. Toward the east one looks right into the quiet waters where in 1571 the ships of Don Juan won their victory over the hosts of the Moslem in the battle of Lepanto. How quiet these blue waters now are, freed from Moslem and pirate. North of this ancient battle-place appears the island of Levkas, with the romantic promontory of "Sappho's Leap." Between Levkas and Kephallenia, and separated from either by only a narrow strait, is the charming island which tradition claims to be Homeric Ithaka. Closer are the various shapes and colors of the island of Kephallenia itself. From this point the beholder feasts eye and soul on beauty of color and harmony of outline, and on the history of world-shaking events which cover a period of almost three thousand years, and which happened in the innocent regions at his feet.

Another cherished plan of Napier's was to increase the population of the island by introducing colonists from abroad. The number of inhabitants had, on account of the continual raids of Goth and Vandal and conqueror and Turk, never risen to what it ought to be for the material prosperity of the island. Only after the battle of Lepanto did the number of inhabitants gradually begin to increase. Napier's plan was to introduce workmen, who, understanding how to till the mountain country, could find a source of comfortable subsistence in Kephallenia. He had observed the industry of the peasants of Malta, and the skill with which they tilled their hills. Accordingly he

asked the English government to facilitate the immigration of three hundred Maltese peasants to Kephallenia. The English government, instead of complying with his request, sent him three hundred stubborn criminals from the prisons of Malta. Napier did not despair of the success of the enterprise, although he complained bitterly of this action of his government. He planted his colony at the east foot of Ænos, near where the ancient city of the Pronians had prospered. But Napier was called away from his beloved Kephallenia, and was succeeded by others not so deeply earnest in sympathy with the progress of the country. After a few years the Maltese colonists had all forsaken their new homes, most of them being, by previous life, worthless fellows. They abandoned their gardens and turned to begging as soon as Napier's tutelage was withdrawn. The huts of New Malta, now tumbling down, with not a single inhabitant, lie near the ruins of its proud predecessor the Pronian city. The visitor to the one set of ruins sees also the other. The region is entirely deserted. Malarial fevers often attack the peasants who descend into the valley of New Malta to cultivate its fertile fields. Indeed this prevalence of fever in the Pronian district was one of the reasons that influenced the Maltese colonists to prefer the profession of pauperism to that of agriculturists.

On this island of Kephallenia, wherever the country is not perfectly open to the breezes from the sea, the climate is malarious, and causes what may be called "mountain fever." High and perfectly dry regions, simply from the fact that the surrounding mountain

tops exclude the breezes that would continually replenish the atmosphere with new air, are comparatively unhealthy localities. This is the much more noteworthy because such other parts of the island as are blessed by being sufficiently open to the winds from the sea are among the most healthy parts of Greece, which is to assert very much. Argostolion is regarded as one of the best winter places in the Mediterranean for persons of weak lungs.

Near the town of Argostolion, an Englishman named Stevens, strolling along the bay one evening some seventy years ago, discovered that water from the sea was flowing in large quantities into crevices among the rocks along the shore, and that the crevices did not seem to be filling with the water that kept continually running in. He later examined the phenomenon more carefully, and becoming convinced that the quantity of water incessantly running landward from the sea seemed sufficient to be made use of as a motive power, he caused a channel to be cut for the collecting of the water, and erected a flour mill. The stream of water from the sea actually proved to be strong enough to supply power for the mill. Shortly afterward a second mill was built. Both are still in operation. Accordingly we have here the phenomenon of streams of water flowing, not as is common, from the land into the sea, but from the sea into the land. After running the distance of about fifty yards, turning the mill-wheels on its way, the water suddenly disappears in the crevices of the rocks. Where it goes to has not yet been discovered. Five hundred thousand gallons daily flow through these channels. Num-

bers of physicists have studied the phenomenon, and no explanation has as yet met with general acceptance.

Were it not for the scarcity of water the island would be wonderfully fertile. Running water is almost unknown. Springs are very rare in the mountain regions. The shepherds have to draw water for their flocks from deep artificial wells. And the flocks of Kephallenia are in respect to drinking reputed to be exceptionally abstemious. Aristotle, in his book on *Wonderful Facts*, states a belief that goats in Kephallenia do not need water, but that every day they turn their heads to the sea and with open mouths imbibe the moist winds. Ælianos, another ancient writer, asserts that the goats of Kephallenia pass six months every year without drinking. The Latin author Valerius Maximus adds his testimony saying that for the greater part of the year goats need no water here:

In Cephalonia insula, cum omnia ubique pecora haustu aquae quotidie recreentur, in ea pecudes majore ex parte anni ore aperto ex alto ventos recipientes sitim suam sedare.

The Kephallenian wines are of a superior quality. A noted variety of muscatel is produced in limited quantities. In the flourishing days of the Republic of Venice, every aristocrat of that city considered it as *de rigueur* to have a decanter of Kephallenian muscatel on his table.

Two enterprising natives of the island, the brothers Toul, have established an immense vinario, and have begun to send these fine wines to Europe, finding a market for them chiefly in Germany. The Toul broth-

ers are Greeks, in so far as men can be said to be Greeks, who are descended straight from the O'Tooles.

In connection with the ancestral nationality of the founders of this vinario, it occurs to me to mention another case, showing the cosmopolitan character of the children of Erin. On this occasion of my visit to Kephallenia, the director of the schools of intermediate instruction, wishing to demonstrate to me the excellence of the education provided for girls in the town of Argostolion, brought me to an academy for young ladies. The lesson happened to be that of ancient Greek. The maidens read their Lysias with the ease of a story-book, and explained the text with the solemnity of a Scotch professor of Scripture. Their intelligence so impressed me that I inquired into the history of the school. Imagine my surprise, if not also my pride, when I heard that this nursery of the newer Hellenism where the daughters of the ancient clans are trained in the language of Sappho and Korinna, had been founded by a Miss Murphy. Although quite old at the time of my visit, she yet continued to direct the school as a kind of president of honor. A visit to her and her sister at their home showed again the adaptability and ubiquity of the children of Ireland. For I learned that Miss Murphy's sister had married an old Greek chieftain's son, and that their boy was at that time serving under the "stars and stripes" with Dewey, as volunteer in the American fleet at Manila.

Before closing, it is proper to add a few words about the principal town of the island, Argostolion. It is comparatively a new city. Its official existence

dates from the year 1757. Its harbor is one of the best and safest in the Mediterranean. Near this fine harbor there always has been a city, as far back as history reaches. For, distant by walk of an hour and a half from Argostolion is the ruined city and castle of St. George, now inhabited chiefly by a colony of shoemakers, who live among the crumbling ruins of what was three hundred years ago one of the richest and proudest cities of all the Venetian possessions. St. George was first built when the town of Krane, which lay nearer to the harbor, was destroyed. Now it is a sign of the vanity of the past. True, the view from its crumbling citadel is as glorious as ever. But, save the glory of surrounding nature, nothing remains except ruins and oppressive memories. Once there shone here the glorious pomp of the Church of Rome, which through the Capuchins took care of the western Christians in the island. To such an extent was the order of St. Francis here revered, that the shield of the order became the coat of arms of Kephallenia. Now, however, the beautiful churches, cracked and broken by earthquake, and rotting by neglect, are falling down arch by arch. All the noble Italians that once added the glitter of their presence to the magnificent displays in gorgeous processions and other festive religious ceremonies of Latin ritual, have made an easy transit to the Greek from the Roman form of worship.

The inscriptions that adorned the gateways and walls, consecrating the glories of days that are gone, are growing unreadable before anyone has copied them for historians of the future. Not without dis-

gust did I recollect that while three fat Capuchins still occupy their ancestral house in Argostolion and in a routine way care for the half-dozen Maltese families that live round them, I should see the old castle strewn with records and reminders of the former power and influence of their great order here. Especially did this thought haunt me, as I sat copying some inscriptions while a son of a cobbler took up the fragment of an inscribed stone and with it broke walnuts on another engraved stone now lying in the dust, but which once had stood over the altar of St. Francis, and commemorated privileges granted to the Capuchin friars of the castle by Pope Benedict the Fourteenth.

THE MANIATS

The southern extremity of Greece is a wild and rugged land. It consists of an almost naked ridge of rock which extends out into the azure sea, a towering promontory. Its inhabitants partake of the nature of their cliffs. They are fierce and rugged and unchangeable. The whole land is simply the up-bluffed end of a mountain range. The villages are either perched ahigh like eagles' eyries on the stony slopes or are nestled along the coast near convenient harbors. Both slopes of the mountain are possessed by the same people. This is the Taygetos mountain range, the loftiest of the Peloponnesos, unless Kyllene's peak be higher. "Five-Fingers" was the name of the range in the Byzantine Ages. The highest "finger" is seen best when looking toward the west from Sparta. Its tip is 7,900 feet higher than the harbor-waters of the coast-towns.

The extreme end of Taygetos forms the promontory of Tænaron. Mediaeval sailors feared it for its stormy seas and its numerous pirates. They called it Matapan. Tænaron is of all Europe the point nearest to the equator. In antiquity it was sacred to Poseidon, the master-deity of the sea. A noble temple which was very holy was dedicated to him there. No refugee, even a slave, who succeeded in escaping into this shrine could be dragged off to punishment. Here every runaway had safe asylum. Here, near to the temple was a fissure in the rocks which led down to

the abode of Plouton and the nether world. Through this entrance did Herakles go down to Hades and through this exit did he drag up the three-headed watch-dog of the kingdom of the dead.

By nature this country of Mane is divided into three parts. One part is the region round Cape Tænaron, and the other parts are the eastern and western slopes of Taygetos. The region around Tænaron is the wildest of all. But a description of it cannot be greatly untrue for the other two parts. In most provinces of the Peloponnesos the stranger who asks regarding the number of inhabitants dwelling in a town is in answer informed of how many political votes the town possesses. In Mane, this question used to be answered by stating the number of guns in town. This shows the character of the inhabitants. No man went about unarmed. Even boys from nine years and upward carried pistols in their belts. This southern region is most barren and arid. Water is scarce. There are very few springs and no running brooks. Water is collected in the rainy season in immense cisterns. These are kept locked, and the owners permit water to be drawn therefrom only on receipt of payment. Vegetation is scanty and short-lived. There are no forests in the southern part. Fuel for fire is not to be had save in most limited quantities. Accordingly the natives make bread and bake it only twice or thrice in a year, heating the ovens therefor with the planks of some decayed canoe or the knotty wood of some dead olive tree. This bread, dried of all moisture, is kept stored away. Before being eaten it is softened by being soaked in water.

In Mane there are no farms of great extent. But wherever the rocks allow it, wherever the smallest quantity of soil can be kept together, the industry of the Maniats is apparent. They build terraces of stone to keep the thin earth from being washed away by the rains, and plant it with lupines, the chief food of the Maniat mountaineers. The other most valuable products are oil, olives, honey, and acorns. Vineyards scarcely exist, and wine is in many villages an almost unknown luxury. At certain seasons of the year quails abound here. When migrating to the warmer climes of Africa or Krete, this is their last resting place on the European continent. They are caught in countless numbers round port "Quaglio," and packed and sent not only to other parts of Greece but to Italy and northern Europe.

This region came to be known as Mane in the Middle Ages. The earliest appearance of the name, so far as can be ascertained, is in the writings of the emperor Konstantin Porphyrogennetos, who speaks of a castle called Maina, in this region. Ruins of Maina castle still can be seen. The origin of the Maniats is a puzzle. It has been stated that they are descendants of the ancient Lakons. In the high days of ancient Greece all this country was under the government of Sparta. But not all the inhabitants possessed the right of being citizens of the Spartan commonwealth. Those who were not slaves, but yet were not citizens lived in the smaller towns of the Spartan territory. These were the Lakons. But after Greece had become a Roman possession, then the Roman emperors gave autonomy to the Lakons, and dealt

with them directly, without the intermediation of Sparta. They thus came to be called "the Free Lakons." And as the Free Lakons dwelt chiefly in the regions which the Maniats now possess, it has been supposed not gratuitously that the Maniats are the offspring of the ancient Free Lakons. Occupying a country that has no attractions for immigrants, and being isolated from the other Peloponnesians, the natives here probably have kept a good deal of pure Greek blood, be it Lakonic or not. There are nevertheless among them some traces of Slavic and Albanian mixture.

Their tenacity of paganism was remarkable. In the latter half of the ninth century they still worshiped the old gods according to the old rites. Probably not often had missionaries ascended to these eyries. Porphyrogennetos speaks of them as heathens. But in the tenth century the holy Nikon, whom the eastern division of the church commemorates as "the apostle of Lakonia," succeeded in inducing them to change their Hellenic rituals for that of Byzantion. The Maniats still point out the cell where the hermit used to dwell and the church where he used to perform the liturgy. The mountain top where these shrines exist is called by his name. It is a mighty honor to have a mountain for a monument.

But it is not the same to be ritually Christianized as it is to be civilized in harmony with the tenets of the gospel. These are not interchangeable terms. The Maniats adopted the ritual of the Christians, but not so thoroughly the evangel of the Nazarene teacher.

As long as Greece constituted a part of the pos-

sessions of Byzantium, the Maniats were scarcely mentioned in the records of Byzantine chronography. But when from the thirteenth century Greece became a prize first of western crusaders and their successors, and afterward of Turkish conquerors, the Maniats repeatedly, if not almost continually, made their would-be oppressors understand that the Maniats could not learn how to submit to any will save their own. William Villeharduin, however, with his Frankish knights, was able to bend them into external submission. He built two forts, one at Maina east of Taygetos and the other at Levktron on the west side, so as to hold the mountaineers in compulsory subjection. But the Franks were not oppressive masters.

When the Byzantine empire finally succumbed before the Moslems in the year 1453, the region of Mane was under the nominal control of the Venetian republic. But twenty-six years later the republic concluded a disadvantageous peace with the Moslems, yielding up to them many of the countries that she had long been master of. Mane was handed over to Turkish authority. But the Maniat hero Korkodil Kladas raised the standard of rebellion against the new despots. He objected to Moslem control, and seeing that the Venetians could not protect him, or would not, he tried to enlist the interest of Ferdinand the king of Naples. At first his success was encouraging. He drove the Moslem soldiers from the slopes of the Taygetos, and compelled them to evacuate twenty-nine castles. But finally his resources failed him, and he was obliged to flee to Naples, after seeing his countrymen bend to the Turkish yoke, at least nominally.

Korkodil's insurrection was the first serious and spirited one which the Maniats as such ever made against their conquerors. But from this noble attempt down to the day when the irresistible Ibrahim with his army of Arabs found it impossible to invade the stern country of the Maniats, Mane was the almost impregnable home of a wild and brigand-like freedom where tyrants' messengers seldom dared to approach, and where every spark of dissent against authority was liable to burst out into a flame of merciless insurrection.

In the year 1612, a European adventurer, Charles the duke of Nevers, in whose veins there flowed some of the blood of the imperial Palæologs of Constantinople, began to agitate a plan by which he hoped to restore the throne of Christian Byzantion and establish himself as emperor. The Maniats, hearing of his projects, immediately adopted his ideas, and sent a messenger to him in Rome. They requested him to come at once and assume lordship over the Peloponnesos. But Charles of Nevers was not destined to be as great as were his aspirations, and his plans came to naught. Two years later the capudan-pasha paid a grievous visit to Mane, and placed strong garrisons in the forts, and made regulations for the payment of the tribute which the Porte desired to collect.

The Maniats were again honorably mentioned in 1645. In that year the Turks with a mighty army and fleet besieged the city of Kanea in Krete. The Venetians who held Kanea defended it bravely and sent death to 30,000 of the assailants. No one came to their assistance. The Maniats, however, hearing of

the siege, wished to go to the succor of the besieged Christians, but could not procure ships to bring them to Krete in time. This willingness of the Maniats to fight against the armies of the Porte occasioned a new visitation of the capudan-pasha, who this time took measures to impose the haratch or annual poll tax which all other rajas were supposed to pay in order to have the privilege of wearing their heads for the ensuing year. It is doubtful, however, whether the haratch was ever actually collected in Mane or not.

In the year 1685, the Maniats joined the gallant and eminent Morosini, who freed them from Turkish thraldom for a while, and placed them under his country's protection. From this time on, the Maniats made rapid progress in their spirit of independence and in ethnic pride. In 1715, however, they again came under the dominion of the Moslems.

Their next eventful insurrection happened in the year 1770. Catharine the Second of Russia, in order to further her own designs, used to flatter and patronize the Greeks. Being about to begin a war against Turkey she, by means of secret agents, fomented among the Greeks a new rebellion, promising them all kinds of assistance. The Greeks were so much the more easily ensnared because they regarded the Russians as defenders of the eastern church. In this insurrection the Maniats took a leading part. But after a short time Catharine made peace with the Porte, without stipulating for the welfare of the Greeks whom she had incited to danger. The Porte filled the Peloponnesos with savage Albanian hordes of soldiery, who spread destruction and robbery and death in

every hamlet and village and town. Fortunately Mane did not suffer so severely. But nevertheless the Maniats had again to recognize Turkish rule.

In this insurrection of 1770 there prominently appeared the name of a family which ever since has acted an important rôle in the history of Mane. This is the Mavromichal family. To the rolls of honor it has furnished names which the Hellenic race will never forget. The best men of this house fell in battle in different wars for their fatherland. In the insurrection of 1770, the chief leader of the Maniats was Skylo Yannis Mavromichal. His mother was not a Greek, it seems, and came into the country of the Maniats in some mysterious way. Maniat song and story regarded her as a supernatural being, and have called her the "nereid" or "fairy." Skylo Yannis, the fairy's son, and twenty-four followers, shut themselves up in a tower and for two days defended themselves against a Turkish army of five thousand. The Russians who were not far away took advantage of the bravery of Skylo Yannis and used it as a convenient opportunity of escaping to their ships. Skylo Yannis and his followers all perished.

At times an uncontrolled love for liberty may lead to disastrous consequences. It led two noble members of the house of the Mavromichals to the act of assassinating Count Kapodistrias, the president of regenerated Greece, in 1828. It is probable, however, that personal motives were as strong in causing this crime as was the love of freedom. Kapodistrias had humbled the Mavromichal family in various ways. The result was that on a Sunday in October, as Kapodis-

trias was about to enter the church of Saint Spyridon in Navplion, he was met at the door by Georgios and Konstantin Mavromichal, and was shot to death.

After the suppression of the insurrection of 1770, the Porte adopted a more efficacious plan for keeping the Maniats quiet. One of the eight higher chieftains of the land was honored by Turkey with the special title of "bey," and was appointed to be highest local governor of the country, with the duty of collecting the taxes, suppressing piracy, and keeping order. In this way the Maniats became more or less actual subjects of the sultan. Their bondage, however, was never severe like that of other rajahs. They never were required to submit to the "pædomazoma," or contribution of young boys who were to be trained as Moslems and janizzaries. The taxes which they were obliged to pay were very slight. And the manner in which they paid them is incredibly proud. The collector came only to the boundary of Mane. He did not enter Maniatic territory. A purse containing the tribute money was stuck on the end of a saber and thrust across the boundary-line to the humble collector.

When Napoleon was at the beginning of his great career, he received at Milan a letter from the bey of Mane, inviting him to come into the Peloponnesos. The idea pleased Napoleon, and he sent the brothers Stephanopoli as envoys into Mane to study the country for him. But shortly afterward, circumstances persuaded Napoleon to prefer to go to Egypt, and thus the dream which he had of restoring the throne of the successors of Constantine the Great and occupying it

himself, never went farther than this preliminary exchange of preparatory ideas.

It may not be entirely inappropriate here to mention that an unfounded assertion has often declared that Napoleon was himself a Maniat by descent. The story is based on the fact that in the year 1673 a number of Maniat families belonging to the clan of the Stephanopoli family left their homes and emigrated westward, finally settling in Corsica. Their descendants still exist in that wild island. From these Maniat exiles have certain romancing flatterers tried to derive the family of the Bonapartes. In the year 1767, a second colony departed from Mane to escape oppression. They went to Florida in America. It would be interesting to know their later fate.

When the great insurrection of 1821, which brought freedom to Greece, was about to burst out, the Maniats again were with the foremost. As soon as the war began, the Maniats assembled and attacked and captured the Messenian town of Kalamata. Then, on the fifth of April, 1821, this rude army of five thousand wild warriors gathered on the shore of the Nedon creek near Kalamata, and with greatest splendor and pomp, such as is possible only in the eastern church, they sang a liturgical doxology, in which twenty-five priests officiated. It was the first free outburst of the joy of returning liberty. About the same time Petrombey Mavromichal, the Maniat leader, issued a proclamation to Europe, justifying the insurrection and asking for sympathy and support.

Mane is one of those corners of the earth expressly made for such as wish to resist the rule of tyranny,

and to enjoy rude liberty. The Maniat cannot understand how an extensive and expanded and multitudinous nation can enjoy freedom and yet be subject to one powerful central government. He is not capable of contentedly living a fellow-subject with other Greeks, all under one head. "Mane for the Maniats," is what he can understand. His idea of liberty goes no farther. Perhaps this is the true idea of liberty. But today it is not the prevailing and permitted one. The old Maniats recognized willingly no authority save that of their clan-chief and the head of their church, the patriarch of Constantinople.

The Maniats were not only continually at war with their common oppressors, but were also continually at war with each other, clan against clan, or often family against family. Feuds began which lasted for generations. Only in Corsica and in Montenegro have the feuds been so ferocious as here, and so unquenchable. Each prominent family lived in a tower which was capable of withstanding a protracted siege. In the year 1834, eight hundred of these towers still were erect and occupied. The men often remained shut up within these towers for not only months but even years. Fortunately the law of the vendetta affected only the men. The women might go about freely, and it often happened that the women of opposite clans who were at war of vendetta against each other, might go out unmolested and meet the wives and daughters of their enemies, while buying powder and provisions for their besieged or besieging lords.

During the ages in which they were subject to Turkey, the Maniats were noted as pirates, and

dreaded as such. The corsairs from these towns were almost as much to be feared as were those of Algiers. Living in a country that did not produce enough to keep them alive, and by experience of long ages taught to think that the world and its goods belong to those who can capture them, they naturally acquired a love for the wild manner of support that comes from brigandage and piracy. Their three worst characteristics therefore were their love for piracy, their readiness to commit acts of brigandage, and their tenaciousness for the law of the vendetta.

But they had virtues. And their virtues were remarkable. They not only worshiped the spirit of liberty, as we have seen, but were and are wonderfully brave, manly, frugal, abstemious, and are always true to their beautiful women. Such are the Maniats.

MESOLONGHION

The pilgrim who sees Mesolonghion is amazed. He has read about the heroic behavior of its inhabitants when they sustained two fearful sieges. He has seen perhaps other cities that have gloriously suffered long-protracted beleagerments, and he vividly can repicture in his memory the steep and rocky acclivities that aided in keeping the assailants at bay, the massive and lofty crenellated walls that seemed proudly to defy all rash and daring approach of hostile power, the impassable moats, the impregnable bastions, the hidden guns. But no frowning barriers, whether of nature or of art, ever girdled the town of the stubbornly brave Mesolonghians. It lies on the level sand and alluvial earth that stretches from the mouth of the Evenos to the mouth of the Acheloos. Its niveau is only two or three feet above the surface of the sea. The azure waters of the Korinthiac Gulf which lap its southern side are the only defensive advantages which nature has given. These waters are too shallow for the approach of any kind of vessel of war. At the time when Mesolonghion withstood its two famous sieges military genius had not contributed seriously to the strengthening of the place. What used to be haughtily said of the olden Spartans can be adapted and repeated in regard to the Mesolonghians. Their unflinching bravery, strong arms, and well-managed weapons were the fortifications of their city.

At the beginning of the insurrection against the

Porte, Mesolonghion gave shelter and support to about five thousand inhabitants. By converting a good portion of the shallow lagoons into vivaria, the town had become one of the best fish-marts of Greece. And by flooding with sea water the neighboring smooth fields that were a few inches lower than the sea-level they used to collect the salt that remained after the evaporation of the waters. From fish and salt as well as from their pasture lands and arable fields they lived in comparative affluence. A feeling of independence was developed among them. Panaghiotes Palamas had founded a school there and the young fishermen and shepherds began to learn something of the literature of their forefathers. This school, some years before the insurrection, had been improved and honored by the higher title of "academy." In the year 1770, when the Tsarina's emissaries endeavored to create a diversion against Turkey by occasioning a revolt in Greece, Mesolonghian patriots were among those who fell into the Russian trap. And when a false report announced that Orloff had captured the Turkish fort of Modon in the Peloponnesos they raised the standard of revolt and drove away all the Turks that were dwelling within their town. But Russian help never came to them. A fleet of Moslem corsairs sailed down from Dulcigno, captured and plundered Mesolonghion, and re-established Turkish domination. The town quickly recovered, however, and was important in the days of Ali Pasha, who built a strong fort on the island of Basiladi out in the lagoons, so as to be able to control the town.

In the year 1821, this prosperous town was in-

habited chiefly by Christians. A number of Greek ships from the island of Spetzia sailed into these waters to assist the insurgents of Patras, a town which lies opposite Mesolonghion on the south side of the gulf. When the few Moslem families of Mesolonghion saw these ships they were so much taken by fright that immediately they all abandoned their homes and fled to the fortified town of Brachori, where the number of their coreligionists was greater. Immediately after the flight of the Moslems the Christians assembled and formally proclaimed that they approved of the revolution. This took place in the early part of June. The Mesolonghians immediately prepared for active participation. They summoned Makres, the klephtic chieftain, to come down from the Zygos mountains and assist them with his palikars. About two months later Prince Mavrokordatos left the Greek army which was besieging Tripolis, and came here to take charge of the war in western Greece. A senate was established in Mesolonghion which was to direct the affairs of all this part of the country.

Mesolonghion soon attracted the attention of the Moslem leaders. Ali Pasha had been defeated by his own countrymen, and in February of 1822 was assassinated. The Greeks and phil-Hellenes that had been trying to withstand the Moslems in the country between Mesolonghion and Ioanina had been shot down at Peta in July. High and defiant Souli had surrendered in September, and its inhabitants had bidden adieu to their native land. Mesolonghion was the next place to be humbled and annihilated. The Moslem general, Omer Vrioni, at the head of 11,000 soldiers and ac-

accompanied by Reshid Pasha, marched down through Akarnania and encamped outside of Mesolonghion. On November 6 the siege commenced. The town was protected partly by the lagoons which did not allow the approach of large vessels. On the land side, however, it was but indifferently fortified. The town lies on a low sandy strand jutting out into the shallow water. Running across the neck of this out-jutting promontory was a low mud wall which fenced the town off from the fields on the land side. The mud wall was flanked on the outer side by a shallow moat about 16 feet wide. The assailants thought that the storming of the place would be an easy task. The chief leaders of the besieged Mesolonghians were Prince Mavrokordatos and Marko Botsares. Mavrokordatos' friends had urged him to abandon the Mesolonghians. His English acquaintances had suggested that he take refuge in Zakynthos. But Mavrokordatos said that he would stay in Mesolonghion, either to drive the assailants back or else to die there as he should. His heroism had its effect on a population itself heroic. The garrison consisted of about 600 soldiers, among whom were a few phil-Hellenes.

Before making serious attempts against the town, Omer offered favorable terms if they would capitulate. In order to gain time the Mesolonghians postponed their definite answer. But on November 20 seven ships came to their assistance, bringing what they most needed, ammunition. Also a detachment of several hundred Peloponnesians landed to aid them. The Mesolonghians broke off all peace negotiations and informed Omer that if he desired to have Meso-

longhion "he would have to come and take it." Omer immediately began preparations to do so.

Finally Omer planned a formidable and general attack for Christmas morning. This he did because he supposed that the Mesolonghians would all be in their churches, and the wall would be deserted. But a huntsman from a neighboring district, who used to supply Omer with game and fish, contrived to forewarn the besieged. In vengeance for this act the huntsman's wife and children were slaughtered. The Greek priests had imparted to all the soldiers a dispensation from being present at mass on that Christmas morning. Shortly before daybreak, when all were supposed to be in the churches, the storming assailants stealthily approached. One division intended to scale the east wall and the other by wading through the lagoon expected to enter the town from the south. The hidden Mesolonghians made no sign of life until the assailants were within pistol shot. Then they opened a terrible volley. The surprisers were surprised. For three hours the skirmish lasted. The loss of the Turks was not made known, but the number is said to have been several hundred. Only four Greeks were killed. Omer despaired of being able to take the brave lagoon town. And fearing lest Odyssevs or some other klephtic leader might attack him from without, he decided to retreat hurriedly. He abandoned some of his cannon and baggage in his terrified haste. Mesolonghion was free to breathe for awhile.

The second and more glorious siege began in 1825. But in the interval Mesolonghion continued to be an important center for the patriots. In January of 1824

the brave citizens received into their midst the most enthusiastic of their friends, Lord Byron. He immediately began to improve the condition of the town. He tried to persuade them to adopt European methods of regularity and obedience in the army. He expended money in paying discontented soldiers. He encouraged everybody. But these straining exertions and the unhealthfulness of the locality were too severe for his already shattered health. On Easter Sunday in April of the same year he died among his Hellenic friends, in the house of Trikoupes, the historian.

In 1825, the sultan decided that Mesolonghion should no longer be allowed to remain unmolested. He commanded Reshid Pasha to march against it, intimating that Reshid would loose his head if he failed to take Mesolonghion. In April of 1825 Reshid arrived in the plain at the foot of Zygos mountain east of Mesolonghion. The size of his army is not known. His commissariat distributed 25,000 rations, but it is probable that his fighting men did not much exceed 10,000. The Mesolonghians had 4,000 defenders. The earthen rampart across the promontory still existed, and was in better condition than during the first siege. It was partly faced with masonry. It was protected by a number of various kinds of batteries which bore the names of celebrated defenders or advocates of human liberty. The besieged had forty-eight guns and four mortars. The muddy ditch still existed.

Reshid demanded that the Mesolonghians surrender to him the keys of the city and retire with honor. They answered that they had hung the keys of the

town on their cannon, and that if he wished he might come and take them off. On May 10 the first bomb was shot into the town. From that time the attack was almost incessant. On June 10 a small flotilla of Greek ships arrived and drove away the Moslem vessels that were patrolling the sea and preventing all communication from that side. A month later a large fleet was seen gradually to approach. The Mesolonghians thought that it was assistance coming to them. But soon the red flags of the Moslems were descried on the masts, and the joy passed to the ranks of the assailants. Again Reshid summoned the city to surrender. But the response which he received showed that disappointment did not lessen the bravery of the Mesolonghians.

Then Reshid heard that a Greek fleet was about to come to Mesolonghion. With the determination of taking the town at all costs before this assistance could arrive, he stormed the town on August 2. But he had to go back to his tents with his army lessened by 500 men. As soon as the Greek fleet of 40 ships arrived it began to worry the Turks by sending blazing fire-ships to drift toward the Moslem vessels. These tactics so scared the Moslem commander that he suddenly decided that he was needed at Alexandria in Egypt, and sailed away, claiming a victory, however, because, as he said, he had not been defeated. This Greek fleet brought provisions and ammunition. And how much the Mesolonghians needed ammunition is evident from the story that they had but two kegs of powder. Reshid then devised a new plan for mastering the determined Mesolonghians. He set his men to work

and constructed a long mound that was higher than the defensive walls of the town and extended from the Moslem camp to the Franklin battery in the east wall of Mesolonghion. The mound, being built in such a way as continually to protect those who were building it, finally was completed across the moat and up to the edge of the Franklin battery. But in the meantime the Mesolonghians had built a new wall of protection and were ready to abandon the Franklin bastion. The Moslems rushed along their mound and took the Franklin by storm. Then the Mesolonghians after a few days made a sortie and not only cut down all the Moslems that were trying to defend the Franklin and the mound, but spread such terror among the assailants that Reshid shortly after despaired of being able to take the city by storm. Fearing for the safety of his army he abandoned all active operations and retired to a considerable distance and encamped near the foot of Mount Zygos.

This was the critical moment in the progress of the siege. Reshid had bitterly learned that his men could not stand against the bayonets and daggers of the Mesolonghians in an assault. His men were woefully suffering from hunger and sickness. Many were the desertions. The Mesolonghians and the rains had completely destroyed all his besieging works. But the Greeks did not take full advantage of these circumstances. The Greek fleet brought no new provisions. The Mesolonghians themselves instead of hastily preparing for future contingencies spent considerable time in rejoicing over their good fortune. Doom was against them. The sultan of Turkey,

determined to have Mesolonghion at all costs, even at the sacrifice of his pride in his own soldiers. He decided to call Ibrahim's Egyptians to the aid of Reshid's Albanian and Turkish soldiers. Ibrahim accordingly left the Peloponnesos which he had almost completely overrun and on January 7, leading 20,000 Arabs, he came and pitched his tents near those of Reshid. Seeing the apparently insignificant fortifications of Mesolonghion, he thought that he could take it by a simple assault, and superciliously asked Reshid how it was possible for him to have wasted so much time before "that old fence." Hatred deep and lasting grew up between Reshid and Ibrahim. Ibrahim proposed either to be permitted to take "the old fence" himself or else that Reshid assume the obligation of taking it unaided. Reshid accepted the first alternative, and withdrew into his camps with all his forces. It used to be said that Ibrahim, before making any attack, sent messengers advising the Mesolonghians to send deputies to him who could speak Turkish or Albanian or French to treat with him concerning surrender. They replied, "We are not educated men and do not know so many languages. But we know our swords and guns."

Then the siege began afresh. In January the Greek admiral Miaoules with twenty-seven ships arrived. He drove away the sixty vessels of the Turkish fleet, delivered supplies of food and ammunition to the town sufficient for two months, and then returned to Hydra. Toward the end of January Ibrahim had fully prepared for operations and began the bombardment. In three days his forty cannon had leveled most of the

houses. After leveling the town, Ibrahim made a fearful assault against the bastion Botsares, and in the night of February 27 succeeded in capturing it. But at daybreak, when the Mesolonghians could better distinguish their enemies, by an awful attack with their sabers they drove out the Moslems and reconquered the bastion. Then Reshid sent a messenger to Ibrahim to ask him "what he now thought about that 'old fence.' "

After this repulse Ibrahim bent himself from his haughty bearing and asked Reshid to assist in the siege. The two generals then united their forces. But in spite of all their strength Ibrahim believed that he could not capture the town except by famine. And in fact famine it was that finally was to be the conqueror. In April their food was almost all consumed. They tried to keep up sufficient strength by eating leather and worms and rats and seaweed. But disease began to decimate them. Emaciated to the last extremity, pale as ghosts, with sunken eyes, they continued to keep guard in their bastions and along their walls and sea coast. Ibrahim still afraid of them sent messengers bearing extremely favorable terms of surrender.

Finally the Mesolonghians were able to defend their ruined hovels no longer. But they did not contemplate even for a moment the idea of surrendering. They decided to cut their way through the assailing hosts and escape to the mountains. The plan was one of those that might possibly eventuate successfully on account of its hopelessness. They succeeded in sending out messengers to the klephtic leaders in the mountains

of Zygos announcing their determination and asking assistance in the undertaking. These klephts were to come down and divert the attention of the Moslems by skirmishing with them in the rear. The exodus was fixed for the night of April 22. They burned all their small property and were ready. Three generals, Botsares, Makres, and Tsabellas, were to lead the three divisions. In front was to proceed a portion of those who were in condition to fight. After these were to come the sick and aged and children and women. In the rear were to follow the rest of the soldiers. Some of the sick and aged and others who refused to depart from the town were left behind. A Bulgarian traitor had forewarned Ibrahim of the premeditated attempt to escape. The three columns stealthily moved out of the town and hid themselves in the space between the walls and the Moslem camps. There they lay on the ground waiting to hear the musketry of their countrymen from the mountains in the rear of the enemy. But the hours went on and no such sign was given. Then suddenly from behind Zygos the moon arose. They could no longer stay lying where they were. They leaped up and dashed on to break through the enemies' lines. The Moslems, who were waiting for them, met them with tremendous volleys. Then a terrific hand to hand encounter ensued. In the confusion was heard the cry, "Turn back, turn back." Whence it came no one afterward knew. But at the moment it wrought confusion. Many, thinking that it was an order of their leaders, rushed back to the town followed by detachments of Moslems. The others kept on, cutting a passage with their swords. The palikars who were in the lead and

those who brought up the rear could not be withstood. Only on the helpless in the middle of the columns did the assailants wreak havoc. Finally it seemed that many were to be saved. They had passed through the enemies' lines and had reached the field beyond. But here a detachment of five hundred horsemen drove down upon them. Even these horsemen could not hold against the sabers of the palikars, but they kept riding down and killing the women and children and old men. At last the Mesolonghians reached the mountains, but here again they fell in with a detachment of Albanians who again wrought much slaughter. Eighteen hundred of them finally arrived at the town of Platanos, where they were in safety. After staying here a few days they proceeded on and came to the large town of Amphissa. From Platanos to Amphissa many died on the way through the effects of previous hunger and exhaustion. After reaching Amphissa they were counted and it was found that those who survived the exodus were thirteen hundred.

When the cry of "turn back" was heard, those who retreated into the town were more than six thousand. As most of them were non-combatants, they could do nothing against the assailants that pursued them. The Moslems easily got possession of the town. The scenes that were then enacted were in part most fiercely savage and in part most gloriously heroic. The assailants for a time slew all whom they could approach. Women and children formed no exception. They then began to take captives. Youths with the brave blood of Mesolonghion in their veins were afterward sold in the Moslem slave markets. Of the four thousand that

thus were reduced to bondage, some were afterward ransomed and came back to the holy ruins of their town. Three thousand heads were gathered up by the Turks and Arabs as trophies of their slaughterous victory. Among the fallen were several prominent phil-Hellenes, notably Dr. Meyer, the Swiss physician, who lived in Mesolonghion and there published for several years the *Chronicle*, the first journal ever regularly printed in Greece. To add to the horrors, Turks fought against Egyptians here and there in their quarrels over the booty and the slaves.

In the midst of the fire and murder and plunderings a number of Mesolonghians had gathered into one of the larger magazines. They say that more than a thousand children and women and old men were in this spacious storeroom. The soldiers of the enemy pressed in to capture them. Then an old hero named Christos Kapsales held a blazing fagot in his hand. When the Moslems were well within the walls, old Kapsales in mighty voice chanted forth the anthem, beginning "Be-think Thee of Us, O Lord," and plunged his blazing torch into the kegs of powder. Kapsales' offering on this bloody altar of freedom included in its hecatombs of victims all the Christians and Moslems that were within these walls.

Next morning's sun from behind Zygos looked down upon the blackened and corpse-strewn ruins of Mesolonghion. Two years passed before signs of free life again could show themselves on the shores of the lagoons. But on May 14, 1828, the flag that the Mesolonghians loved was again planted on the

immortal site. Since then Mesolonghion is again a Greek town. Many of its heroes lie buried in an honored spot which is proudly known as the "Heroon."

THE ARGOLID AND THE MYKENLANDERS

Dove la storia e muta parlano le tombe.

When the traveler issuing from the Tretos Pass, as he goes southward from the land of Korinth, catches a first wide glimpse of the outspread Argolid plain, his thoughts forsake all modern allurements and go asearching into the misty and undated ages of prehistoric Hellenic foretime. The lofty rock of Larisa which is the citadel of mythic Argos, the low long ledge whereon Kyklop workmen builded for Prætos the palace of Tiryns, and the storied heights which used to protect Agamemnon's wide-wayed golden city of Mykenæ distract the dream-held beholder from all knowledge that is not rooted in prehistoric times.

Not only has this land been associated with many of the oldest traditions and myths of Greece, but here also have modern scholars succeeded in first raising the misty veil of Lethe that had shut off from us and our forefathers all the Hellenic ages prior to the seventh or eighth century before Christ, and by discoveries that had their beginning here, have peered through that mist and now discern long and interesting ages of human activity and strife such as here and elsewhere in Greekland took place as far back even as three thousand years before the beginning of our era. Thirty years ago the excavator Schliemann dug up for us the first sound testimonials that give witness to the qualities of that bygone life. Since then the

science has made its progress in giant strides, and now the results are many and clear.

Schliemann's discoveries reached their highest importance and most positive form in the ruins at Mykenæ. A definite kind of civilization was unearthed and ascertained. Since then, comparatively earlier and later forms of civilization prior to historic times have likewise been discovered and understood. The civilization found to have existed at Mykenæ in the palmiest days of that city has been clearly shown to have contemporaneously existed not only at Mykenæ but as well at many other places in Greekland. Since this civilization has come down to us unnamed, those who discovered it had to give it an appellation, so that it might be tangibly handled and discussed. Out of honor to the place where it was first discovered, and also on account of the fact that it reached perhaps its greatest perfection at this revered town of Mykenæ, scholars have agreed to recognize by the name of Mykenæic, this peculiar civilization which flourished here in Greekland in the days of long ago. After this period of civilization received its name of "Mykenæic," it was then easy to give the appellation of "pre-Mykenæic" to such civilization as immediately preceded this, and the name of "post-Mykenæic" to all civilization that intervened between the decay of Mykenæic civilization and the dawn of the later ages that are known to us through Greek literary history. Other more accurate names are also in use. But for the present we may say that the history of primeval Greece may be divided into three great periods: pre-Mykenæic, Mykenæic, and post-Mykenæic. These three periods are so early as to

belong all to the ages of undatable history. But nevertheless by approximation it is possible to say that the second or Mykenæic period flourished for about five or six hundred years, and that it closed about one thousand years before Christ; and that the post-Mykenæic period began immediately with the decline of the Mykenæic civilization and continued down to historic times, to about seven or six hundred years before the beginning of our era. These three stages of civilization are connected with the early history of the Argolid.

There is reason to believe that there lived in Greekland men of the so-called neolithic period, when sharp instruments and cutting tools were made not of metal but of stone. That this land was previously inhabited by still more primitive dwellers, such as we call paleolithic, is as yet unproven. The habitations of the neolithic men of Greekland are found to have been, in every place where they have been discovered, built on the native rock of citadels. No lower débris is discernible. And therefore we may say that no signs of paleolithic man are here recognizable. The neolithic period does not deeply concern us at present, for perhaps the earliest of our mythologic or literary acquaintances in the Argolid had already begun to make use of copper, although they had not by any means entirely discarded the use of stone. Purer traces of the neolithic age are found outside of the Argolid, for example on the Akropolis of Athens and on the hill of Hissarlik. In dividing the progress of prehistoric civilization into the ages of stone, of copper, of bronze, and of iron, the anthropologists of course do not teach

that the transition from each of these periods to the succeeding one was sudden and abrupt. On the contrary, stone continued to be long used by the men of copper and bronze times, and bronze was long used for the manufacture of cutting implements by generations of men who had learned the superiority of iron.

The pre-Mykenæic period was an age of copper and of bronze. It is probable that the pre-Mykenæic men of Greekland were the descendants of the neolithic men, and were not new and fresh immigrants. This is made credible by the gradualness of the abandonment of the peculiar implements and pottery that were in use among the neolithic men. Neolithic wares and implements are found at many places in the Argolid, at Tiryns for instance and at the Heræon. But these remains are such as probably coexisted along with the use of copper. The Argolid, however, was, it seems, not the center of pre-Mykenæic life here in Greekland. This old civilization was developed and rose to importance rather in the islands of the Ægean Sea. It was not even confined to what might ordinarily be called Greekland. For it was spread over all the shores round the eastern Mediterranean, going far into Asia Minor and perhaps extending down even into Palestine; while toward the west it entered into Italy and Sicily and perhaps other countries. It was a chalkolithic age, that is, stone was still largely employed, but copper was already well known and perhaps even the manufacture of bronze. The copper age of central Europe seems to have been almost contemporary with this Ægean civilization. And it is not yet possible to decide

whether the people of the Ægean learned from Europe the use of copper, or on the contrary perhaps taught the use of this metal to the inhabitants of central Europe, after having learned it from Mesopotamia or Egypt.

What was the name of this energetic people that dwelt here in those days? We do not know. But from various ancient scraps of literature we are taught that in prehistoric times a widespread and active people called the Pelasgians inhabited all these regions. All the ante-Hellenic tribes of Asia Minor, of the Ægean Islands, and of Greece proper, as well as of portions of more western countries may possibly be more or less related with this half-mythic Pelasgic stock. By assigning this chalkolithic civilization to the Pelasgic race, we at least get a name, otherwise historically known, around which we may group our other more positive knowledge concerning this remote period of time. At least the Pelasgians preceded the Achæans and the Dorians in Greece. In very ancient times all the mainland of Greece may have been a "Pelasgia." One of the most ancient towns was perhaps Argos in this plain, whence the Pelasgians ruled over the surrounding pasture lands and corn-fields. The citadel of this town has never lost the name which the Pelasgians gave to it; for it is even yet known as the "Larisa." The pre-Mykenæic period, after lasting perhaps a thousand years, merged into the Mykenæic age about fifteen or sixteen hundred years before Christ, and gradually its distinctive characteristics disappeared.

Like the preceeding style of civilization, so also did

the Mykenæic type extend over a wide area. Not having any name to designate the whole group of the countries that were inhabited by people of this civilization, it is permitted for convenience's sake to give it a comprehensive name and to call it "Mykenland." The inhabitants of this area can then be conveniently known as "Mykenlanders."

At the beginning of this period, the islands of the Ægean were still the chief places of Greekland where civilization was highest. Here we may mention the fabulous sea-king Minos, who ruled the Kretans from his wonderful palace at Knosos. But gradually it seems that the cities of the mainland of Greece, and especially those of the Argolid, and more especially Mykenæ, rose into pre-eminence. Possibly some new race came in, adopted the already-existing culture or introduced a more advanced type of it, established itself in the Argolid, intermingled with the more primitive Pelasgians, and brought Mykenæ to the height of its glory. These new-comers would be the Achæans, so well familiar to us through the Iliadic Epic. But it is not easy to discern how high the Mykenlanders had already developed their civilization before the coming of the Achæans. It is, therefore, not clear whether this newer civilization was chiefly Pelasgian or Achæan. In the later days of the greatness of Mykenæ, it is certain that Achæan lords ruled there. But we cannot fix the date of their coming. Whosoever it be that started the great period of Mykenæic civilization, this much at least is certain, that the Mykenlanders of the later ages were a mixed race, in part Pelasgian perhaps and in part Achæan. And it is quite certain that it

was from a mixed race of this kind that the Hellenic population of historic Greece received its origin.

Before the coming of the Achæans the town and citadel of Tiryns had already seen its most glorious days. Possibly Tiryns was founded in the remote ages when a good part of the low plain of Argolis was yet a shallow bay of the sea, and the rock upon which the prehistoric town was built was an island therein. Neolithic remains have been found at Tiryns. But in the Bronze Age alluvial soil had filled the sea round about the rock of the citadel. The surrounding country always remained marshy, however, and a portion of it is so until the present day. In these marshes, the Tirynthians, like their neighbors, the Argives, who were equally or yet more antique, had good pasture for their flocks of sheep and herds of cattle and droves of horses. The Mykenlanders of Tiryns were a powerful folk. This is proven by the massive walls of their king's citadel, and by the spaciousness and richness of the royal palace. The citadel walls were built of such huge stones, and so indestructibly built as to have excited the wonderment not only of the ancient Greeks but to astonish all who see their remains today. Homer mentions these walls, and Pausanias was amazed at them. They are built of great stones hewn but slightly, which are balanced and joined together by smaller stones and by mortar of clay. The royal palace on the top of this hill is so well preserved in its foundation-lines that from its remains a correct notion of the form and nature of a Mykenlandic palace can be easily formed. It is the best preserved of all palace-ruins of that remote period, except the Minoan labyrinth at

Knosos in Krete. Besides the Knosian palace the other two that are sufficiently well preserved to be compared with this of Tiryns are at Mykenæ and at Goulas in Bœotia.

It has been said that the age of the Mykenlanders is known to us as a dateless age of nameless men. This is scarcely true. Quite a number of the heroes of those days have had their names recorded for us in the undying myths of early Greece. But as yet the work of excavations has brought to our acquaintance the name of not even one of the men who then flourished. This is so much the more impressed on us because the Mykenlanders possessed a system of writing, and a good number of their records have been found, especially in Krete. But the clay tablets of Knosos keep their secrets closed to us. We are not able to read their alphabet, and even do not know what language these old books hide from us. But it is not easy to say that these records of the Mykenlanders will forever remain sealed to us. The key to their letters and language may some day be discovered. Then to the names of Mykenlanders already known from the traditions of myth and poetry, will be added perhaps a long list of names of kings and lords and tribes and countries, with details about expeditions and exploits and commerce and society. The history of the Mykenlanders will then become more exact and minute.

Of the three chief fortress-cities on the Argolid plain, Argos was perhaps the most ancient, and Mykenæ was the last to be founded. Story has preserved the name of the prince who built the high and frowning citadel of Mykenæ. It was Persevs, the son of Akri-

sios. Persevs was one day recreating himself by hurling the quoit. His father, the king of Argos, who was looking on, stepped inadvertently into the line of the flying stone, and being struck by it thus met the death which had long been foretold to him. Persevs in his grief did not wish to reign in his father's stead at Argos. He therefore persuaded Megapenthes, king of Tiryns, to exchange kingly territories with him. Thus did Megapenthes go to reside at Argos, and Persevs received the Tirynthian domains. For some unknown reason he then built a new citadel in the northern end of the plain, eight miles distant from Tiryns, and removed thither the seat of government. Thus did the city of Mykenæ succeed to the glory and pre-eminence of Tiryns.

The hill of Mykenæ was certainly not large enough to accommodate the dwelling of all the clansmen who owed fealty to Persevs and his descendants. On the top of the rock dwelt the king with his nearer relations and more potent retainers. Others of the clans lived round about the citadel, on the adjoining slopes. Others still dwelt in Tiryns perhaps, and in various walled settlements in the plain. The citadel was surrounded by a high and thick wall. This circuit wall is even yet well preserved. Only a small portion of it has entirely tumbled over the precipitous sides of the Chavos ravine. Nowhere however do these walls yet stand in their original height. The area inclosed within the walls measures about three hundred and fifty yards in length, and is about half as wide. A noticeable characteristic in the architecture of these walls, and in general in the architecture of the Mykenlanders is

bulky massiveness. The walls of Mykenæ average a thickness of about sixteen feet. The walls do not batter, but rise perpendicularly. Most of the oldest portions of the wall resemble the massive architecture of Tiryns. They are built of large roughly hewn blocks of stone piled upon each other and bonded together by smaller stones and mortar of clay. But there are also long stretches of later portions of it built in ashlar masonry. Here the stones are cut into square-cornered blocks, and are arranged upon each other in regular horizontal layers. Then there are also places where the wall is in polygonal style. In these places the stones are carefully cut into many-sided angular shapes, and very neatly joined together, but the corners of the stones are seldom right-angled. The existence of these three different styles of masonry indicate that the walls were often rebuilt or repaired.

The principal entrance into the citadel was through an imposing gate, which was approached by a gradually ascending roadway. As this roadway nears the gate it is bounded on the left by the wall of the citadel and on the right by a huge stone bastion. It would not be easy for a foe to enter through this gate by force. The defenders of the citadel could attack all such intruders with all kinds of missiles from the walls and from the bastion. This is the famous Gate of the Lions. The opening through the gateway is nearly ten feet wide and slightly more than ten feet high. Massive double doors that swung on pivots for hinges used to close this opening. The doorway is slightly narrower at the top than at the bottom—a characteristic of Mykenæic architecture. The gate has received its modern name

from the two lions sculptured in relief upon a large triangular stone above the lintel of the gate. The two lions face each other in a way that recall to mind heraldic representations of mediaeval and modern times. Between them is a low column which has the peculiarity of being of greater diameter at the top than at the bottom. On the pedestal of this column the heraldic lions plant their forepaws. The faces of the lions were of separate pieces of stone and have fallen off. The lions looked out through the approach to the citadel, as though to threaten off all unwelcome comers. This piece of sculpture was for some time regarded as the most ancient example of extant Greek glyptic art. It no longer enjoys this distinguished reputation, but nevertheless is still thought to be the most remarkable specimen of the epoch to which it belongs. Besides this grand Gate of the Lions there was another narrower and less pompous entrance to the citadel through a postern gateway.

As in the city walls, so also in the houses, the art of building had in these remote ages reached a remarkable state of perfection. This is proven by the ruins of the palaces. The traces of the palace at Mykenæ, however, are not so clear as are those at Tiryns. In these palaces there was, as is yet the custom with many oriental peoples, a distinct quarter for the women. The life of turmoil and warfare and other semi-barbarous activity that kept the men occupied, rendered them not desirous of the more restful and secluded company of the women. Most of the houses, the palaces as well, usually had but one story. Of the men's quarters the busiest and most frequented part was the large hall in

the center of which was the great open fire, the hearth of the household. Round this hearth was centered all family activity. Here the women might also come and sit, engaged in their occupations of preparing the wool for the looms, as did Queen Arete in the palace of the Phæaks, while her noble lord sat leaning against one of the four columns round the hearth quaffing ruddy wine. Enough fragments of stucco and carvings have been found to teach us how rich and how tastefully gorgeous were the decorations of the ceilings and walls of these palaces. The inside walls were entirely frescoed with decorations chiefly of geometric patterns in colors simple but harmoniously arranged. Mykenlandic art, although of native origin, in many particulars was not without foreign influence. In these rich wall frescoes such influence is most strongly marked. Inspiration must certainly have come betimes to these lands from the country of the Egyptians. Commercial relations with Egypt existed as far back as the sixteenth century or farther. The colors which prevail in the wall-paintings of the Mykenlanders were chiefly black, white, red, and yellow. The door frames and other parts of these houses were adorned with ornamentation of bronze and other costly material. A semi-barbaric splendor prevailed indeed throughout these halls.

Inside of this citadel was discovered a number of tombs which have become noted on account of the splendid ornaments and weapons and trinkets that were found in them by Schliemann. These are the so-called "Royal Graves." Six of these graves were found within a circular inclosure. Swords and daggers and spearheads and arrowheads were found in them. Gold

masks were found on the faces of the buried dead, and gold ornaments in profusion. Useless and futile attempts have been made to identify these graves as those of Homeric personages. Nameless they must remain.

More remarkable than the royal shaft graves on the citadel are the magnificent domed tombs of beehive shape that have been found in the lower city round the foot of the citadel. These have been constructed under hills, and the entrance to each one was through a long passage starting from the side of the hill. The largest tomb of this kind is known by a misnomer. It has been called "The Treasury of Atreus." The passage which leads into it is twenty feet wide and one hundred and fifteen feet long. The vertical stone-built sides rise higher as one approaches the tomb under the hill. In front of the door to the tomb these walls rise about forty-five feet above the level of the door sill. The doorway which leads into the vault is almost eighteen feet high and more than eight feet wide. Two huge stones form the lintel of the door. One of these is more than twenty-nine feet long and more than sixteen feet in breadth. Its weight has been estimated at about one hundred and twenty tons. The interior of the tomb is circular at the bottom, having a diameter of about forty-eight feet, and rises, shaped like a beehive, to a height about equal to the diameter. It is built of well-cut stone in regular ashlar layers. Other tombs of this magnificent type are found not only here at Mykenæ, but also elsewhere in Mykenland.

What has been learned about the religion of the Mykenlanders is very little. Possibly in the earlier centuries of this epoch, ancestor worship may have

been common. At least libations and offerings used to be dedicated to the departed, and over the royal graves on the citadel an altar was found with a hole in the middle, through which libations may have been poured down into the earth where the bodies rested. That the Mykenlanders possessed a religion is beyond all doubt. No remains, however, have been discovered that can with any certainty be recognized as a temple. Still we cannot say that no temples existed. At least these peoples must have had sacred shrines. Their religion was ikonic, and representations of some of their deities are easily recognizable. They worshiped not only their ancestors, but also other gods. These gods are sometimes represented in human shape and sometimes as monsters. Their religion was accordingly both anthropomorphic and theriomorphic. One can recognize demons of the water and springs, demons of the woods, and demons of the chase. These last are certainly connected with some worship not unlike to certain forms of the cult of the classical Artemis, the woodland goddess. There is some reason for thinking that in their places of worship the Mykenlanders sometimes had an empty throne, the seat of some invisible deity. Zevs also was worshiped, and his symbol was a double ax. Hera and Aphrodite were likewise possibly among the deities of those days. At least a most ancient shrine of Hera existed in the Argolid and it was in this temple that Agamemnon was selected by the assembled chieftains to lead them in their expedition against Troy, as a traditional story goes. The Mykenlanders also paid homage to a sea-god. It need not be thought, however, that all these

deities were worshiped by all the Mykenlanders. Each locality had its preferences and local traditions.

Although the civilization and culture of the Mykenlanders were peculiarly native to the Ægean and the near mainlands, it is well known that vigorous communication existed between them and other peoples. They were in touch with Asia. They owed some of their knowledge and skill in handicraft to foreign peoples. Possibly from the Babylonians they first learned the use of bronze. Nevertheless their intercourse with the great nations round the Tigris and the Euphrates was perhaps not direct. Their contact with the Egyptians, however, was more close. Mykenæic wares are found in Egyptian tombs, and Egyptian craft and art made its impress on the workmanship of the Mykenlanders. But despite all foreign influence, Mykenæic civilization remained European and generated the classical Hellenic. Their goldsmiths with their admirably perfected skill as shown in the seal-rings and ornaments and embossed cups, their gem-engravers, their metal workers, who made the wonderfully wrought inlaid daggers of bronze, their vase-makers, who fashioned vessels of clay that were in demand in far-off lands, their builders who erected the fortress walls and constructed the splendid tombs, their workers in gold and silver and bronze and lead and stone and terra-cotta and glass-paste—all evinced a freedom of hand and spirit, an accuracy of conception, a naturalness and mastership that was not foreign, was not imported. It was native. It was the first stage of Hellenic life and art.

After the Perseids had long held high sway over the

city of Mykenæ, their dynasty succumbed before a new king, said to be of foreign origin, of the house of Pelops. To this new dynasty belonged the hero Agamemnon, whose greatness and rule over the Achæans from his seat in much-golden Mykenæ are besung by the poets of the Iliadic Epic. Under the rule of these Pelopid kings, Mykenæ rose to her zenith of glory. Agamemnon, who was the chief lord, not only of the Argolid, but of the neighboring islands, personifies the power of this city in those mighty days. Afterward when this great period was half forgotten and the minstrels sang of the glory that once was, they took Mykenæ and Troy as their model Mykenlandic cities, and Agamemnon as the mightiest ruler. For after the lapse of ages, sad days came to Mykenæ and the Argolid. New and much more barbarous tribes, though perhaps akin, came down into this desirable plain. Dorian war-men became masters of the fortress-towns of Argolis. About eleven hundred years before Christ these untamed invaders came into the Peloponnesos. The palace of the Pelopids on Mykenæ's citadel was laid low by fire. Blackened remains and ashes still testify to this. Then the conquerors took up their abode among the ruins of the conquered. The progress of civilization was retarded. For two or three centuries new barbarism enthroned its dark might among the Mykenlanders. But with time the checked and repressed spirit again began to grow afresh. A new day began to dawn over these lands that had for a time been darkened by the Dorian clouds. Art and science and intellectuality again prevailed. Greece began her interrupted course anew. And in the progress of time

she again rose to inimitable glory. That was when she entered into the classical period. But at that time Tiryns was merely a village and Mykenæ was not much larger. Nevertheless they disappear nobly from history. On the roll of honor written to enumerate and commemorate those who helped to drive away the hosts of Xerxes we can read the words "From Mykenæ and Tiryns, four hundred."

PRE-HELLENIC WRITING IN THE ÆGEAN

Philology, co-operating with kindred sciences in the uneasy search after the origins of peoples and customs and languages, has discovered many a significant fact regarding the historic beginnings and intellectual progress of various races of men. Not the smallest addition to science in this direction has been the discovery and decipherment of various written languages belonging to nations whose civilized career antedates by many centuries the events recorded on the earliest pages of ordinary history. Where these studies have not brought us into new and correct cognizance of the origins of certain peoples or institutions, at least they have often suggested to us new principles of investigation. And to the scientist the determination of principles is sometimes more acceptable than the discovery of origins. Through the unriddling of her old hieroglyphic signs Egypt has broken her mystic silence and is narrating to the disciples of Champollion the strange details of her distant antiquity. Venerable Babylon and adjacent countries are now neither mute nor do they speak to us in unintelligible tongues ever since Grotefend in the first years of the nineteenth century began to find out how to read the cuneiform records. Karians and Lykians and other Anatolic peoples, who had been kept to our knowledge only through the unsatisfactory notices of the classic Greek writers, are now enjoying a fresh after-fame because inscriptions in their languages are

beginning to be discovered. Even the Hittites, a people whose once powerful and important existence had been entirely forgotten, will finally give out some of their history to the world of scholars, although their inscriptions on the rocks of Asia Minor, Chaldaea, and Syria still baffle the skill of such scholars as Sayce and Ménant and Peiser.

Even within the bounds of Greek lands, monuments inscribed in letters belonging to a long-lost system of writing were discovered early in the nineteenth century. These non-Hellenic characters which have been intelligibly legible since 1873, or somewhat earlier, were found on coins and other objects with inscriptions in the island of Kypros which lies on the highway between the Anatolian and the western world, and has therefore always been partly European in its civilization and partly Asiatic. At first it might have been hoped that this discovery would considerably broaden our knowledge concerning the earlier ages of Hellenic civilization. But all such hopes soon dwindled into small proportions when it became evident that this new-found alphabet of Kypros revealed to us no documents older than the fourth century before Christ. The only fact that need be added here concerning these enchorial Kypric characters is that evidently they were not originally intended for the Greek language, although such is the language of these Kypric inscriptions. Each character represents an entire syllable rather than a simple phonetic sound. Accordingly the set of characters constitute a "syllabary" and not an "alphabet," as the latter term is

usually understood. Where and when this Kypric syllabary originated is still unknown.

In the second millennium before our era a remarkable civilization flourished in the islands and mainland round about the Ægean Sea. Until some twenty or thirty years ago, all accurate knowledge of the quondam existence of this civilization had been lost. For it is only as a result of the archaeological investigations that followed the successful excavations of the explorer Schliemann in Argolis of Greece and at Troy of Asia Minor that the rise and spread and downfall of a pre-Homeric civilization came to be accorded a place among admitted historic facts. In the selecting of a name for this prehistoric and pre-Hellenic period of civilization, much stress is laid on the fact that the first evidence of its power and magnificence had been found in the Argolid city of Mykenæ. "The Mykenæic Age" therefore is the conventional name for that unique period of human development and culture which is computed to have been well in its ascendancy earlier than 1,500 years before Christ, and to have tragically come to a premature end about 1,000 years before our era. In the age during which the familiar Homeric poems were composed, the culture which had been sustained by many generations of Mykenæic peoples had long since entirely disappeared. There grew up a newer phase of human activity, inaugurated by the incoming of new, and, at first, ruder tribes of men. Nevertheless, the splendors of Mykenæic days were still dimly recalled in the songs of the troubadours and in the myths of folk-story and cult, even though no clear his-

torical consciousness of this former and faded glory had been transmitted to the men of the age in which the Homeric poems were made. The duty of rediscovering it and of restoring it to its proper pedestal of honor among the epochs of human progress has agreeably fallen to the lot of modern historians.

Since the archaeological discoveries demonstrate that this splendid period of culture had spread its influence over a large and populous area and had endured for so many centuries, scholars were somewhat disappointed by the fact that no positive indications of any sort could be unearthed which would strengthen if not demonstrate the logical assumption that these otherwise highly intelligent men were not entirely without some technical system of recording events and of communicating with each other by written messages. Indeed, the strange belief that throughout the entirety of their long career the Mykenæic peoples continued to be ignorant of letters, began to cease from being considered as untenable. Nevertheless, on historical grounds such a belief was not logical, for most peoples who in any near way approach to the degree of civilization then prevalent in the Ægean possess and employ some method of recording thought. Moreover, other nations, who, like the Egyptians and the Babylonians, were contemporaries of the Mykenæic peoples, and were in regular intercourse with them, already possessed well-developed systems of writing, and if the men of the Ægean had not native writing signs, at least they might have adopted some one of the methods in vogue among their neighbors.

But in the year 1880, the American traveler Stillman, while visiting the Island of Krete, observed and noted certain peculiar signs incised on large blocks of gypsum that formed the facing of the walls of a prehistoric building on the deserted site of the ancient town of Knosos. Stillman's scholarly acumen led him rightly to conjecture that the ruins which he saw here must be the remains of the famous "labyrinth" of Kretan legend, and that the signs which were marked on the blocks of gypsum must be characters pertaining to some kind of writing.

The next forewarning which indicated that finally records dating from the Mykenæic Age would probably come to light, happened in the year 1889. Doctor Tsountas, during the progress of excavations which he then was conducting at Mykenæ on the top of the citadel there, found a small pestle of stone on which a group of a few simple characters was incised. These characters may possibly be a mark indicating the owner or maker of this household utensil. It was soon observed that one of the signs in this short inscription seems to resemble one of the letters in the previously known Kypric syllabary.

Similarly other letter-like signs were found sporadically at other places. And at last, in the year 1893, the reasonably suspected existence of Mykenæic writing was turned into indubitable fact. Mr. A. J. Evans, keeper of the Ashmolean Museum, in the course of a voyage of discovery in eastern Krete, found in the possession of the inhabitants a large number of odd-shaped gems and other small stones inscribed with signs which certainly appeared, even

at first examination, to be letters of a hitherto unknown variety. By their peculiar technique and material these gems and stones testify in their own behalf that they are very ancient, and indisputably date back to the remotest centuries of the Mykenæic Age. Some of them are beanlike in shape, and others are glandular. Some of them may have originally been intended to be used as amulets and worn on the body as protective against certain evil influences and misfortunes, while others were certainly intended to be used as seals or signets. While these incised seal-stones have been found most plentifully of all in Krete, they also are sometimes discovered elsewhere, chiefly on the islands, however, and on this account they have come to be frequently mentioned as "Island Gems."

When, by successive and abundant finds, the number of Mykenæic objects with inscriptions on them became large enough to justify an attempt at a comparative study of the various characters inscribed, it immediately became apparent that more than one distinct system of writing were represented on these engraved objects. At least two styles of character could be recognized. One of these employed pictorial or hieroglyphic signs. Herein a comparison with Egyptian writing was immediately suggested. The other style was made up of letters which were cut in a less pictorial way and in more linear shapes, and therefore present a quasi-alphabetic appearance distantly resembling even modern letters.

The plausible theory that most systems of writing have started from crude and simple picture-writing

receives additional confirmation from both these classes of pre-Hellenic Ægean writing. As regards the pictographic signs, it has been noticed that three well-marked stages may clearly be traced in their gradual development from primitive image-writing up through a transitional period in which the characters are in part still the original images and in part abbreviated and conventionalized hieroglyphs, finally becoming in the third stage a completely conventionalized hieroglyphic or pictographic symbol, then no longer representing simply what is indicated by the rudely outlined primitive picture, but expressing some additional or even entirely different thought or word which in the course of time came to be associated with that primitive picture. However, the dissimilarity which these three grades bear toward each other is one which is the natural result of growth and development, and indicates no radical difference. All three grades are therefore properly included under one general name. They are known as "Pictographs."

That the second kind of Mykenæic writing, which Mr. Evans properly calls "linear" script, is an outgrowth from the original or ideographic forms of these pictographs which we have just been considering is quite improbable, although this linear script undoubtedly had some kind of image-writing for its original form. The most acceptable supposition which the present state of the question permits is that the two kinds of writing sprang up each independent of the other and from an independent set of original images. It may therefore be now accepted as an indisputably ascertained historical truth that within the

boundaries of the pre-Hellenic Greek world there contemporaneously existed at least two different and separate kinds of writing. Thus have the inhabitants of the ancient Mykenæic kingdoms lately gained new glory in the eyes of the modern world because of the satisfied conviction that they were not entirely ignorant of letters.

Now, after archaeological discovery and philological investigation have promulgated the former existence of these systems of writing in Greek lands during the Mykenæic Age, the persuasion more and more irresistibly asserts itself that we would be unable to reasonably understand so perfect and high a civilization as the Mykenæic without postulating the contemporary prevalence of some kind of writing there. On a-priori grounds writing must be enumerated among the Mykenæic arts, since it is now evident that this art was known among other and less highly advanced peoples of Europe. All branches of anthropological and ethnical studies converge to the belief that in the islands of the Ægean and on the shores of the adjacent mainlands we ought to locate one of the very early centers of culture in Europe. In other parts of European territory, as, for instance, in Northern Italy, where prehistoric civilization was not in a state of such advanced perfection as it was in the Ægean, there are, nevertheless, visible indications that there existed the ability and habit of recording events or facts in some way.

After becoming a convert to the belief in the existence of a Mykenæic or pre-Homeric writing, it is possible more intelligently to interpret the dim refer-

ence in the *Iliad* to some kind of writing which is mentioned as having been in vogue during the remote ages made memorable by the deeds of Homer's heroes, and to put some kind of credence in the myth which attributed to Palamedes the invention of a system of writing. In a celebrated passage of the *Iliad* it is narrated that Prætos, who was king of Argos in Mykenæic or possibly pre-Mykenæic times, sent a written and sealed message from his palace at Tiryns to his father-in-law in Lykia of Asia Minor, the import of this secret message being that Bellerophon, the bearer of it, should be put to death, for he had sinned against the honor of the house of Prætos. Prætos' dreadful letter, his "semata lygra," was probably expressed not by linear characters, but by hieroglyphic signs. Thus are woven into one of the episodes of the *Iliad* threads from an obscure recollection of the fact that the long-vanished men of the great Mykenæic Age had some pictorial or graphic way of corresponding with each other. Likewise the story of Palamedes now would seem to have been built upon some foundation of truth. For he also belonged to this prehistoric age, and lived in the Mykenæic town of Navplion in the Argolid, where some vestiges of writings have been found in the course of the excavations carried on during these last years. The myth, however, which bestows on Palamedes the honor of being the inventor of writing is only dimly known to us. For the Greeks of historic times employed the so-called Phœnikian alphabet which, according to a later myth, was introduced into Greece from Phœnikia by Kadmos. This

Kadmean story may have overshadowed the Palamedean one.

It is on the Island of Krete that the most valuable collections of documents with pre-Hellenic writings on them have been discovered. This may be due merely to chance; but nevertheless Krete has been so eminently and graciously the land of these finds as to make it easy of belief that the Kretans more than any other Mykenæic nation made frequent use of the practice of keeping records, and brought this civilizing art to considerable perfection. The degree of kinship existing between the Kretan methods of writing and the methods used by the other contemporaneous inhabitants of Mykenæic countries has not yet been ascertained. It may even be possible to suspect that the specimens discovered in other places belong not to the same system as do the Kretan documents, but to independent and perhaps less frequently employed and less advanced methods. One reason why the quantity of written documents discovered in Krete exceeds so surprisingly the quantities found elsewhere is possibly because in Krete use was made of writing material of a less perishable nature than may have commonly been selected for this purpose in the other parts of the Mykenæic world. Among other races whose degree of civilization corresponds somewhat to that of the Mykenæic peoples it is not always the less perishable material of stone or bronze or other similarly durable substances that is used for writing upon, but rather leaves and bark, and leather and other cheap and practical but easily destructible stuffs of this kind. Even in Krete the finds are not as rich and important

as they would have been if solid and lasting materials had been exclusively in use here as material to write upon. We have some testimony preserved in literature to the effect that these old Kretans were practical enough to also use more easily manageable material and to have had the habit of writing on certain kinds of leaves.

The seal-stones and gems which bear the pictographic letterings have been found mostly in eastern Krete. A number of them were procured by purchase from the village women there. Most of them are cut from steatite, or soapstone, a mineral which exists in large quantities in Krete. They owe their long and good preservation not to the insignificant money value of the material from which they are made, but simply to the fact that they have been regarded as amulets, and for ages the successive generations of Kretan women have been wearing them as such attached to a string which they tie round the neck. Possibly their original purpose was, as already stated, in part amuletic.

Fortunately our knowledge of these pictographs is not confined to what we get from the steatite seal-stones and amulets. For at Knosos, which lies in the central part of Krete, and which was in Mykenæic days the palace of the powerful and terrible king Minos, whose after-fame made him a mythic hero, a great quantity of clay tablets, clay labels, and other such objects have been dug up by Mr. Evans, bearing inscriptions, some in pictographic characters and others in linear script. These clay inscribed tablets are not very different in shape from those already so

well known to scholars from the large finds of cuneiform inscriptions at Babylon. This striking identity of a peculiar writing material in Babylon and in Krete need be the occasion for no surprise. Communication between the islands of the Ægean and distant Babylon in the Bronze Age is otherwise well authenticated. In the Mediterranean region—on the island of Kypros, more exactly—there has been found a genuine imported Babylonian tablet with cuneiform writing upon it. It was certainly brought into this part of the world from Babylon at a very early date.

The greatest quantity of the clay tablets of Mykenæic Knosos bear linear script. In fact, outside of one single deposit of pictographic tablets all the others are of the linear script.

Inasmuch as the most primitive of these pictographs belonged to a variety of pure image-writing, they were intended to convey no other thoughts than those portrayed by the picture, or else suggested by it, at least remotely. But how far they gradually departed from being ideographs, coming to stand not so much for a concrete object as for a word or definite articulate sound or for the name of the object, and ultimately, in their upward progress toward perfection, to indicate a syllabic sound, as did the Egyptian hieroglyphs and the Kypric characters, cannot yet be determined. However, the peculiar groupings of the characters as noticed on some of the seal stones would lead to the conjecture that the Kretan pictographs, in their latest stage, had indeed come to have a syllabic value. But this is the very highest per-

fection that can be claimed for them. They certainly never became purely phonetic.

Although no one has yet been able to read a single word from these pictographic seals, and, therefore, there is no way of our knowing with any kind of appreciable preciseness the contents of the inscriptions, nevertheless now and then the pictographic quality of the signs conveys even to us something of the idea which was to be conveyed to the original Mykenæic observers or readers. Thus we can get a distant view of the meaning of such signs as a ship, or jars filled with grain, or milk pots, etc. But even in such exceptional cases the faint idea comes to us unclothed by any Mykenæic word, and therefore through these inscriptions we have yet learned nothing about the language of the Mykenæic Kretans.

It is not improbably asserted that since there flourished in Krete two distinct and apparently unrelated systems of writing, there may have been a reason for it in the fact that each kind of writing represented either a different language or a clearly different dialect. Now the fact that the pictographs have, with the exception of those on the tablets of a single deposit at Knosos, nearly all been found in eastern Krete is coupled with the other fact that in very early historic times this eastern part of the island was inhabited by a peculiar race of men known from the Homeric poems as Eteokretans; and the opinion has been harbored that the pictographic inscriptions especially represent the language of these Eteokretans. Credibility is added to this opinion by the recent discovery of two inscriptions on the site of the ancient town of

Præsos in the eastern part of the island, written indeed in a legible Greek alphabet of the fifth century before Christ, but yet in a language which has not been identified as being Hellenic. Some have suspected that it is not even of the Indo-European family of languages. Archaeologists of four different nations, English, French, Italians, and Americans, have during the last few years been feverishly exploring and excavating in eastern Krete with the hope of discovering some more decisive clue to the language of the Eteokretans. And perhaps some fortunate discovery here may eventually furnish the magic key to their language and to the reading of the pictographs. For that the Eteokretan language was preserved down to as late as the fifth century before Christ seems proven by these two inscriptions of Præsos.

There accordingly exists much doubt as to whether the pictographs of Krete are the carriers of a non-Hellenic tongue or not. But as regards their indigenous origin no such wide room for doubt exists. They were certainly developed here in the Ægean, and quite possibly within the limits of the island of Krete. They do, indeed, show some affinities to other systems of hieroglyphic writings, especially to that of the Egyptians and of the Hittites, but yet are essentially different from the one and from the other. These similarities are due in part to the very nature of ideographic writing, in part to the influence of intercommunication—for the intercourse with Egypt and with the countries of Anatolia and northern Syria, where the Hittites dwelt, was regular and strong—and also in part to direct copying. Admittedly there

are in the Kretan pictographs a few characters which seem to have been borrowed straight from the Egyptians.

Since these pictographs are images of things that were familiar to the Mykenæic people of Krete, they very instructively illustrate for us the civilization of those days. From the discoveries made up to the present time more than one hundred different pictorial signs or separate pictographs have been recognized and classified according to their form. Among these are depicted, for example, weapons, implements, instruments, household utensils, fishes, animals, birds, plants, heavenly bodies. It is unnecessary to separately take up each one of these and other similar pictographs to show in detail what rich additions to our knowledge of the Mykenæic civilization may be gained therefrom. The lyre was already known for it is among the pictographs. It is represented as having eight strings.

The pictographs occur most frequently in small groups of from two to seven characters. From the direction in which the pictographs face, it seems that many of the inscriptions were to be read from right to left, as Hebrew letters are read. But other inscriptions are written boustrophedon, and have to be read, like some of the early inscriptions in Greek, from right to left and from left to right alternately. Often on the seals, they are scarcely in a straight line at all, but present an unarranged and jumbled aspect, so that it is difficult to know in what order they were intended to be read. In the more careful inscriptions on the clay tablets at Knosos the pictograph words or

phrases are sometimes separated from each other by a mark of division shaped like the letter "X." Thus is the correct aspect of separate words or phrases ascertainable.

The most ancient specimens of seals with these pictographic signs are of very primitive art. On the evidence of the technique of these seals, and of the other objects found with them, the opinion is to be accepted that the most antique specimens go back to the age contemporary with the Twelfth Dynasty of Egypt, that is, to the period included between the years 2000 and 1600 before Christ, approximately, or to the beginning of the second millennium before our era.

The second kind of Ægean writing, the linear script, is typologically much younger in appearance than the pictographs. But chronologically it may be just as ancient as its older-looking rival. The linear system seems to have been known and used over a much wider area than the pictographs. For while the pictographs may have prevailed nowhere outside of Krete, the linear writing, on the contrary, is found in several other islands and on the mainland of Greece, although it must not be too readily taken for granted that all of these scattered specimens of linear writing belong to one and the same system. At Knosos alone, which has been the most productive mine for finds of both varieties of writing, the quantity of tablets with linear characters far outnumbers those with pictographic signs.

In the island of Kos there still stands a splendid citadel which was built in the fifteenth century by the

Knights of Rhodos. The Knights took as material for their fort the stones of an old wall which had been built to protect the city and harbor in the year 366 before Christ. On these blocks there are yet clearly visible the letters strongly carved on them as "mason's marks" by the men of the fourth century before Christ, when they were hewing the stones. And, strange to say, among the letters used, which are those of the universal Greek alphabet of that century, occur four signs which are not Greek letters, but which resemble four of the Kretan linear signs. Their presence can be explained in various ways. Herzog, who discovered them, thinks that they are the last and crystalized remains of the once commonly used linear script. A few specimens of linear signs have likewise been found at Siphnos, at Mykenæ, at Navplion, at Menidi in Attika, on the island of Kythera, and even at Gurob and Kahun in Egypt, and at Lachish in Palestine.

What was stated concerning the indigenous nature of the pictographs may with safety be repeated in regard to the linear script. It is not of foreign and imported origin, but was developed in the region of the Ægean. On account of being more perfect typologically than are the pictographs, the a-priori supposition is plausible that they are therefore later, belonging to a subsequent and more advanced period of civilization. But nevertheless this supposition seems to be incorrect. On deeper observation the linear script appears to be of equal age with the pictographs. It is not derived from them, although it really goes back to image-writing for its origin. The two systems, pictographic and linear, seem, however,

though they were never identical, to have mutually influenced each other somewhat in Krete. The Kretan linear system, regarded from a technical point of view, is much superior not only to the pictographs of the same country, but is in advance of the contemporary writing systems of Babylon and Egypt. Although a native product, there is nevertheless something of direct Egyptian influence to be noticed in this linear writing, as was also observed to be true in regard to the pictographs. The "ankh" and "ka" frame are here represented. But still this linear script is not Egyptian, nor is it Anatolian. And no scholars, save those who try to derive the whole of Mykenæic culture from the East, making it to be Lydian or Karian or Hittite or even Phœnikian, would now persist in attempting to find a foreign origin for the linear script of the Ægean.

The inscribed tablets of Knosos are elongated cakes of clay, from 4.50 to 19.50 centimeters in length and from 1.20 to 7.20 wide. They do not much differ from cakes of chocolate in shape and color. The inscriptions were incised with a sharp-pointed stylus, while the clay from which they were made was still damp. Then they were dried by the heat of the sun. Most of the tablets unearthed at Knosos had been stored away in chests located in different rooms of the vast labyrinthic palace. Considering their friable nature it is a matter of surprise that the débris and soil in which they lay buried ever since the sudden destruction of the palace have preserved them so well for four thousand years. This mythic palace of Minos came to its tragic end in a great conflagration,

as the researches of excavation show. And it is to the heat of this fire that the good preservation of the tablets is in part due. They were thus baked into a more durable nature. The coffers in which these tablets were lying stored away when the conflagration fell upon the palace had been officially closed and were bound by cords which could not be removed except by breaking the official seal that was stamped upon them. Thus the tablets could not be tampered with. A few of the impresses of these seals have been found.

These clay tablets undoubtedly referred to the affairs of the powerful rulers who lived in the labyrinth. They are the palace archives. Many of them evidently relate to accounts concerning tribute, or to the royal stores. They contain numeral signs which have been recognized and in part deciphered and interpreted. Judging from such suggestive comparison as can be made with the tablets of Babylon, it may be suspected that others of these Knosian tablets refer to royal correspondence, or to treaties and compacts, or judicial decisions or proclamations. The original value of the information contained in the records is shown by the precautions employed to prevent all falsification. Many of the tablets show two countermarks or indorsements made by controlling officials. One of these countermarks is on the face of the tablet, where the writing is, and the other is on the back of the tablet.

The inscriptions are never long. Most of the clay tablets have only one or two lines of script, which oftenest runs lengthwise along the upper face of the tablet. Only one notably long inscription has been

found. It contains twenty-four lines of writing. Such tablets as have more lengthy inscriptions are scored with horizontal marks which separate the lines of writing from each other and served as guidance for the scribe when he was incising the letters. The writing runs from left to right invariably. Sometimes the words are separated from each other by short upright lines. The letters are usually incised with skilful care, and, when the tablet happens to be well preserved, the characters are quite easily legible.

There is no reason for believing that the writing on these linear tablets is ideographic rather than phonetic or syllabic. The separate characters employed are about seventy in number. These would not be at all sufficient for a complete and satisfactory set of ideographs. But, on the other hand, seventy characters would seem too many for a phonetic or alphabetic method. The opinion which therefore remains to be preferred is that they are neither ideographic nor strictly phonetic, but that they belong to a syllabic system.

Like the pictographs, these linear signs are very old. The oldest linear inscriptions go back to about 2,000 years before Christ, and therefore are about five hundred years earlier than the Moabite Stone and the Baal Lebanon bowls which present us with the most ancient inscriptions in Phœnikian letters. Since the classical alphabet of Greece was an adaptation from the letters of the Phœnikians, and was applied to the Greek language not earlier than the ninth century, we see that its presence on Greek soil was preceded by the extensive prevalence of an older system of writing a

thousand years before these so-called Phœnikian letters were brought in. But for reasons which need not be repeated here, it must be presumed that the Phœnikian alphabet was originally developed from some system of pictorial writing, and the names of some of the Phœnikian letters, together with their most primitive shapes, make it possible for the gratuitous supposition that the Phœnikian alphabet was really derived, either wholly or in part, from the very image-writing that is found in Krete. If this be true, then the Phœnikian alphabet and the Greek letters which in their derivatives have become the alphabet of most of the civilized nations of the world go back to the prototypes of the Ægean script as these were used more than four thousand years ago. And the alphabet in which this book is printed could then trace its long line of descent back to the tablets and seal-stones of prehistoric civilization in the eastern Mediterranean.

In 1901, new discoveries at Knosos brought to light a fresh series of letter-like signs, inscribed on rings of bone, resembling bracelets, and on other small objects. These latest-found Mykenæic signs are linear in type, but are not like those other linear ones which we have been describing. Twenty characters of this third kind of writing have been recognized, fourteen of which are practically identical with later Greek alphabetic forms. This is another great surprise.

It is necessary to add that the discovery of this Ægean writing may turn out to be one of the most important historical revelations of modern times. For

it may possibly furnish us with written documents regarding the history of man in this most interesting quarter of the Old World, the eastern Mediterranean, from the closing of the Neolithic Age down to the end of the Bronze Age, when better known historical times begin. These inscriptions will not continue to defy all attempts to decipher them. Some digrammic or bilingual record will furnish the first and necessary clue to the reading. After that all will be comparatively easy. In the meantime the world of philologists and historians are anxiously awaiting the raising of the mystic cloud that is yet covering this much desired knowledge.

THE HILL OF HISSARLIK

As long as civilization lasts and as long as there continues to exist a studious curiosity to know ourselves better, the remote and reticent ages wherein flourished the more primitive races of our kind will always be a fascinating object of historical research. An analysis of the motives that urge the investigator to try to pierce the gloom which shuts off our vision from so much of antiquity would be surprisingly interesting. Behind the murky hills of time that intervene he may possibly expect to catch some glimmering rays of the cloud-covered civilization of those vanished peoples. He may wish to compare their knowledge with his own and ours. But the line of communication that connects us with the bygone ages is neither easy to establish nor easy to keep open. The facts transmitted are often unintelligible and effectless because they utter themselves in language which we cannot comprehend. But historical investigation will not fall into disrepute so long as men are anxious to know whence they came and where they are, even if it were more evident than it even now is that the search will always be laborious and the gleanings meager.

The direct and imposing manner in which old Hellenic life has entered into so many branches of modern progress and modern thought has drawn a goodly number of antiquarian investigators to devote their energies exclusively to the study of ancient Hellenism and its effects on the world. They wish to learn the

circumstances under which its undying vitality was generated and fostered. It is true that by most of such men an ideal Hellenism molded by their own ennobled fancy is called into existence, an imaginary kosmos of artistic and intellectual perfection which never in the history of the ancient world possessed actual reality. This sublimated hyper-appreciation of Hellenism has in the main been not unbeneficial. It has exalted and purified many of our desires by continually luring us to higher spheres of action in emulation of the true or supposed eminence of our great predecessors. But a more correct and scientific appreciation of antiquity may after all be still more inspiring and still more instructive than any unjustified worship of it may be. What we now long for is the truth, no matter what this truth reveal to us.

Ever since the renaissance of antiquity in Europe, lovers of art and history have been digging up classic sites and rummaging through stony ruins in quest of objects of art and records of the past. But the first generations of these men were simply amateurs and collectors. They were the pioneers in a new science, and had all the imperfections that necessarily affect such beginners. They did great service to mankind, however. Their zeal filled the museums of Italy and the rest of Europe with admirable works of art and mementos of Greece and Rome.

After the restoration of freedom to modern Greece, in 1828, this country naturally became the choicest field for excavators; and signal has been their success. Athens and its museums, Delphi, Olympia, and so many other places are witness to this. But of all those who

set themselves to the task of unearthing buried Greece, the two whom this present article makes lengthier mention of are Schliemann and Dörpfeld. The former is to be praised for his untiring enthusiasm; the latter for his trained accuracy. Schliemann was an adventurous German, whose life-dream from his very childhood was to visit and investigate the places rendered famous by the songs of Homer. After acquiring a sufficient amount of wealth as a merchant, he took up his residence in Hellenic lands and began to reap the realization of his longings. With fullest faith as to the results that would be revealed he pushed his spade into the soil of Ithaka and into the débris of Mykenæ and Tiryns and the supposed site of Troy. These places he preferred because they were nearest related to the Homeric story. The work of excavating had not, even when this scholar began, yet been raised to the accuracy and dignity of a scientific procedure, and accordingly his enthusiasm was often warmer than his observations were exact. Nevertheless he made a noble beginning; and others have industriously brought method into the work which he so heartily initiated.

In the year 1868, Schliemann first set foot on the soil of the Troad, in the northwestern corner of Asia Minor. It was evident that if Homer's city of Priam ever existed, it was within this region called the Troad. At that time many authoritative historians preferred to assert that such a city had never been in existence; that Priam's Troy and the ten-years' siege which it sustained were mere poetical fictions of the early troubadours of Greece. In this opinion, however, these unbelievers were in disagreement with the testimony of

the classic authors, none of whom ever expressed doubts about the reality of Troy. Schliemann belonged to the coterie of those who agreed with the classic historians and geographers, and believed that there had been a real Troy. For him the only questions that challenged an answer were such as, "where are the ruins of that famous city; where was the Pergamos of Priam situated?"

Within this Troad country, and not far from the Skamandros River, are three lone hills, separated from each other by a considerable distance, each of which has been supposed to correspond to what the site of Troy seems to have been. Since in those ages cities in this part of the world were always on hilltops, the search is rendered easier, because all places in the level plain are excluded in advance. These three hills are now known by their Turkish names of Bunarbashi, Chiblak, and Hissarlik. The knoll of Bunarbashi had attracted the notice of the traveler Lechevalier toward the end of the eighteenth century; he persuaded himself that here must Troy have been. In the year 1864, an Austrian scholar, Von Hahn, suffered the same conviction, made excavations, and published a book announcing and explaining his apparent success. Under the spell of Von Hahn's work, Schliemann at first selected Bunarbashi as probably the site looked for. But a brief investigation with picks and shovels put an end to the identification of Bunarbashi and Troy.

After being disappointed at Bunarbashi he examined Hissarlik. The thorough historian Grote, and a few other modern scholars had already expressed their views in favor of Hissarlik. In 1870, the excavations

were begun. And in the summer of 1873, Schliemann thought that he had completed his task, and had identified the location of Priam's realm. He had actually found a prehistoric city. And since high above the remains of this prehistoric settlement inscriptions were found which proved that from at least the fourth century before Christ there was on the top of the hill a Greek town called Ilion, he concluded that the prehistoric town must have been Priam's Troy. He joyfully published to the world the results of his excavations in a book called *Trojanische Altertümer*.

As time went on Schliemann, who in the meantime had gained valuable anaskaptic experience by his wonderful discoveries at Mykenæ, began like many others to have doubts regarding the accuracy of his first conclusions regarding Hissarlik. In 1878, he returned to the Troad and inaugurated new researches. Between this time and the year of his death he continually busied himself with Troy, and often made new excavations. In 1881, a new book appeared with valuable contributions by Burnouf, a former director of the French archaeological school of Athens, and by Virchow, the celebrated Berlin professor. Another book was published in 1883, and a fourth publication, a brochure, appeared in 1890.

From these four publications it can be seen that Schliemann had made great discoveries at Hissarlik; but the work had not been systematically commenced, and therefore much confusion followed. It is not necessary here to recount his unavoidable mistakes, for they have since been corrected by his friend and col-

laborator and able successor, Wilhelm Dörpfeld. Heinrich Schliemann died in December of 1890.

The various publications of Schliemann had aroused the interest of the phil-historic world. But of the problems that had been raised in regard to the different ruins found on Hissarlik, the more weighty ones still remained unsolved. Investigations were therefore resumed in 1893. The direction of the excavations was intrusted to the already experienced Dörpfeld. Under the new direction surprising facts rapidly began to shape themselves out of the chaotic masses of earth and stones. It was ascertained that the successive settlements were at least nine in number. It was discovered that the excavations at Hissarlik revealed to us a picture not only of Homer's city of Priam, but of other interesting settlements, some of which were earlier than Priam's city and others were later. Accordingly the excavations were no longer noteworthy simply as explanatory of life as Homer described it, but because they opened out a channel through the life of past ages reaching to a length of more than three thousand years. The earliest settlement whose remains still are strewn on the rock of Hissarlik must have been founded as early as the beginning of the third millennium before Christ; and the latest civic community that erected its houses and temples on the top of the hill existed there, as the ruins show, until about five hundred years after the beginning of our era. The city of Priam seems, indeed, to have been finally identified. But it must now divide its importance with that of the earlier settlements, because the meagerness of our knowledge of these remoter periods renders im-

portant every slightest fact concerning them. Definite accounts of these important results appeared in two books. From the accounts contained in the second of these, this chapter of my book receives its existence.

Of these nine clearly distinct settlements, each, except the first, was built above the débris formed by the destruction of the preceding one. Each settlement is clearly indicated by a thick and easily distinguishable stratum made by the accumulated débris. Thus with each succeeding community of inhabitants did the niveau of the hill steadily grow higher. The first settlement was on the native rock. All the others were on successively higher levels, on previously formed débris.

Before indicating the stratum which is supposed to contain the Homeric city of the Trojans, a short description of some of the earlier successive settlements is not out of place.

The oldest habitations that graced this hill were huts of stone, built for the sake of protection and safety on the top of the then bare rock, which rises to a height of about seventy-five feet above the surrounding level plain. The area of the sufficiently level summit was much less than 20,000 square meters. Close to the edge of the plateau on which their hovels stood, they built a defensive wall round about. Outside of this inclosure there probably were no houses. This primitive settlement was entirely confined to the height. The inhabitants were masters of the fertile fields and pasture lands in which the hill stood, and from this plain they chiefly drew their sustenance. Their houses,

as well as their inclosing wall, were built of roughly broken stone put together with clay mortar.

Of all the nine settlements this primitive one has been the least thoroughly examined. This is because much of it cannot be reached by the picks of the excavators without first demolishing the ruins of later settlements above it. Nevertheless enough has been unearthed to allow of an examination into the mode of life of these primeval men. They came and erected their habitations here during the centuries which are known to anthropologists as the neolithic period. The neolithic period is the second half of the obscure "Age of Stone," when men had not yet become familiar with the use of the metals and used to fashion most of their cutting implements out of stone. It is impossible, from the limited amount of utensils and implements that have been found, to determine whether these men had already begun to make use of copper as well as of stone for cutting instruments, and had thus progressed into a higher period of civilization distinguished by the name of the "Copper Age." No copper implements have been found. Their axes and hammers and wedges and other tools of this kind are all of hard varieties of native stone. Likewise their pottery is very crude. For the early ages of mankind earthenware is a reliable indication of the contemporary grade of culture. They had not yet discovered the potter's wheel. Their cups and dishes and basins and vases were fashioned by hand, and show all the irregularities of articles made in that way. These earthenware utensils were burned and hardened not in potters' kilns, but in open fires. The burning is therefore irregular

and uneven. These first dwellers on Hissarlik used to nourish themselves on the meat and milk of their flocks, on the grain that their fields produced, on the mollusks that they gathered along the strand, and on the fish which the neighboring sea furnished in abundance. We cannot give exact dates to the time of their coming and the time of their disappearance. We must be satisfied with saying that they were "neolithic men." But for the sake of grasping their epoch more tangibly we may suppose that they flourished from about 3000 to 2500 before Christ.

The second set of inhabitants who came and took up their abode on Hissarlik built a mighty citadel thereon. So imposing are the ruins and so extensive that Schliemann in his untrained haste mistook this for the city of Priam. This it could not possibly be, however, for it was laid desolate long centuries before Priam's day had come. The niveau of this second settlement lies about fifteen feet higher than the rock surface on which the first inhabitants had built. Five full meters of débris therefore did the primitive dwellers leave behind them after they disappeared from Hissarlik. This second settlement, after an existence of several centuries, came to an end about 2,000 years before Christ. It perished in a great conflagration. The "burnt city," as Schliemann used to call it, was surrounded by a wall, the lower part of which was built of stone and the upper part of sun-dried bricks. The stone portion had a height of from three to twenty-five feet, according to the irregularities of the surface along which it was built. The upper portion, that which was made of sun-dried bricks, was considerably

higher than three meters. The entire height of the wall, therefore, varied from about thirteen to thirty-five feet. The houses were of quarried stone, were well built, but small.

The civilization which flourished in this "burnt city" was that of the "Bronze" period. Wherever the various degrees of civilization are found uninterruptedly succeeding each other, the neolithic period is supposed to be followed not by the bronze but by the copper period. Men learn to use copper before they learn how to manufacture bronze. At Hissarlik, however, no traces of a copper period are recognizable. The primitive men of the first settlement may have perished or departed before they had begun the use of the metals, and the inhabitants of the "burnt city" may have come to Hissarlik after they had already discovered not only how to use copper, but how to manufacture bronze. The use of copper and bronze, however, did not put an end to all use of stone for the manufacture of cutting implements. Stone axes and hammers and celts are found here along with similar implements in bronze. The potter's wheel was already known, or at least during this period was discovered and employed.

After some great conflagration had wiped this town out of existence, three new small settlements succeeded each other on top of the ashes and ruins of the "burnt city." These were miserable and insignificant communities whose dwellings were like hovels as compared with the mighty citadel of the "burnt city" which had preceded them and the splendid "Mykenæic" town which was to be their successor. But nevertheless interesting objects of lead and bronze and electrum and

silver and purest gold, earrings and bracelets and golden goblets have been dug up in strata of earth which possibly represent these settlements. Care had not been taken at the beginning of the excavations to distinguish these strata from each other and from what was above and below. The fifth settlement disappeared about fifteen hundred years before Christ.

The ashes, heaps of stones, broken bricks, fragments of pottery, all kinds of offal and accumulated dirt and dust had raised the surface of the hill to about 50 feet higher than the original top, when there came a sixth set of inhabitants and constructed a new citadel, a new town. By the investigations which Dörpfeld made here in the year 1893 this citadel was discovered to have been built and inhabited in the age which is called "Mykenæic," an age which by approximative calculations may be fixed within the years of 1500 to 1000 before Christ. The name of this age is taken from the Peloponnesian town of Mykenæ, which during these centuries was at the height of its glory. Indeed there are many indications which go to show that the lords of this sixth town were well acquainted with the other "Mykenæic" towns of the Ægean Sea, and that they cultivated commercial intercourse with the merchants of the Peloponnesian Tiryns and Mykenæ, and with the Kretan town of Knosos. Two distinct kinds of earthenware articles were in common use in this sixth city. One variety was of native manufacture; we may call it "Troïc." The other was imported, and is of the style classed as "Mykenæic." The quantity of Mykenæic wares that were brought in from foreign manufactories was considerable. The débris of this sixth or Troïc

town is rich in potsherds. These imported wares were so popular that the native manufacturers who produced Troic wares found themselves obliged to imitate the shapes and varieties of the foreign goods. All of this shows that in those days intercommunication by sea was easy and frequent among the towns on the shores of the Ægean. These fragments of pottery are highly prized by the antiquarians. It is by pottery more than by any other finds that this Troic city has been approximately dated.

A high wall, originally of sun-dried bricks, but later rebuilt with hewn stone, surrounded the Mykenæic city. Two-thirds of this stone wall with its solid towers are still quite well preserved to a considerable height. But the northwest portion has been so completely destroyed that not even the foundation stones were left. The geographer Strabon records an assertion that about 550 years before Christ the walls of the town of Sigeion were erected with stone taken from ancient Troy, which then was uninhabited; and that likewise the town of Achilleion was built with stone of the same provenance. Possibly, therefore, it was under these circumstances that the northwest portion of this wall was carried away; for as has already been stated, this sixth city has been identified as ancient Troy. Three magnificent entrance gates are to be seen in the part of the wall which is yet preserved. Probably a fourth one was in the wall which has disappeared. Of the three which are preserved, one looks toward the east, another to the south, and the third one to the west. The missing one would have faced the north.

This wall did not inclose an extensive area. About

20,000 square meters was the extent of the artificial surface of the hill. Immediately inside the wall a wide street encircled the entire town. Above this street the buildings stood on concentric terraces three or four in number, each terrace being higher than the one outside it. Narrower streets radiated from the center of the town down to the gates and the ring-street near the walls. Probably the most important edifices were in the middle of the town, on the highest terrace. But no traces whatsoever of them have remained, because when in Roman imperial times the Greek city, which then existed here, was enriched by new buildings, the top of the hill was cut off and the upmost terrace was entirely removed. Thus were destroyed whatever foundations of Priam's Troy may have then existed on that most conspicuous site of the town.

From such foundations as have been preserved it can be seen that the dwelling-houses consisted for the most part each of one spacious room, built of stone. Each house stood separate. There were no party walls. Narrow gangways separated house from house. In many of the houses strong earthenware vessels as large as the most capacious barrels, stood buried in the clay floor of the houses and served as storing-places for grain and other articles of food. There were also special rooms with groups of such buried vessels. These rooms must have been magazines.

Not even in the sixth settlement was iron used as a material for the making of cutting instruments. The "Iron Age" had not yet begun. Bronze and copper were still the commonest metallic substances. Double-edged axes, celts, sickles, lance heads, needles, razors,

and knives of bronze have been dug up. Likewise the more primitive custom of making many articles out of stone and bone had not been abandoned. With these ancient peoples, as with us, the introduction of a more perfect material did not necessarily exclude the continued use of previously known and more imperfect kinds.

About one thousand years before Christ Mykenæic civilization began to die out in all of the places of the Ægean where it had so long been flourishing. What the causes were that brought down this catastrophe upon these powerful communities we do not know. Like the other Mykenæic cities, so also did Troy cease to exist about this time. Indeed it was one of the first of these cities to disappear. Possibly the decay of many of the other Mykenæic cities was gradual and came somewhat later; but the downfall of Troy was sudden. The condition of the ruins prove that the city did not decay by having been abandoned, but that it was destroyed by a foe. Most of it was laid waste by a fierce and purposed conflagration. Portions of the citadel wall, of the gates, and of the houses are torn down in such a way as to show that the work of destruction was not accidental but intentional—the acts of an enemy who had captured the town.

This sixth city is Homer's city of Priam. The results of the excavations correspond most minutely with what a study of the *Iliad* compels us to think that Troy must have been. The sixth city is proven to have been contemporary with Mykenæ, where ruled the powerful Agamemnon, who led the Achæans in the vengeful war against Priam. It is situated on the spot

where ancient tradition believed Troy once to have been. It perished by being captured and pillaged and burned, as the great Epic narrates to have happened to Priam's city. One is even inclined to think that perhaps the bards who composed the older songs of the *Iliad* were well acquainted with this sixth city or at least with its ruins, so true to it and its surroundings are their descriptions of Priam's city, the hill, the city walls, the towers, the gates, the plain of the Skamandros, and the sea coast. It is true that there are difficulties against accepting this intimate acquaintance of the poets with this Mykenæic citadel. For instance, the city, as now excavated, was not spacious enough to contain the large army of defenders which the later parts of the *Iliad* assign to Troy. But in matter of numbers poets may be allowed to have made use of their usual license. With Dörpfeld we might trim Homer's figures from 50,000 down to 5,000. An easier and lazier way, however, of explaining both the coincidences and the incongruities is to believe that Homer's descriptions are very general and would in good part suit any important town of the Mykenæic Age.

We now take leave of the sixth city, which was Priam's, and pass on to the later settlements. After the destruction of Troy, the hill remained desolate for a time and then was repopled by inhabitants who still followed the lines of waning Mykenæic civilization. But about 700 years before Christ an entirely different set of invaders came and occupied the hilltop, putting an end to all Mykenæic life. The nature of the implements and pottery which these new-comers made for

themselves leads us to the supposition that they had learned their arts in a European region, perhaps along the shores of the Danube. These Europeans did not build any lasting dwellings here. In part they occupied the stone huts of the Mykenæic inhabitants whom they may have driven out, and in part they built for themselves shelters of osiers and mud, as they had done when living near the Danube. Instruments and utensils similar to those of these European squatters on Hissarlik are found in Hungary near the Danube, and are commonly attributed to post-neolithic times. They are peculiarly made earthenware vases, stone hammers, axes, celts.

Who these Europeans were would be hard to imagine, if Strabon did not mention "Treri" as having made settlements in the Troad round Abydos, and "Kimmerii" as also having come into these same regions. Now these invasions of Treri and Kimmerii that Strabon refers to could well have taken place seven or eight centuries before Christ and would well correspond with the epoch of the arrival of the Europeans at Hissarlik. The Treri were a people who dwelt south of the Danube, in the country now called Bulgaria. The Kimmerii inhabited the country north of the Danube, between that river and the shores of the Don. So there is some slight reason for conjecturing that the strangers who ousted the settlers of the seventh town were either Kimmerii or Treri, or both united.

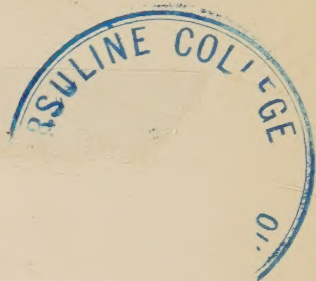
Concerning the men who dwelt in the several preceding settlements, we know very little about their nationality and equally little about the languages which they spoke. But of those who came and built the

eighth town there is no room for the smallest doubt. They were of Hellenic race and spoke a Hellenic tongue. With the departure of the European squatters begins the clearly historical career of this place. The Hellenic town was usually called not "Troy" but "Ilion." This historically well-authenticated town of Ilion never was of active importance in the world. It possessed no special fame save what it owned by being the occupant of the site of the storied Troy of Priam. Its mysterious traditions made it always revered. Xerxes when on his way to invade Greece stopped there to sacrifice a thousand steers to Iliac Athena, the tutelary goddess of the Hellenic inhabitants. Alexander on his expedition of conquest against Persia interrupted his march and turned from his course to perform sacred rites at the tomb of Homer's hero, Achilles.

When the Romans became masters of this part of the world they showed many favors to the Ilions. The Romans were proud of the myths that connected the history of Latium and of Rome with Æneas and the city of Troy. Under Roman tutelage Ilion was enlarged, beautified, and in part rebuilt. This Roman city formed the débris of the ninth stratum on His-sarlik. The Roman town was larger than any of those that had preceded it. The ancient hill was made to serve merely as a citadel. Round about the foot of this citadel new quarters were built. This lower and spacious town was protected by a new wall. So much did the Romans respect Ilion that Cæsar thought of removing the seat of empire thither from Rome. Augustus rebuilt on a more magnificent scale the splen-

did temple of Iliac Athena. Roman Ilion continued to be inhabited until perhaps about five hundred years after Christ. Then under Byzantine rule it dwindled away. Under Turkish domination the hill of Hissarlik, which for thirty-five centuries had been the abode of successive tribes of men, and had been honored by the immortal songs of the Homeric troubadours, was merely a wind-swept stony height.

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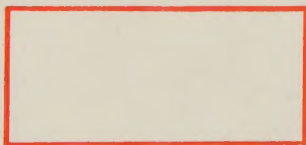
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